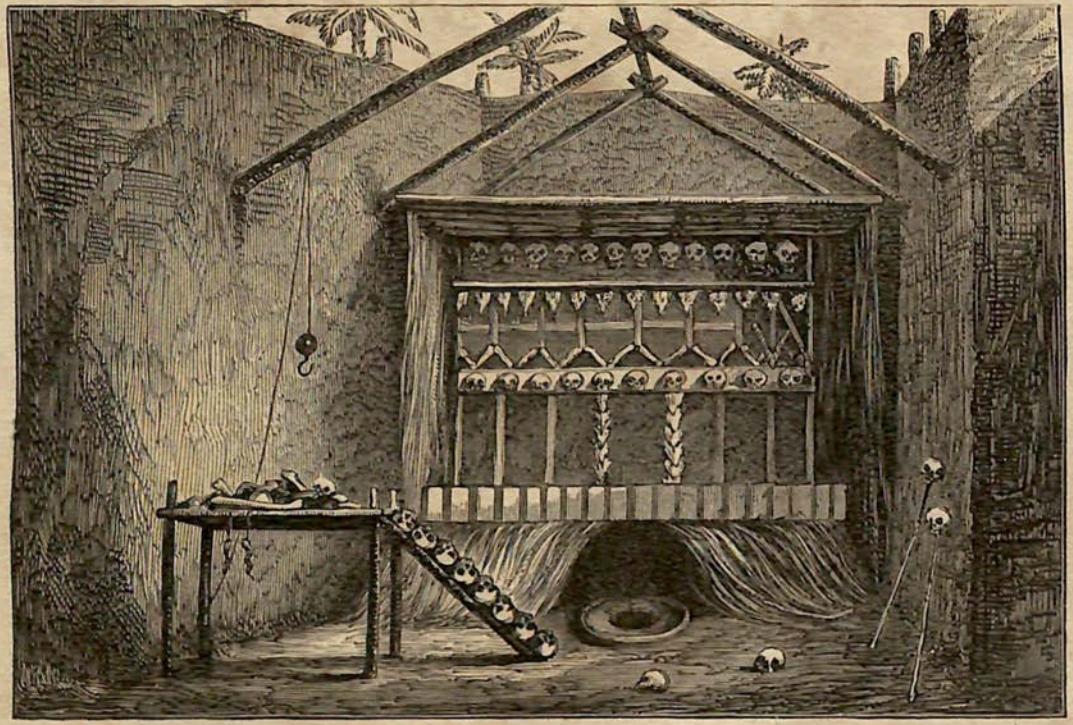
916·6
Wan|Wan
83736

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 18 July, 2018

WANDERINGS IN WEST AFRICA

FROM

LIVERPOOL TO FERNANDO-PO.



THE JUJU, OR SACRIFICE HOUSE, GRAND BONNY RIVER.

(From a Sketch by the Author.)

WANDERINGS IN WEST AFRICA

FROM

LIVERPOOL TO FERNANDO PO.

By A F.R.G.S.

With Map and Illustration.

83736

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
TINSLEY BROTHERS, 18, CATHERINE ST., STRAND.
1863.

[*The Right of Translation is reserved.*]

LONDON:
BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

TO

THE TRUE FRIENDS OF AFRICA

—NOT TO THE "PHILANTHROPIST" OR TO EXETER HALL—

These Pages are Inscribed,

BY

A HUMBLE MEMBER OF THEIR FRATERNITY.

PREFACE.

A NO less authority than Baron von Humboldt has declared, in his "Personal Narrative,"* that, "from every traveller beginning the account of his adventures by a description of Madeira and Tenerife, there remains now scarce anything untold respecting their topography." And after this dictum the great philosopher proceeds to evidence *in propriâ personâ*, the fact that no account can be so correct but that it may be made exacter still.

I was induced to put my notes into the form of pages by the consideration that however well trodden be the path of which they treat, there is no single volume that can be taken with him by the outward-bound. Each separate station of the "African Steam Ship Company" has a small literature of its own: the line however lacks the idea of a handbook. And as for correctness the "West African Pilot" himself requires revision.

In writing these pages, then, it has been my object

* Bohn's ed., Vol. I., p. 48.

to lay down what a tolerably active voyager can see and do during the few hours allowed to him by the halts of the mail packet.

To relieve the dryness of details I have not hesitated to indulge in such reflections as the subject suggested, and to sketch the types, not the individualities, of fellow-travellers.

The reader will observe that I left England with a determination to investigate the subject of West African mortality. My conviction now is, that the land might be rendered not more unhealthy than the East or the West Indies, whereas it is at present deadly, a Golgotha, a Jehannum. The causes of its fearful mortality—principally the bad positions of the settlements—will be found duly indicated.

In taking leave of the gentle or ungentle reader, I may be allowed to remark, that amidst an abundance of greater there is doubtless a crowd of minor blemishes, which those charitably disposed will attribute to the effects of a "single revise."

WEST AFRICA,
December, 1862.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

CHAPTER I.

OUTWARD BOUND 1

CHAPTER II.

A DAY AT MADEIRA 20

CHAPTER III.

A DAY AT TENERIFE 72

CHAPTER IV.

A DAY AT ST. MARY'S, BATHURST 127

CHAPTER V.

THREE DAYS AT FREETOWN, SIERRA LEONE 193

CHAPTER VI.

SIX HOURS AT THE CAPE OF COCOA PALMS 282

WANDERINGS IN WEST AFRICA.

CHAPTER I.

OUTWARD BOUND.

A HEART-WRENCH—and all is over. Unhappily I am not one of those independents who can say *ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte.*

* * * *

The day (August 24th, 186—) was a day to make the Englander leave England without a single sigh. A north of Europe nor'-wester had set in before noon, a funereal pall of rain-mist overhung the heavens of Liverpool with black, white sea-dogs coursed and worried one another over Father Mersey's breadth of mud, the shrewish gusts tore to pieces the very strongest showers—

If Britannia chills with tears and sighs the hearts of her sons home-returning, at any rate, with the same tenderness she consoles them under departure. Who ever landed at Southampton in other but the worst of weather? Who ever left Dover on a fine clear morning?

At 12.15 P.M. the crowded little steam-tender conveyed us from the North Landing on board the A. S. S., *i. e.* African Steam Ship, "Blackland," Captn. English commanding. Ensued that scene of senseless hurry and confusion in which ticket-porters and passengers —the former professionally, the latter unprofessionally— act principal parts. However, on this occasion, thus distinguished from many others, I did not lose either box or bag upon the floating pier, nor did my ears suffer from that which usually reminded them of the Avignon portefaix, as he was in the days of Rambling before Railways.

My connection with my beloved native land concluded with a further demand of 6*l.* 2*s.* for baggage.

At 1.45 P.M., when the thirty-five huge mail bags, containing mental pabulum for some score of West-African ports, had come on board, when the two brass pop-guns had announced by the normal hang-fire and horrid ring, that Blue Peter had descended from his eminence, and when the last passenger was put in and the last stranger had put off, we steamed down the Long Reach, past the five miles of dock—the pride of the Liver—past New Brighton—not yet *L'pool sur mer*, but treeless, barren, horrid, hideous—past the North Fort and the South Fort, fine gingerbread-work for Mersey's mouth against Armstrongs, Whitworths, Blakeleys, Dahlgrens, Parrots, and *canon rayés*—past unpicturesque Waterloo, most like a modern barrack, over a bar breaking, to starboard and port, heavily as the Grand Bonny's, past a bit of sandland reminding me of

Araby the Accursed, and—tantalizing contradiction!—forth into the open sea, heading straight for the North Pole whilst bound for Tropical Africa.

Now the artificial stimulus of new places and new faces has passed away, the light gear has been selected for the cabins, the heavy traps have been sent down below; dinner at 4 P.M., and at 7 P.M. tea—with desiccated milk—are "done." Then comes the first nightfall on board outward-bound, the saddest time that the veteran wanderer knows. Saadi, the Persian, one of the best of travellers,—he studied books for thirty years, did thirty of *wanderjahre*, and for thirty wrote and lived in retirement,—has thus alluded to the depressing influences of what I suppose may philosophically be explained by an absence of Light-stimulus or Od-force—

> "So yearns at eve's soft tide the heart
> Which the wide wolds and waters part
> From all dear scenes to which the soul
> Turns, as the lodestone seeks its pole."

We cut short the day by creeping to our berths, without even a "nightcap," and we do our best to forget ourselves and everything about us.

* * * *

But Joy cometh in the Morning. We the gerontocracy rise refreshed enough. Remembering Mad. Ida Pfeiffer's saying when shown to her roosting-place—"*Birth* do you call it? I fear it will be the death of me,"—we have slept in the main cabin. The juveniles preferred the athwart-ship placed paint-perfumed little bunks,

five-feet by two-feet, with the flimsy cushion of compressed horse-hair between back and board, causing aching bones; and the thin layer of compressed air between respiratory organs and deck, engendering nightmares, and chancing broken heads. We turn out at 6 A.M.—and so shall we do for many a long day—we "coffee up," smoke the morning cigarette, and prospect the deck. The air is clear, the Tuskar lighthouse uprears its tall thin pale form from the no longer muddy wave, we peer for "the Smalls," the Saltees Islands are the last "Singhavolokan" (*vide* H. H. Wilson); the "Blackland's" head turns S. W. and by W. half W. (see anything from Norie to Raper)—we now feel that we are Africa-bound, and we go down to feed.

"Hurrah, the bell for breakfast!
Hark to the mingled din
Of knife and fork and hissing chops
Stewards are bringing in.
The fiery skipper's pricking fast
His fork into the dish,
Despatching quickly his repast
Of coffee, eggs, and fish.
In burst the guests, and on they rush
Around the jolly tar,
Who calls on semi-seasick folks
To prosecute the war."

And so on all day, concerning which the less said the better.

Mais qu'allais-je faire dans cette galère?

Records of travel, I am assured, are interesting in proportion as the traveller goes forth, not a universal

observer, but with a definite pursuit to a small world of his own. From the "depths of my self-consciousness" I had eliminated an idea, that there is some solid substantial reason for the veil of mystery which, like that of Isis, still shadows the fair proportions of Western Africa. The old story of deleterious climate, when statistics prove the "sentimental squadron" to be healthier than that of the Mediterranean, was, to me, a by no means sufficient explanation. The perpetual imputation of "improper indulgences" brought against Europeans by negro and negroid supporters of the ridiculous theory, "Africa for the Africans"—*l'Italia farà da se*—was no reason for overwhelming mortality in a land which probably is as well fitted for northern constitutions as India is. Perhaps there might be a lingering of old tradition: one observes that the public estimate of a distant place always dates from the last popular book—say Mungo Park's. Possibly a rich monopoly, whose deeds are ever best done in darkness.

Such, then, was my "pursuit." I have long since answered these questions to myself, and if I fail to satisfy those who do me the honour of reading me, it will not—it is said with due humility—be my own fault.

Meanwhile, whilst we cross—in a week—the 1537 deadly-lively miles that separate L'pool from Madeira, I will *faute de mieux* indulge in a few reminiscences of steamer travelling, and briefly glance at the history of the A. S. S. Company which carries the West Coast of Africa mails.

As most people know, steamers—an invention which outdates almost all now alive—have not yet learned, at least on long-sea voyages, to pay their own way. The Cunard, the P. & O., and the Royal Mail lines—they are named in order of merit—still require large subsidies from Government. On the other hand, commerce has greatly benefited, as the following extract from a Yankee pamphlet may prove:—"The annual increase of British exports to China, Egypt, and India (where subsidized mail steamers were introduced in 1845), since the establishment of steam communication to them, is $39,948,615; and this gain is secured at what cost? Simply by a mail subsidy of but $950,750 per annum, or less than two and a half of one per cent. on the annual increase of exports."*

The A. S. S. Company receives an annual benefit of 30,000*l.* under a contract with the Admiralty, and is understood to pay, besides bonus, seven per cent. per annum.† The reason why this line has hitherto not done more—for something it *has* done—during the last ten years, to develop the resources of the country, must be sought in future pages. One restriction removed would be a boon to the company and the country.

* United States and Mexican Mail Steamship Line. A pamphlet by Carles Butterfield: Hasbrouch & Co., New York. 1860.

† It has secured to itself the advantage of altering the port of embarkation. It began with Plymouth for passengers, London for specie, and L'pool whence the ships sailed. London being immemorially connected with Sierra Leone and its adjacent ports, caused a loss, which was remedied by a transfer to the grand northern terminus of the Bights and Oil-River trade.

It is not allowed to trade. It should be encouraged to station a hulk in every river, and its superior facilities of providing the natives, at the earliest convenience, with things suitable to their whimsical fancies would soon break up existing monopolies. Even now it might amalgamate with another company, but it fears the oil merchants, who on their part never give it a gallon of their goods unless compelled by the purest necessity.

The African Steam Ship line was established in January, 1852, mainly by the energy of the late Mr. Macgregor Laird, the second pioneer of Niger exploration, and to the end of his days the most enthusiastic, if not the most fortunate, of African improvers. By virtue of certain comma-less articles, the "African Steam Ship Company" binds itself under a penal sum of £2000 to convey mails (and passengers), once every month, "between England and the West Coast of Africa, by means of a sufficient number (not less than seven) of good, substantial and efficient steam-vessels each fitted with a screw-propeller four of such vessels to be of not less than 978 register tons burthen old measurement each and each supplied with first-rate appropriate steam-engines of not less than 150 horse-power and the remaining vessel (to be employed intercolonially only) to be not less than 440 register tons burthen old measurement and supplied with first-rate appropriate steam-engines of not less than 100 horse-power. Including arrival at and departure from England, twenty-two ports are to be visited. Its mileage is a grand total of 10,024 nautical miles, viz., 9434, and 590 of inter-

national line. The average rate is to be eight knots an hour, and the return subsidy is fixed at a sum which justifies the African Steam Ship Company's motto "spero meliora." Its device, I may observe, is a negress *agenouillée*, who presents to Britannia of the bare leg a little heap of (typical) "small potatoes," and "some punkins." Freightage *to* West Africa is still 5*l.* per ton of gross cargo (Siam may be made for 3*l.* 10*s.*); and by way of encouraging the return of palm oil, *from* West Africa it is thirty shillings less. Sucking officials may spare themselves the trouble of writing on foolscap for contract passages, which reduce 45*l.* to 44*l.* 5*s.* Moreover, there is no difference of passage money between L'pool and Benin River, and L'pool and Fernando Po, which is truly ridiculous. The line was recontracted for in July 1858, six years being the time of expiry. Before that day, however, the merchants of L'pool will probably provide the African Steam Ship Company with a rival. The more the merrier! And when the present freight prices diminish to half, the export will be trebled, and the fantastic century-old style of oil-exporting will be numbered with things that were.

The line has already, I have said, been beneficial to the West Coast of Africa, and will be more so by encouraging the "tin-pot trader," which in Oil-River-slang means the merchant who has no ship of his own. It may fairly be recommended to the public as one of the great civilising agents of the benighted continent. It is highly important to invalids who are banished to Madeira, which it at present visits once a month about

the first day; and the irregularity in its arrivals and departures, complained of by guide-books, has now made place for the contrary condition. The Island of the Blessed is also to be reached once a month by the "Lusitania," a small Portuguese steamer from Lisbon, and occasionally by an extra packet from Southampton, generally from September to November. The Angola Mail arrives about the same time as the A. S. S.: the Royal Mail has ceased to run there, owing they say to the ridiculous persistency of Lusitanian quarantine regulations; it may, however, resume operations: and every year the vessel homewards bound for repairs touches at Madeira and takes passengers to England about May, the relief steaming outwards in October. The Peninsular and Oriental proposes to send on its Lisbon steamer. Of the Compagnie Franco-Américaine I could hear nothing.* Practically, therefore, the Madeirans receive from Europe two mails per month, on the 17th *viâ* Lisbon, and on the 30th direct.

The African Steam Ship line† is cursed, as will be seen, with an Intercolonial of some 400 tons; and woe to

* The old brigs are dying out, the "Eclipse" was burned in 1861, the "Comet" was sunk in 1863, and the Portuguese "Galgo" is now the sole survivor.

† The little fleet—may its shadow never be less!—began with chartered ships; it then built the "Retriever," the "Forerunner," the "Faith," the "Hope," and the "Charity." The latter three being large, slow, and fitted with auxiliary screws, failed, and were sold. The next batch was unlucky. The "Candace," on board of which all the watch was asleep, was run into by a Dutchman, near Gibraltar. The "Niger" was wrecked by hugging the iron-bound shore of Tenerife, and the "Forerunner," which carried Dr. Living-

those who travel by Intercolonials, either from Suez, St. Thomas, or the Bonny River. The regularity of the main line yields in the subsidiary to whatever interest demands. It ought to be held to time, but it cannot. It is hard to secure efficient officers for such craft, and harder still to keep them in health. Deck passage is farcically expensive, ten dollars each way: it should be reduced to half. All the African Steam ships are built for cargo, not for passengers; but the intercolonial screw beats all. It will carry eleven, with berths for four. A stewardess is impossible, also a doctor. There is no bath but under the hose. No con-

stone's African journals, was lost on 25th Oct., 1854, close to Madeira. Passing too near the North Point, called in charts the "I. Fora," she ran upon a sunken rock or projection from the island, and went down in forty fathoms. Her gold is still on board—a hint to divers, who, however, have as yet failed. The "Gambia" was sold. The line now (Aug. 186—) consists of the "Cleopatra," Capt. Croft, 1400 tons (she will be disposed of, because too large), the "Armenian," Capt. Wylde, 1000 tons, the "Athenian," Capt. Lowry, 1050 tons, the old "Ethiope" of the second batch, Capt. French, 700 tons, and the intercolonial "Retriever," Capt. Delamotte, 400 tons. The "Macgregor Laird," a fine ship of 1000 to 1100 tons, is still on the stocks.

Since this was written, Captain Croft has taken command of the "Macgregor Laird," and the "Cleopatra," Capt. Delamotte, was lost on the 19th August, 1862, on the Shebar, at the mouth of the Sherbro River, 40 miles out of her course. An engineer and five Krumen were drowned. The crew escaped on rafts; and the passengers who, though two days on board, had not time to save their watches,—landed in a single boat, three having drifted away whilst laying out a kedge. Mr. Hanson, Her Majesty's consular agent, Sherbro River, was drowned, with his boat's crew, as he came to their assistance—thirteen lives sacrificed by prodigious carelessness. A bad rumour went abroad that the old ship had been purposely lost.

veniences, except through a crowd of kruboys and negroes. In fact, a tour of the Oil Rivers in such a craft would be certain death to a sick man. Cases of the grossest negligence, even touching cargo, are quoted in the out-ports. A little steamer belonging to the Scotch Missionaries, in the Old Calabar, was left in the Bonny River exposed to wind and weather till it sank. The Camaroons mission complain that their boxes and building material have often been landed at the mouth of the river. Fernando Po murmurs because it has only eighteen hours to read and answer its letters, when the Intercolonial might easily give it three days without loss, by returning to it from the Camaroons River before rejoining her consort at the Bonny—the latter being a most unwise measure, which will some day eventuate in the loss of a large steamer. On the other hand, Gaboon is wroth because she is not visited at all, and only finds consolation in the idea, that she is not swamped by negro immigrants from Sierra Leone. I cannot but hope that the eventual terminus of the line will be St. Paul de Loanda, and that its voyages will be weekly instead of monthly.

The little steamer which carries us is now on her twenty-second voyage. She strikes the senses as microscopic, after the usual monsters of long sea voyages. Her engine is of 120 horse-power, and she burns somewhat less than the normal allowance of coal—1 ton to 10 horses. The skipper, however, is allowed 5 per cent. for what he saves, consequently there is little haste and less speed. On the other hand, her builder always quotes

her as his *chef-d'œuvre*, and she has sundry advantages, —everyone knows that whilst the largest transports are rarely comfortable, the smaller may be. We have no mail agent, thus securing the advantageous absence of a Royal Navy "party," who has little to do, but *fruges (et Bacchum) consumere*, order four-oared gigs, and make the master suffer if everything be not "to his liking." There are no "sea-swells;" even "land-swells" are scarce, and are hardly appreciated. No "big-bug's" valet kidnaps the first cup of matutinal coffee. No learned Theban from the East spins his forty-years' yarn or acts Triton among the Minnows. We do not always get a "Purser's answer," ultra-diplomatic as pursers and soldiers when doing the diplomatic are wont to be. And the stewards (*mirabile dictu!*) are civil and obliging. We wear paper collars, steel collars, linen collars, or no collars. We smoke abaft the mainmast, when crinoline adorns not the quarter-deck. The feeding is good—without too much of preserves—and we *can* drink the beer.

On the other hand, the screw is painfully noisy, and as to the ladder I must quote from the *West African Herald*. "It will really," says that amiable individual, "be for the general good if some governor, or other official of high standing, will get smashed between the foot of the ladder and his canoe!" But when will men who make ships learn to make the steps slope the right way, and a joint in the backbone of the affair to prevent injuring boats? Another desideratum, a little less deck-washing after four A.M. Also, a sad thing for the public,

which is feminine as well as masculine, is the want of stewardesses: these should be rendered obligatory.* And we have one solid grievance. The beer and stout are tolerable, but at this rate will not last; and the ice may possibly endure to Lagos, the soda-water to the Bonny. But the wine is dear, and, what is worse, execrable: the African Steam Ship Company makes little by it, so we have to pay dear for simple carelessness touching our comforts. The claret is black strap, the hock is sourish, the champagne all syrup, the Burgundy is like the house Burgundy of the Reform Club—meat as well as drink; the Moselle *sent son perruquier;* the sherry is a mine of bile; and of the port—the less said the better of such "strong military ditto." The coffee and tea are not bad naturally, but artificially; and to distinguish between them requires a very superior nose. Finally, our berths are, it is true, uncrowded, but they are capable of containing more than one, which should never be allowed on board. I have heard of four and even five human beings stuffed into one of these loose boxes, and it is not to be wondered at if ladies who have never suffered in Africa, have been half-poisoned by their cabins when going home. Why should not the passengers be allowed legally to claim what is allowed to the denizens of every hospital, so many square feet of vital air?

At three P.M., on the 30th of August, after a six

* Even black women would be better than nothing, if, as I suspect, white women would not live through the River-tour. At present the stewardess goes only as far as Madeira.

days' run, we exchanged the North for the South. Off our port bow rose Porto Santo, a long broken line resembling a magnified crater or elongated Aden, which it probably is. The taller cones, especially the Pico de Facho and the Pico de Anna Fereira, strongly suggest volcanic action, and the lower land, which is sandy rather than rocky, hides its fertility from the Atlantic wave. As we sped by it, a single gleam of golden sun piercing the crown of clouds, lit up its ribbed flanks with that picturesque suddenness that delights the eye, and made the surface resemble an expanse of ripening corn.

Porto Santo derives its name from the glorious days of Portuguese history. Prince Enrique o Conquistador of Portugal, third son of Dom Joaõ I., by Philippa, daughter of John of Gaunt, and sister to Henry IV. of England, sent in 1418 one Joaõ Gonsalvo, whose title became "da Camara," surnamed Zargo, or the "one-eyed," and Tristaõ Vaz Teixeira, to explore the West African Seas. According to some writers the "Zargo" was directed by a pilot who, during imprisonment at Morocco, had heard of the Madeiran group from certain shipwrecked Englishmen: at any rate he is generally supposed to have discovered Porto Santo. The "Monoculous one," who deservedly lies a local hero in the convent Saint Clara, of Funchal, appears to have been made of strongish stuff. The navigators of those days had a tradition that a veil of impenetrable darkness overhung the horizon of the "Holy Port," and that at times a mysterious sound struck the passer by into awe. Some fancied an abyss, others the mythical island Cipango,

where Providence had located the Christians that had escaped from the infidel Moors, others the mouth of Gehenna. Zargo, however, after being driven, in 1418, by a storm upon the rugged ridge, which he and his companions named in gratitude the Porto Santo, went straight for the gates of Hell, and two years afterwards discovered its big brother Madeira. Even in the present day the Porto Santians—who are far more African than European—believe in the existence of an island to the westward called San Brandaõ. It is occasionally visible, being probably a mist-land, a Fata Morgana, and if a stranger be seen to use a spy-glass, he is looking, men say, for San Brandaõ. San Brandaõ is also called St. Blandon, Brandon or Borondon, a Scotch priest who flourished in A. D. 565; his island is also seen from the Canaries. It is an old story, doubtless dating from the submerged Atlantis of Plato, which in the days of Columbus became Antilla, or the Island of the Seven Cities, and formed a midway house between the Old and New Worlds. I shall have more to say about these mystical islands which figure in the legends of all wild and superstitious maritime people; meanwhile I may remark that Ptolemy's Aprositus or Inaccessible Island, with San Brandaõ and Antilla, appear to be the only presentiments of a Western Continent that floated in the Western mind.

Porto Santo, around which lie various barren rocky islets, one of which supplies a fine lime-dirt cheap, is distant twenty-five geographical miles N.E. from Madeira; its dimensions are 6½ by 3 miles. It is the

second of the five which compose the Erythian group, the others being Madeira and the Three Desertas, and they form a scalene triangle, the Desertas lying to the S.E. of Madeira. The surface is bare of trees, and the population, about 1500 souls, find but few water springs free from brackishness and carbonate of soda. Formerly it produced about 1500 pipes of coarse wine, used for brandying Madeira. When the Italian Cacadada Mosto visited it, in 1454, he saw numbers of Dragoliros, Dragon-trees (*Dracæna Draco*); now not one remains, and even the sister island shows but few. In 1854, its harvest was about 11,000 bushels of barley, and its income was $1154 against an expenditure of $968. At Porto Santo during the last year, the steamer "Ganges," proceeding to India for River Service, happened to break her back upon a spine of Porto Santo. The crew naturally wished to land, they were warned off, however, as not having a clean bill of health. Portugal has been reproached with the flimsiness of her paper laws, here, however, is an instance of authority austere enough.

In the course of the afternoon we sighted, over the starboard bow, the similar form of Madeira, and admired the mass of cumulus gleaming over the topmost heights, Pico Ruivo and Pico Grande. These fine towers soon fell from sight, and with them the wild, grand scenery of the Northern coast, which, according to travellers, far excels that of the South. As evening drew near, we rounded the sharp, serrated line of basaltic rocks, called San Lourenço, the original name of the whole island, not because, like Madagascar, it was discovered on the anni-

versary of the Saint of the Gridiron, but because the Zargo's ship bore that name. Off this ridge is the submarine outlier, where, in 1854, the African steamship, "Forerunner," was wrecked, and several lives were lost. We then glided by Machico, whose name recalls the tedious tale, old and oft told, of Robert à Machim, or Macham, and the "unfortunate Anne of Bristol." The elopement is well worn, as the heroic end of Major Pierson in Jersey, or the loves of Sassui and Punhu in Scinde; consequently a late authority—in these days there are many scoffers—pronounces it to be a "romantic and probably fabulous narrative." * Our "elbowing island" is determined to lay claim to the discovery, but the tale was probably invented to flatter Prince Henry. There are others again who suggest that the "noble Anna d'Arfet's" name was Miss Darby, daughter of a Bristol trader, and that her elopement was the result of her preferring a juvenile commoner to the elderly peer, her husband. Presently we doubled the bluff tufas and basalts of fantastic Garajaõ, by the northern barbarians called Brazen Head, and we dropped anchor in the Bay of Funchal,—once much noted for fennel,—firing sundry guns, that produced nothing but a fine echo; like the hills of Jamaica, that crash as if about to fall when shot at.

* The fatal test of dates has been applied to it. Machim is said to have died in A.D. 1334: Madeira was discovered in A.D. 1419. If João de Morales, the Spanish pilot, had acted as informant between Machim's people and Zargo, he had been at least forty-two years in prison.

The temperature changed by magic. The usual rough north-easterly breeze of the outside subsided into a luxurious, sensual calm, with occasional puffs of soft exciting westerly zephyrs, or *viento de las mugeres,* formed by the land-wind of night, eddying round the sea-bathed headlands. This charming "embate" is common about Funchal. We could distinctly smell the land, the scent being that of clover hay. Though it had barely struck 10 P.M., the little town lay silent, dull, and drowsy, like the lotus-eaters they are. The scattered *reverbères* told of oil, not of gas; they are fed by the Physic-nut, or Croton (*J. purgans*) imported from Portugal. We felt a conviction that firing our three brass barkers was in vain. The health officer, being an aged senhor, had set out for his Quintà, and *festin a lentè* being the motto of all his tribe, he preferred "Kayf" to giving us pratique that night. The commander of H.M.S. "Griffon," after vainly awaiting permission to board us, at last lost patience, and carried off his mail bag. We were *détenus* on board *nolentes volentes,* for which disappointment the *fainéantisme* of "those Portugooses" suffered due contumely.

I may here remark, that since the "cholera year"—1856—the pratique regulations of Madeira are arbitrary and exclusive. The quarantine establishment has not been pulled down, but the lazaretto is wholly neglected, and admission to it is taboo'd, because, say the people, there must be all or nothing. When fever is supposed to be on the West African Coast, then bills of health are of no avail. The orders are probably sent from

Lisbon; the local authorities, however, do not object to money dribbling from the suspected ship into the town, only the coin must be passed through water. It is a truly ridiculous spectacle, the old toothless, nut-cracker-chinned health-officer, quavering with his childish treble, as he issues orders to his boatmen forbidding any more daring soul to near the gangway, and depositing all letters in a deal box, under which he lights a dwarf spirit lamp. He is naturally subject to abundant "chaffing," when he waxes wrath and raises his blear eyes, and declares that he will stop the coaling, which direful threat procures for him a little peace.

Most of our company retired to rest impatient as children waiting to see the curtain draw up. Mr. Lyall ("Rambles in Madeira, 1827,") declares, like Baron von Humboldt, that every traveller opens his quarto with a short notice of Madeira. "Yet, to judge from such queries as "are there any hotels here?" the public does not seem to know much about it.

CHAPTER II.

A DAY AT MADEIRA.

31st AUGUST.

"I do not know a spot on the globe which so astonishes and delights upon first arrival as the island of Madeira. The voyager embarks and is, in all probability, confined to his cabin, suffering under the dreadful prostration of sea-sickness. Perhaps he has left England in the gloomy close of autumn, or the frigid concentration of an English winter. In a week he again views that terra-firma which he had quitted with regret, and which in his sufferings he would have given half that he possessed to regain. When he lands upon the island, what a change! Winter has become summer; the naked trees which he left are exchanged for the luxuriant and varied foliage; snow and frost for warmth and splendour; the scenery of the temperate zone for the profusion and magnificence of the tropics; a bright blue sky; a glowing sun; hills covered with vines; a deep blue sea; a picturesque and novel costume;—all meet and delight the eye, just at the precise moment when to have landed on a barren island would have been considered a luxury."—*Capt. Marryat.*

I PASSED the long length of a single day and night in and off Madeira, and, consequently, consider myself highly fitted to write a somewhat lengthy account of it. Despise not, gentle reader, first impressions, especially in a traveller. The authors of guide-books for the most

* Quoted—the first, but not the last, quotation from "Madeira, its Climate, and its Scenery, a Handbook for Visitors," by R. White, and edited by J. Y. Johnson. A useful volume, and trustworthy in most things, save that necessary over-appreciation of its subject which essentially belongs to the genus guide book.

part excuse their authorship upon the plea of "long sojourn;" of "practical knowledge;" and of "fifteen or twenty years' experience." Such, naturally, deride the audacious intruder, who, after a few hours' stroll and chat, presents himself upon their premises. I am convinced, however, that if a sharp, well-defined outline is to be drawn, it must be done immediately after arrival at a place; when the sense of contrast is still fresh upon the mind, and before second and third have ousted first thoughts. Thus were written such books as "Eöthen" and "Rambles Beyond Railways;" thus were not written Lane's "Egyptians" or Davis's "Chinese." Except in a New World, where the mind is stunned, observation will, a few days after arrival, lose all its distinctness. The man who has dwelt a score of years in a place, has forgotten every feeling with which he first sighted it; and if he writes about it, he writes for himself and for his fellow-oldsters, not for the public. The sketcher who acts as I propose to do will, of course, make an occasional bad blunder, even as the reverend author of the "Cruise of the North Star" converted the humming-bird house-moth of Madeira into a Trochilus, as Captain Alexander translated Penha d'Aguia, the eagle's wing (for rock); or as the "Rambler in Madeira" rendered Païl de Serra (the "Marsh of the Wild") "some chapel or shrine of St. Paul." These ridiculous little blots will be "nuts" to the old resident. But, in the main, the *guâche* will be true and vivid. Of course I do not intend my traveller to indite the normal chapter upon the "Manners and Customs of

the People," whom he sees in the streets; nor, during his very short sojourn, do I expect that he will neglect to avail himself, as a practised hand always can, of the information derived from those that have learned the place *à fond.* After which preamble, return we to Madeira.

Going "up stairs," as the sex says, at 5 A.M. on the day after arrival, I cast the first glance at Funchal, the place of Fennel. The town is far larger than any at the Canaries, and is said to contain 25,000 to 30,000 souls, one-fourth of the population of the island; it lies at the bottom of a shallow bay, whose arc is five and a half, and whose chord is three-quarters of a mile long from Brazen Head to Ponta da Cruz, and the scattered San Joaõ rocks. Immediately behind it is a curtain of lofty hills, rent on the right by a deep fiumara, a huge gash called the Ribeiro de Joaõ Gomez, which, with other *barrancas* in front and on the extreme left, confines the city to sundry waves of ground radiating from above. Nothing can be more beautiful than this immense bank of vegetation,—this vast pyramid, that looks as if the land had been tilted up at an angle of 40°. Nothing more lovely than the variety and contrast of the greens, for instance, the young sugar-cane a vivid vitriolic hue broken by clumps of dark holm-oak, myrtle, gloomy cypress,—it figures here as in Persia,—and dull bay, with here and there a palm-tree, symbol of the South and East. The multitude of little terraces and dwarf earthbanks in short horizontal lines, with which the ruddy face of the mountain is wrinkled, contrasts curi-

ously with the rounded summits of the upper heights. It yields in the upper heights to clumps of trees and ground bare or sparsely clad with heath, thyme, whortleberry, bilberry, laurel, and various grasses. Eastward lies a tract of barren red land, arid slopes which even joint-stock companies have vainly attempted to irrigate. Westward is another hill-shoulder upon which the south of the city reposes; it is black with basalt, the material of Fernando Po, Prince's Island, and San Thomé,* and red with tufa and argil. The most conspicuous feature is the Ilheo (small sea-holm), by the English called Loo rock, a detached and rugged mass of basalt, which has been walled up and surmounted with a little citadel where signals and continual salutes—the latter becoming happily rare in Europe—vex the English and invalid ear. This fort, which the natives consider a local Gib, was bombarded by H.M.S. "Endeavour," Captain Cook, R.N., the circumnavigator, for an affront offered to the British flag. The incident, which took place in 1768, was expunged by order of Government from Hawkesworth, but was made public by Mr. Forster, who visited the island in 1772. "Loo" has not much to boast of: no submarine tunnel connects it with the Pontinha, or Little Point of the nearer mainland, so that bolting must be made in time. It recalls to me the remark of a Persian friend whom I once escorted over a man-of-war: "Ajab chíz ast mager

* Usually called St. Thomas, and thus confounded with the Danish St. Thomas, in the West Indies, of Dano-Anglo-Yankee-Nigger celebrity.

jáe guríz níst"—"A wonderful affair; but how the deuce does one run away?" Sailing vessels usually lie E.N.E., and east of the Loo rock, with good anchorage in 25 to 30 fathoms. Steamers of course place themselves nearer the shore. Funchal port is evidently a mere road-stead, depending for safety upon the Embate, or westerly wind, which here blows nine months during the year. When, however, as very often happened, especially in the terrible storms of 1803, 1842, and 1848, the wind is from the south or the south-east, ships must slip cables and clear the Points under pain of finding themselves stranded. At the time of my visit the Madeiran fleet was not extensive,—H.M.S. "Griffon," Commander Perry, R.N., a Portuguese revenue cutter, and two or three small merchantmen.

The atmosphere about the town is somewhat hazy. Madeira's veil is thicker even than that of Tenerife. The dew-clouds are slowly clearing off the upper heights—there is not, however, a stain of smoke. The sea is of limpid Mediterranean blue, and the gulls and kittiewakes—some of these stupids have apparently followed us from L'pool—float like corks upon the lazy tepid swell. The aspect of the buildings is that of the Portuguese colonies generally; the houses are vast, with huge hanging balconies and lanterns, gazabos, belvederes, terrinhas or turrets on the upper stories, where the residents catch the cooling breezes. The colours are various; frequently a bilious yellow, with green or brown jalousies, and the roofs, once flat and terraced, are now steep slopes of home-made tile. Square, staring, similar, and

unseemly, these habitations appear from afar like little dens, and, individually ugly, are not so *en masse*. The *rus in urbe* here, as in Asiatic Portugal, is conspicuous. There is a tree for each house; on the east lies the Praça Academica, a formal strip of plantation; in front of the Fortaleza or palace there are more scattered and ragged growths forming the Praça da Rainha, whilst clumps and avenues appear in different parts of the town where the Praças answer to English squares, French boulevarts, and Spanish prados and alamedas. The buildings thin out as they climb the hill. At the first *coup d'œil* I was somewhat struck by the absence of sacred edifices: presently on landing these were found to be not less numerous than in other Lusitanian settlements. The woods from which Madeira, like Kyle,* derived her name, and which according to that dreadful "story" history, when accidentally set on fire, burned for seven consecutive years—one of Clio's pleasant little "desiperes"—have mostly disappeared. In fact, as the old Portuguese chronicler says, the island should now be called da Pedra, not da Madeira—Petrosa, not Sylvania.

The principal buildings in the town, beginning from the right of the charming amphitheatre, are:—The Fort of St. Iago, lying about one mile east of the city, and apparently dismantled. Next the Praça Academica, or Academic groves, thick, sombre, and close to the sea, at the mouth of a great jagged Ribeiro, whose deep

* Kyle, in Ayrshire, celebrated by Burns, is derived by some Gaelic scholars from choille, wood; others ignore the derivation.

shingly bed, even down this distance, tells of terrific torrents. About the heart of the mass the Sé or Cathedral exposes its tall dark tower, with the lower third whitewashed, and a dwarf poikillated spire capped with a large gilt weather-cock. Upon the beach stands a ridiculous column of dark basalt, a tower of Babel, half finished, and never likely to be done. An English merchant, Mr. Banger, Benger, or Badger, built this Folly at a cost of £1350, to unload vessels, and—such is action at Madeira—when it attained its present altitude it found itself at a respectable distance from the sea. A little to the left is the yellow Fortaleza de San Lourenço, rebuilt in 1803; this palace, fronted by a dwarf promenade, the Praça de Rainha, is a large pile of masonry, somewhat like those of Goa in her palmy days. Further left, and overlooking the town, is the Citadel or Peak Fort (Castello do Pico de San Joaõ), an artless work, whose vertical fire would, in these days, do very little damage. The extreme left concludes with a gunless battery, completing a total of eleven; being *à fleur d'eau*, it might be utilised; an old convent, a lime-kiln, and the universal coal-shed; a new consumptive hospital, of magnificent proportions, since opened, but closed in consequence of a local squabble; a cemetery bristling with pyramidal cypress; and a large building belonging to an English settler, and lately occupied by Her Majesty of Austria.

At 6 A.M. on the 31st August, we were visited by a boat containing the post-captain, a stout Portuguese gentleman, speaking English uncommonly well, and the

health-officer, a very old party, who, after a few silly professional questions, vouchsafed us pratique. Thereupon the ladder-foot was jammed by a shoal of boats built after the Mediterranean fashion, broad in the beam, substantial, treble-keeled and iron-shod to bear hard grating and to prevent upsetting when drawn up, painted green for coolness, with a broad stripe of yellow for beauty, and provided with tall, knobbed posts rising high at stem and stern for the support of the indispensable awning. The oars are curious contrivances, not unlike those formerly used in Western Ireland; in place of rowlocks, a pin fits into a hole in a broadening surface; the men row well with a long and steady stroke. We descended with the usual life-and-death struggle, all for a shilling ahead! passed over the transparent blue waters, where little Portingals disported themselves in nature's suit, and turning stern-on backed till we were hauled by a team of bullocks up the shingle of water-rolled basalt pebbles. Near the landing-place is a dwarf caes or pier, a portion of whose cyclopean stones—concrete would have been better—has been washed away, and which, as might be expected, has not been repaired. On the narrow strip of dull brown sand lay boats, nets, a large store of planks, and other furniture of a sea-port.

The Entrada da Ciudade, a short street, broad, paved with basaltic cobble stones, lined with gutters, and shaded with fine over-arching plane-trees, which, fuel being expensive, are barbarously trimmed, leads to the great square. On the right, near the water, is the health office and

commercial rooms, where registers and newspapers are found, and an unsightly ruin meets the eye. On the left, with its facing of green promenade, is the Fortaleza, denoted by two sentinels, soldiers of the 1st regiment of Caçadores, with dark-green jackets and white overalls —the appearance of these Light Infantry is soldierly and workmanlike. At this hour we find "Hollway's," the local Long's, dead asleep; but a small boy is procured for a sixpence to supply us with brandy and soda for comforting the stomach during our long ride. Mr. Hollway, who has been many years upon the island, keeps three establishments—a small boarding-house in the town, a larger one on the Caminho do Meio, and in summer a Quinta near the village of Camacha. The terms for living are 10*l.* 10*s.* per mensem, not including private sitting-room, wines, or other extras. There is a multitude of similar boarding-houses, as Miles', Reid's, Wardrop's, Neale's, &c., &c. Guilletti's is the only hotel properly so called. Besides boarding-houses, there are apartments and lodgings to let from 50*l.* to 200*l.* the season or the year. The town, in fact, is one huge caravanserai, all for hire.

Amongst the eager hungry crowd which accompanied us brawling from the landing-place, we chose two fellows, and struck a bargain for a mount over the Elysian Fields of Madeira, which, by-the-bye, are pretty steep hills. The legal charge for horse, two-oared boat, or covered car, is 300 reis—1*s.* 3*d.* per hour, or $2 per day.* But here, as elsewhere, the stranger pays double

* The pataca, or dollar, in Madeira is reckoned at 4*s.* 2*d.* The

by way of penalty; the inevitable visit to Nossa Senhora do Monte will, unless you make an agreement beforehand, cost $2, besides other small coins. The nags were highly creditable, thick-set little Lisbons, eleven to twelve hands high, with tolerable English saddles and bridles; the cost of a good horse is $200, (44*l.*); of a mule, $15—20; of an ass, poor as the English breed, $5—10. Riding-animals are rough-shod, with large oblong nails, and long projecting clamps and claws at the back of the hoof, raising them like our great-grandmothers'. There are few wheeled carriages in the island, and in 1827 there was not one. Invalids take exercise in covered cars, like the body of a calèche placed upon a sledge, furnished with curtains and drawn by oxen, whence it is called a boi-car, or cow-cart: the invention is attributed to a Major Bulkeley, who, though not a bulky man, excogitated, some fifteen years ago, this contrivance for his family. A less sociable form is the palanquin, half-roofed and cradle-shaped, not box-formed like the East Indian, and the Manchila, or hammock, familiar to Portuguese West Africa, is much used by those who care little for looking or being looked at. Pipes of wine and boxes of goods are carried in the rudest of vehicles: a sleigh formed of two planks, six or eight feet long, pierced at both ends, and fastened together. A perch is attached to the fore part, and a yoke enables the oxen to draw it; when friction is likely to inflame, a cactus leaf or a wet rag is placed under the

coinage is decimal; the testao, or "bit," is worth five-pence, and the dois testaoes, or "pistareen," is ten-pence. Gold is rarely seen.

wood to diminish heat and to render the run smoother. This contrivance, which may be seen on the American plains—*vide* Captain Marcy's "Prairie Traveller"—might be utilised in places by the African explorer, but where the ground is soft it would clog and become unmanageable. The streets of Madeira show hard labour. The slope and the frequency of Fajaas, or land-slips, render it necessary to pave all the highways, which would otherwise be swept into the sea. The material is the inevitable dark basalt. On the smoother passages,—there is hardly an acre of level ground in the island,—cobble stones or round pebbles are chosen, sometimes disposed in a rude mosaic, white lozenges and circles standing out from the black. The extreme angle of these roads is 23° (or 1 in 2¼), and 14° (1 in 4), is not much thought of. Where the ascents are steepest the material is angular, and there are raised lines like steps disposed broadways. The result of this superabundant labour is excellent; the rain washes the streets without leaving mud, and consequently there is not more dust than smoke.

Mounting our nags, we—my companion in the Gold Coast Artillery and I—progressed leisurely. There is a fine of $3 for hard riding in the streets, and we had no mind to imitate the "galloping griffins and Pariah dogs," which a gruff general officer described as the greatest of nuisances in Bombay. The first sight was the Praça da Constituçaõ, an oblong with dwarf trees, an unpaved area, where the feet are relieved from stone-treading, and garnished with shady benches and a raised

platform for the band, which here plays twice a week. On the east is the Sé, or Cathedral of San Francisco, commenced in 1485, and completed in 1514. It contains some hideous pictures and a fine fretted ceiling of native juniper (*J. Oxycedrus*), a wood now almost cleared off the island. The other, or western extremity, is flanked by S. Francis, an almost ruinous building, whose barred windows, tall walls, and porcelained towers show that it was a religious house; the institution which in Christianity has taken the place of the pagan vestal virgins. It was suppressed and secularised in 1834, when the island, after the final defeat of Don Miguel, passed into the hands of Don Pedro, and shared the fate of five monasteries and three nunneries. On the west of the Praça is the Santa Casa da Misericordia, or hospital, built in 1834, and next to it the Convente de Santa Isabel, from whose grated windows female orphans peep. The former is a large building, with a proportionate staff, a chapel, and a chaplain; but it seldom contains more than ninety in-door patients at the same time. It will become a succursale to the grand new building which overlooks the sea.

Riding through the somewhat intricate streets up the Carreira, or local Corsa, past the English club, the college, church, and by the barracks, we found the houses framed with huge basaltic monoliths. The windows—many of them built in the old style, glassless, and provided with a little wicket in the shutter—are grated in the ground floor, which is here the only bank, after the fashion of Southern Europe. The gates

are vast as those in the East, and huge staircases and double flights of steps spring from the paved and piazza'd Patio within them. At times aroused by the clatter of hoofs, the señorita thrusts her head from the casement, and speedily withdraws it from the stare of the strangers fresh from a week on board ship. Here may be taken the opportunity of remarking, that though some fine eyes and hair appeared, I did not see amongst the lower orders a single pretty face; the every-day dress is sadly unpicturesque. Swarthy skins, flat faces, round, stout contours bon-sens expression, and a wondrous waddle, are here the rule. The countrywomen wear uncrinolined gowns of calico and cheap stuff, with capas or long cloaks, and sometimes red and blue shawls over their heads. The peasantry at Madeira, as elsewhere, is abandoning its highly appropriate local costume, which now can rarely be seen except in dead life. The men are in shirts and long terminations, or femoralia, of home-spun long-cloth. Both sexes have limp top-boots or shoes of buff-coloured goat's leather, and decorate themselves with the ugly carapuça, a cap whose utter inutility secures for it some notice. It is a dwarf calotte of blue broadcloth, some five inches in diameter at the base or broadest part, so small that it appears to maintain its place by the exertion of the frontal and occipital muscles. The more jauntily it is worn on one side, to the confusion of the laws of gravitation, the more "dandified" is the wearer. From the apex of the funnel projects a pigtail of the same material, unicorn fashion, or rather in the style of the

Algerian rats, whom the savants discovered with tails growing out of their noses. Not the slightest use can be assigned to this head-gear, except perhaps the "wild caprice of mortal will," that dictated queues, powder and pomatum to our grandfathers. According to the best authorities, this silly pet of the peasantry was not used during the last century; the horn of Madeira was not then exalted. It may eventually disappear before the foulard and the straw hat. On Fieras the population turn out in much more "dressy" style, with a somewhat violent parure, and, as in India, there are quaint little figures in the shops which illustrate the costumes for the edification of Europe.

Presently we pass the bridge which spans the torrent of Santa Luzia. In former times there were no walls, consequently the three fiumaras that traverse the town have committed awful damage, sweeping away buildings, damaging the harbour by making the water several fathoms more shallow, and on one occasion destroying 400 lives. S. Luziá is a dangerous "wady," with a fearful slope, bone-dry at present, but rolling after rains a fierce and sudden flood, which rises and subsides in a few hours. It is 80 to 100 feet broad, and 20 to 30 feet deep, with rapid slopes. The water pours down it as through crevasses in the Mississippi levées, and the flood has been known to jerk over the walls rocks, which several teams of oxen have been required to remove. The "nymphs of Arethusa," as our soldiers in Sicily called the hideous old washerwomen of that classical spot, here ply their trade, and the larger

boulders are white with sunning linen. Hence the phrase is *mandar a roupa ao Ribeiro*—"sending linen to the river:"—and the violent treatment of that linen reminds me of an Indian dhobi demolishing my Ludlams. Riding up the left bank shady with planes, we pass in the gardens a few but a very few vines, with many plantains, and bananas, which here extend to 1000 feet above sea-level, the Inhame (Koko Kalo or *Colocasia esculenta*, a large-leaved esculent, growing in 'low and swampy ground,) pumpkins, Chou-chou (*Sechium edule*), hanging from trellises, and gourds used like calabashes and trained to little arbours. A prodigious variety of fruit, consisting of custard apples, guavas, rose-apples, pine-apples, tamarinds, maumee apples, mulberries, the common apples and pears, Longan (*Nephelium longan*) pears, "alligator pears," walnuts, plums, peaches, figs, apricots, limes, pomegranates, lemons, citrons, loquats, pitangas, chirimoyas, passion-fruits, papaws, and mangoes* is found scattered about the sunny slopes. Various European vegetables, potatoes, tomatoes, and greens of all varieties grow side by side with batatas (sweet potatoes), chilis, pimentos, arrowroot, ginger, the castor plant, the bamboo, and that most useful cane, *Arundo donax*. As we ascend, the effect of vertical action upon the

* At Sierra Leone there are good mangoes, especially that kind called "No. 11." There is also the "peach mango," which assumes the hue of that fruit on the side next the sun. All the others have that turpentine flavour which renders them fit only for "fool." At Madeira the cold is too great for the mango to attain any excellence—where "tolerable" it is "not to be endured."

productions of nature is conspicuous. At every few hundred yards the vegetation becomes less tropical; the cactus, banana, Cedar of Goa, yucca, date-palm, rose-apple, Bignonia and Nim, or "pride of India," concerning which the Hindoo sings,

> "The Nim, though watered with gur and with ghí,
> Will still remain bitter as bitter can be"—*

give place to clumps and plantations of maritime pine, with chestnuts which supply "polenta," the walnut, the carob or St. John's bread, and forests of laurel. Higher up and above the woody region are bare crags protruding from grass, heath, furze, and broom.† Botanists, however, have dwelt upon the almost complete absence in the most elevated part of the island of Alpine types. The same, as has lately been seen, is the case with the Camaroons Mountain.

The little nags, panting and blowing, did wonders; an English horse would have been dead-beat half way. When the pace is fast, the guide hangs on by the tail, a sensible proceeding, which in these days of rapid evolutions might possibly be applied to the movements of light infantry, chasseurs à pied, caçadores, and others.

* The original is in Bráj Bákhá, the patois of the Braj district. The whole distich is

"Whatever the character is, it goeth not forth from man's life.
The Nim (*Margosa*) tree will not be sweet if you water it with gur (molasses) and with ghí (clarified butter)."

† According to Bowdich, the vine region here extends to 2700 feet above sea level, though wine is not produced above 2080: the zone of brooms, pines, ferns, and chestnuts to 3700; of laurels and vallinums to 5600, and of heaths to 6000.

We met at this early hour ox sledges bearing wine pipes, asses laden with sand and stone, and a few market mules with tinkling bells. The horns of the animals were pierced for thongs, and on each forehead hung a bit of carved bone as a defence against Malocchio. We passed sundry beggars, propped on alpenstocks—the land swarms with paupers—whilst at every cottage a white-haired babe or black-haired child put forth, under parental tuition, the hand of mendicancy. Beggars they are born, and they shall die beggars. "Bakhshish" is by no means confined to the banks of the Nile. The dogs, as they will in India, barked at us from the summit of the walls. The people were peculiarly civil and kindly; every man touched his hat, and the women did not object to a "good morning." Some of the poor devils were hardly used: their heads were laden with cords of dry underwood, or huge bundles of fresh grass, and the foucinho (sickle) hung from their wrists. Men were toilingly carrying up the hills the sledges which had conveyed merchandise down the slopes. In one hut by the wayside, we saw a truly Oriental flour mill. A stream diverted from a *levada* or raised watercourse through a wooden pipe, was working a wheel that turned the upper half of a pair of basaltic stones rough as trachyte. The population of the island is darker than that of Portugal. Negro features are not seen, but the mulatto skin is. They are thieves and pilferers on a small scale, rarely violent, and reportedly timid. Such is the mildening effect of climate, that the women rarely scold, the children

rarely cry. They have musical talents, and, like their Spanish and Portuguese cousins, have the organ of language highly developed; even amongst the peasants, improvisation, harmonic conversations and capping verses are exercises common as the æsthetic tea party of the German professor. In conversation they have a kind of nasal drawl or sing-song; the same is the case at Tenerife, and apparently it is a disease common to colonies in general. Capt. Hall compares the lingo to Bermudan English. Finally, Madeira is part of Africa, and the Madeirans are Africans, but they hate to be told that they belong to that ill-starred portion of our planet.

The gutters, as in Salt Lake City, gurgled with cool water, here the primal requisite for cultivation,—fields and gardens fronting the meridian sun cannot thrive without copious irrigation. The upper heights, which attract more rain than the lower regions, afford a few perennial springs, which would course through the rivers to the ocean, but for the industry of man. Water-courses have been built and excavated with abundant toil; each is under a committee or a judge; the distribution is managed carefully, but lawsuits often arise, litigiousness being everywhere part of the peasants' organisation; and heavy sums have been sunk on unskilful levellings. Every garden that can afford it, keeps a tank fashioned somewhat like the mysterious reservoirs of Aden. At this season water is deliciously abundant.

After riding up the steep hill for about a quarter of the way, we, in very pity, breathed the nags, and listened

to the song of the Tintonegro, capirote, or hill-nightingale, that has found its way from the coast of Barbary. Our guides preceded us; and presently we found them at a wine-shop, where they tried the usual trick upon strangers. They asked us to drink, and brought us a sample of the purest Madeira, composed of caxaça—aguardiente, caña, cane brandy or rum—and water flavoured with apples, each element being distinctly tasteable. The custom is to take a shilling *pour boire*, and then to ask a second, that the men may refresh themselves. The coin is ostentatiously clapped upon the counter, proving thereby that the payment is *bonâ fide*. The guide drinks standing at the door, with a low bow to the senhor's good health. On return he receives back ten pence out of the shilling, and laughs in his sleeve at your verdancy. The most cynical thing I could do to the fellows I did. It was to present them with sixpence. Had nothing been given they would have been resigned, but the sight of "siller" tantalised their very souls. Poor devils, they have a sad life! The island is overpopulated, choked with some 101,000—the census of 1854—instead of 50,000, like our Isle of Man. The government most unwisely lays an embargo upon emigration, by a heavy passport duty of ten shillings; consequently the people are half-starved.

I should not have grudged our attendants their wretched shilling had they put it upon the score of want; but finessing always arouses a lurking spirit of opposition.

At length, after a little descent through a thick grove

of Spanish chestnuts, we turned sharp, and came upon the church of Nossa Senhora do Monte, known to the English as "Mount Church," and often called by strangers "the Convent." The building, a tall cinque-cento, with a domed belfry and steeple at each flank, is seen glistening from the sea, thrown out in alt-relief by the dark curtain of luxuriant vegetation that forms its background: the contrast between the black basalt bordering and the glaring whitewash is not without effect. It lies three miles N. N. W. of the town, and is 1965 feet above sea-level. The lady to whom it was dedicated has done much for Madeira. Sailors offer their vows to her before voyaging. About a century ago, when a famine threatened the island, a ceremonious procession was made to the church: next day, in a perfect calm, arrived a grain-ship, drawn towards the shore, as all saw, by a woman in white. Moreover, the doll's dress was found to be wet with sea-water. Such is a small specimen of the gracious deeds of our "Lady of the Mount," whom under another name we shall meet at Santa Cruz, Tenerife.

A broad flight of porous basaltic steps, up which the faithful, especially the fair faithful, are fond of climbing on bare and bended knee, led to the portico, a thing of similar materials supported by two columns. The door was open, and two aged women who looked wickedly at the intruding Herege Ugnota, composed the congregation. The pavement is of slabs of basalt, covered with thin planking. Nothing can be more barbaric than the ornaments of architecture in these lands, where the

cathedral is by no means a pleasant place even in summer. The most sensuous and artistic of races, the people of the Mediterranean, become in their colonies grotesque as Britons. I could not feel commonly respectful with these caricatures around me, in a sacristy containing daubs of an impossible ark and red-winged cherubim, a ridiculous Abraham cutting down an absurd Isaac, angels carrying preposterous grape-bunches slung to a banghy-pole, and other results of talent which at home we see lavished upon the head of George R. or the Ringwood Arms. To the left was a senhora in a white spangled robe with blue starry cloak, white and blue being the orthodox colours of the Virgin before the Nativity. Her expression was that of the intellectual-looking wax doll. The real thing, however, is a little Fetish on the high altar, a small swarthy image like Santa Maria de' Neri at Sorrento.* She stands upon a silver-like metal, and wears a gold brocade begemmed with precious stones whose proportions in life would be somewhat larger than soup tureens. A jewelled head-

* At least she was there in my youth; but she came, I fear, to grief. During one of the eruptions, when placed before the fiery flood, she was powerless as Knut the Dane to prevent its sweeping down upon her. To punish this excessive ingratitude for numberless wax candles, she was hurled into the lava with a universal '*naccia l'anima tua . . . . /* by her justly indignant votaries. Similarly the Hon. John Byron, in his amusing narrative of his wreck on the coast of Patagonia, saw a Jesuit, who, when the sea was dangerous, "went back into the cabin and brought out the image of some saint, which he desired might be hung up in the mizen shrouds; which being done, he kept threatening it, that if we had not a breeze soon he would certainly throw it overboard."

dress and a spangled petticoat seem to be the beau idéal of Roman Catholic beatitude in this world. As has been shown, she is high JuJu,—great medicine: beating by a long chalk all the other nozza senhoras in the island. St Anthony occupies a private apartment off the right aisle. I know not what he and his pigs have done to make them popular at Madeira. Sant' Jago Minor is the city's patron saint.

A mob of boys and youths accompanied us through the building, pointed out the piscina, exulted over the single bell in one of the two domed turrets which at a distance resemble bilboquets, patted the organ, placed themselves in the confessionals, and showed us the habitations of the priest and the Altareiro, or verger—in fact, went through the normal course of cicerone-ism.

We were then led to the properer place of worship, a fountain below the ugly church; a little spring of pure cold water issuing from the rock and tumbling adown the slope,

> "Where all the margin round about was set
> With shady trees."

amongst which the ever-green til and vintratico were conspicuous.

It was true relief to turn from the pettiness and tawdriness behind to the magnificent temple of nature before us. There was a lovely panorama of bold shore, sea and shipping,—dwarfed to the size of a child's toy smaller than the kestrel floating in the midway air,—town and harbour, house and garden, Quinta and farms and palheiros (thatched huts), shaggy fields,

dwarf plains, tall penhas, watercourses, channels, and dark abrupt ravines with their picturesque voltas. Far to the left lay a comforting sight that relieved the feeling of isolation, the long lines and sharp spires of the blue Desertas—the Desert Isles called by our sailors "the Deserters;" in front the horizon, abnormally high, as if we were in the centre of a bowl, rose brightly marked against a glowing sky; and above us the spicular mountains, and the central ridges of the Erythian Isle, with the thinnest gauze of dew-mist drawn, yeshmak-like, across her brows.

A mile eastward of the Mount Church led us through lanes paved and high-walled to the vertiginous road—full fifty fathoms high—spanning the Curral das Romeiras, "Fold of the Pilgrimesses," which the English call "The Little Corral." It is nothing but the ravine-head from which the Joaõ Gomez Torrent issues, a deep bay in the mountains, whose dizzy depths are broken by a projecting tongue of land, and whose upper heights remind every visitor of Switzerland's

> "hairy sides,
> With forest overgrown, grotesque and wild."

We were fated to descend from the mount by a novel conveyance. The sledge is like a long dismounted dickey, supplied with rollers; externally made of basket-work, and furnished inside with light calico cushions. This *Carro* is guided by a man on each side holding a handle projecting from the dickey, and in the off hand grasping a leather thong attached to what one would call the footboard. It will contain two, but

of course the owner prefers to accommodate one only. We took our seats together, lit our cheroots, and presently felt ourselves progressing with a decent velocity. The distance, two miles, has been made in seven minutes: we took, however, twelve. The youths ran alongside of the sledge till they came to a straiter and steeper pitch, when they hung on behind as does the guide to his horse's tail, and the sharp angles are passed by slewing round the vehicle with the thong nearest the wall. The pace, though not rivalling that of the Montagnes Russes or the Montmorency Cone, is at least exciting: at times, however, there are accidents. In the town I met a gentleman who had but lately broken his collar-bone. As is the rule of the road generally, when a fall is in prospect, one must never attempt to get out or to protrude a limb, the only way is to find good foot purchase and to hold on like grim death. Descending, we passed through a market-place, at whose neat wooden stalls a motley crowd had assembled. Fish, of which ichthyologists reckon 186 species, was there in plenty: its metallic glowing lustre was finer than any feather. We saw cages full of poultry—the *gallo* is an institution here, well bred, and a clever fighter; also meat and vegetables in abundance. The cleanliness of the market was a notable contrast to Covent Garden.

The usual nasal drawling sing-song Portuguese of the colonies was varied by the *ca para mim, boi!* and the *ca-ca-ca-oá* of the ox-drivers, as they ploughed their way through the crowd, the grumbling of the

Anglo-Saxon, and the villanous English of the touters and curio vendors, who followed us like disturbed wasps. We met in the market-place all our shipmates, surrounded by the hungry concourse. Of the passengers was an *ancien militaire*, a chief constable, going to Sierra Leone; his glance at the mob, and his style of working through by an almost imperceptible movement of the shoulder, told of the practised "bobby." As 9 A.M. was approaching, we returned to Hollway's for breakfast.

The entrance of the hotel was more than usually crowded with man, woman, and child. Every one visiting Madeira is expected to buy at least the following articles:—

1 chair of willow wicker-work, like that of Scinde, price $2 each—to the stranger.

1 pair of buff leather slippers, $0·75: or shoes, $2; or boots, $3.

1 carapuça, or funnel cap, 1*s*.

1 walking-stick of coffee wood, or other stuff, brought to the island, but proclaimed indigenous.

Also a ruler, a box, a card-case, a paper-knife, and sundry fancy baskets, composed of peeled broomstick—utterly useless all, and by no means ornamental.

If Caius be good to Caia, he will also lay in—

1 shawl, black silk net, £3.

1 white thread do. £1.

1 dozen doylies, $1, but more generally 5*s*.

1 do. pincushion doylies, 18*s*.

Feather flowers, any price from 1*s*. to £1.

And he may invest *ad libitum* in children's frocks, scolloped and belaced, horsehair chains, and gold rings, whose only merit is that three are contained in one very ugly one. The supernumerary waiter will assuredly have a large stock on hand, and look aggrieved, according to the custom of his class, if not patronised. As an old traveller, I avoided him, buying flowers from the nuns, and shawls, with etceteras, from M. A. C. Ribeiro, No. 1A, Rua da Carreira, where there is little doubt the economist was "done," as he deserved.

At the hotel we had an English breakfast, and I find entered in my journal:—"The meal was as good as the island could afford, but 'bad is the best' here. Ah! where shall I fly to escape from that British beefsteak? that British beefsteak which follows me from Indus to the Pole—which will not learn to be *filet*, like its French younger brother, the Biftek, and which still disdains 'fine herbs.' At Madeira it is qualified, however, by the host's remark, that we shall not see another for many a day." But then, you see, I was writing somewhat fresh from the Cabinets of M. Philippe, and remembering the portly form of M. Pascal. Now I remember that beefsteak with feelings of pleasure; what a contrast it was to a leg of old goat, or to the lean, stringy fowls which give men scurvy in introtropical Africa, and how succulent it will taste should Fate ever conduct me once more to Madeira.

The fish was bream—bad;* the figs, green and purple,

* This cannot be said of all the fish. The tunny is seldom given to strangers, yet with a *sauca piquante* it is excellent "once in a way;"

were hard and unripe. Fruit is a failure at Madeira, because it is rarely grafted, and no one cares for "natural selection." Apples taste like pears, pears like cotton made easy. The oranges are tolerable, but thick-skinned: the little mandarin, here called Tangerine, is admirable. Flowers are perennial, and, as in California, they lose their charm: the eye becomes surfeited with a continual bouquet, *toujours perdrix*. Some, as the fuchsia, the geranium, and the dahlia, are of species that have died out of English horticulture for the last twenty years, at least ever since science took those flowers in hand and bred them like racehorses. Coffee is grown on the lowlands near Funchal, and the Portuguese no doubt drink good *café au lait*; but your Englishman must imbibe English coffee, with water utterly disproportioned to the quantity of bean. Butter, as in all hot climates, is utterly vile: I should prefer the graveolent palm-oil. Milk is poor: cow's milk must be used by the Anglo-Saxon; goat's milk ought to be. There are poached eggs and boiled eggs, but where is the garlicked omelette?

We inquired, as travellers will do, about tobacco. At Portuguese Madeira it is infamous, and the penny cigars are preferred to the more expensive; in Spanish Tenerife it is possible to lay in a tolerable supply.

---

the sword-fish, despite its name, is not unpalatable; those who like conger eels will find them here; the herring and mackerel are first-rate; and never even at Leghorn has man tasted better red mullet. This "woodcock of the ocean" is small but peculiarly good—by all means insist on salmonete for breakfast.

Portugal works her way at a snail's pace towards free-trade fare. The manufacture and sale of worked tobacco has been farmed out to a monopolising private company in Europe. Too timid to throw off protection, the government has tabooed the growing of tobacco to Madeira, which might perhaps coin gold by a growth like that of the Vuelta Abájo, Habana; consequently, the Lusitanian lieges are condemned to pay high prices for bad articles. All the civilised world is behindhand touching tobacco. It has, like the Quaker's historical dog, gotten a bad name. One-idea'd hygeists, followers of the "Misocapnic Solomon," have persuaded the world that it is a slow poison, and politicians that it is a luxury, and, therefore liable to unlimited mulct. Even the old statesman will warn his hearers against the tobacco-shop, and—with the history of the East before him—tell them that it is "provocative of thirst" and an "excuse for idleness," which necessarily leads to drinking. "No stimulant, except gin," we hear, "is so dangerously abused" —the last word reads in two ways. Once it was Holy Herb, *herbe à la Reine, Catherinaire,* and so on; therefore, inasmuch as

"Regis ad exemplum totus componitur orbis,"

all followed royal example. Now it is "the weed." King James and Napoleon the Great abused it to mankind, because it did not suit their stomachs: the mighty Conqueror preferred a *bonbonnière* to a *blague.* In England, those who do not "indulge," feel an I-know-not-what moral superiority over, and from their lofty position look down upon, those who do. Legislators,

especially in later life, cut tobacco, and wag the head at it. Wine is the milk of old age, and old age has lately, in England at least, greatly reduced the duty upon its milk: but the tax upon tobacco remains in all its pristine enormity. France retains her vile *tabac de régie*, which you must smoke unless you can get on with bell-ropes or rattans; and her *Bénéfices de la Régie* are, not including one-sixth for smuggling, some 150,000,000 of francs per annum. Italy also makes it a monopoly. In England it bears the unconscionable duty of 3*s.* 9*d.* per lb., producing a wicked item of revenue, nearly 6,000,000*l.* And why? If tobacco be a luxury, so is wine, and please let us know where necessaries, comforts, and luxuries show the dividing link. If free trade in wine be profitable, why this *quasi* Maine-law for tobacco? Or does a paternal and patriarchal Government, which could not raise, Russian-fashion, its revenue by encouraging "useless, superfluous, and selfish expenses," lay it on so thick in order to prevent us from spoiling our digestions, like naughty boys, by too much smoke? If that be the idea, it should be dismissed; these heavy dues, by excluding a cheap and tolerable article, give us only a bad and an unwholesome supply. Moderately good Havannahs now fetch 6*d.*, Manillas, 4*d.*; thus the latter, which cost in India from forty to fifty rupees per 1000, here approach that sum in pounds sterling. The fact is, that those six millions of pounds sterling are enough to blind the eyes of a budget-maker. But some day will arise a hard-smoking Chancellor of the Exchequer, who will

quarter the tax, and double his gains by the loss.* Our fraternity will presently become a majority; one year witnesses an attempt to introduce smoke into all except the coffee-room, drawing-room, and card-room of a club; another sees a long "writing to the 'Times.'" Let us hope, illustrious smokers and kind brethren of the pipe, soon to see that happy day. "Smoke is great, and it will prevail."

After breakfast we chatted with certain *habitués* of the place. At present there are only the last year's birds, from eighty to a hundred strangers, mostly English, and a first batch of some hundreds is expected in September. There are a few French, and about eighty Germans, whose drawling English is perpetually heard in street and room. The visitors, especially the Anglo-Saxon, do not mix well with the Portuguese. Last year an effigy of Pontius Pilate was, according to custom, hung at Loo rock; that effigy was, I am told, an English soldier in English uniform. The Madeiro-Lusitanians had ascertained that Madam Britannia was at the bottom of the Scourge of Rome's troubles, and adopted that way of displaying a sound, but a somewhat incurious, indignation. These spectacles, now waxing obsolete in France and Italy, are still favourites in these old and crippled colonies. At Tenerife I heard of a late Judas, about the size of a

* Since the above was written, the Chancellor of the Exchequer has reduced the duty on what the trade is pleased to call foreign "segars" from 9*s.* 5½*d.* to 5*s.* per lb.; on snuff from 9*s.* 5½*d.* to 3*s.*; and on other manufactured tobaccos to 4*s.* This is, at least, one little step in the right direction.

mizen-mast, hung in jack boots, with his stomach full of cats: the especial fun was to watch the action of Grimalkin when Iscariot was consigned to the flames.* On the other hand, St. Peter lashed, like an outrigger between two boats, walked the waters like a thing of life—a feat, by-the-bye, in which, if I rightly remember, when alive he signally failed.

It were a long and intricate subject to investigate the cause of the Englander's unpopularity abroad. I can but throw down a little heap of reasons to which everyone can add as many more. Individually,—of course, this is not said of the cosmopolitan English gentleman, who, with perfect tact, everywhere preserves his nationality, whilst ever respecting that of others,—he is disliked, collectively hated. He delights in reversing the process upon his French neighbour, whom he admires collectively, individually despises. The phenomenon partly arises from the enormous national self-esteem. "Great Britaine," says old Herbert, "contains the summe and abridge of all sorts of excellencies, meeting here like parallels in their proper centre." And were we not told t'other day at Dover that we are the first nation in the world? Whilst the vanity of foreign writers more humanely praises themselves, English pride abuses others. Partly, too, it comes

* Mrs. Elizabeth Murray, the authoress of "Sixteen years of an Artist's Life in Morocco, Spain, and the Canary Islands," declares that she saw Judas burned on Easter Day, in the Plaza de la Constitucion Orotava, attired in "black cutaway coat, yellow vest and pantaloons, with Hessian boots." The scene which she describes is that of "driving out the devil" on the Gold Coast.

from geographical peculiarities. The Englishman is an islander, *toto divisus orbe*, an abscissed joint, like the Jew, of the great human body. He is not like a continental, and he has a sneaking fondness for other islanders. He has his prejudices—unless his blood be very thin,—his eccentricities, his bizarreries, his hobby-horses, his whimsy-whamsies. He is wedded to the homeliness of home. Now he fights for the slave-carrying trade. Anon, in the fury of his emancipativeness, he would gladly convert a garden of sugar, tobacco, and cotton, into a howling waste, a Great Dismal Swamp, starving a million of his own people, and three and a half millions of his congeners. Collectively he is no favourite, because the precedent of his policy is natural egotism, its succedent is success, a worse fault to those who lose by it than his selfishness. We cannot expect our cousins, the irritable Yankees, or the poor devil Germans, to love the rich head of the house of John Bull. We cannot expect rivals, who have striven with us and failed, Spain, Portugal, and Holland—once first rate now third rate powers—to bear our greatness without a look askance. We must not expect friendship from those whom, like the Ionian Republic, we have insulted by benefits. Those who are fighting with us for the world—France and Russia—will not easily pardon our sins of solidarity. Nationally, as long as the Englishman entrenches himself within his own limits, depends upon his own resources, and calls all his neighbours Racha, he is strong and great; he is completely demoralised by the lesson that he, single-handed, is not

equal to three foreigners. And not to ignore an important side of the question, the Englishman has been a somewhat noisy though moderate apostle of Liberty, and the father of institutions which, by their success at home, commend themselves to neighbouring nations, amongst whom they would be failures, because lacking the simplicity and the vigour of despotism. By countenancing progress, and by discountenancing political subdivision, he commends himself to the moderate, who are equally opposed to remaining stationary and to sweeping changes in society. Extreme partisans, of course, hold him their greatest enemy, and as they are the loudest speakers, he is abused from Lisbon to St. Petersburg.

Our colloquy ended with a stroll *en masse* about the streets, where the well-to-do population eyed us with no friendly glance. The stranger-mob raises the price, and diminishes the quantity, besides affecting the quality of everything. It spoils the country to the countrymen. A servant who has taken wages from an English family will seldom return to and more rarely abide in a Portuguese Morgado's house. The swells whom we met had the usual Portuguese priggishness and formality of dress and look; regulation whiskers, dating from Georgius Tertius his day; back swallow-tails; "skimpy" waistcoats, and white pantaloons. The ecclesiastics were mostly clad in French attire and the Jesuit cap, not with the vast shovel hat like that of Canada, which made the facetious prelate announce their Spanish eminences as having arrived at the Vatican in their canoes.

They have a kindly look, and I saw none of the offensive jauntiness of the young Sicilian abbate, who can never pass a bonnet without peering Milesian-like under its periphery. It is understood, however, that their morals are no better than they should be; the pretty housekeeper is the rule, and an Englishwoman who, as a Roman Catholic, should deem it her duty to bow to every frock, would soon collect an enamoured tail. The shops are superior to what we expected. At a chemist's I obtained all the materials for making arsenical soap. Another shop supplied excellent photographs; the climate renders them far superior to those of the North. The mystic letters P.V.A.B.—*Paõ vinho aguardiente bom*—upon certain sheds in the Travessas, or cross streets, attracted ours, like other people's, attention. The hens were mostly tied to old shoes, a cock was seen garlanded with flowers, a turkey followed his master like a dog, and the women sat in trellises and arbours staring and taking the air. We met *chemin faisant* one of our Germans at the bottom of a hammock, wrapped up, despite the heat, in coat and shawls; he was dying at railway pace. We had many a gossip, and more than once saw the Caccia del Mediterraneo. We bought the indispensable chaussures from an Italian rascal, a fellow so far gone in cheating that he cheated, as cheats will, himself. Then he cheapened chairs, Carapuças, and grey canary birds, uncivilized animals far dearer here and in the Canaries than in London or Bruges. Madeira wrens (*R. Madeirensis*) are the only birds peculiar to the island

and Machêtes the only instruments. The latter is to the guitar what the piccolo is to the flute. It is, however, tuned in a peculiar way: the two upper strings have, like most Eastern musical implements, intervals of thirds,* whilst the lower have fourths. Like the guitar *raclé* by the Barber of Seville, the accompaniment is composed of simple chords, the words are modinhas, pretty, and affecting. It is peculiar to the small "remains of the submerged continent Atlantis," and is best heard in the Canaries, especially Tenerife.

Tired of marching about the town in brigade, I chartered a youth and set out, to speak Hibernically, *solus*. Passing by the secularised convent, we entered the adjoining street of San Francisco, and called at the office of the agents to the A. S. S. Company, Messrs. John Blandy and Sons, who kindly cashed for me some Bank of England notes, and introduced me to a variety of visitors. I could not but observe that the sane residents long settled at Madeira are thin, pale, sub-green-tinted like East Indians, and wearing the regular tropical look. However fit may be the Madeiran atmosphere for men with one lung or a bittock of a lung, it is by no means so well suited to those with a healthy pair. And the fact is that the English constitution cannot thrive without a winter.

Remained the convent to "do," though not with

* Which of course produces the minor key. This guitarette is an especial favourite with the Madeirense, who are said even to talk in it. English visitors sometimes attempt it, but as they expect to be perfect after a dozen lessons—it takes about five years—they rarely succeed.

that morbid feeling which leads the Englishman to the nunnery and the slave market. Ascending a neat hill, which seemed to be nearly an angle of 35°, the youth and I turned to the left, entered a large paved court, procured a key from the tournoir, opened a door, ascended a ricketty staircase, and found ourselves in a whitewashed room. Its long length was garnished with a shaky table and a pair of poor chairs, whilst a stout double grating allowed communication with the mysterious apartments within. It was Goa over again. Presently appeared two "fair prisoners," aged ladies habited after the rule of St. Francis, the founder of the Sisters of Charity. One was tallish, and showed no slight remnants of beauty; she was, in fact, a "splendid ruin," as a friend of mine terms himself. I had the grace not to ask her if she was the Sister Maria Clementina, who, about the time of my birth (See "Six Months in the West Indies, in 1825," by the brave "Henry Nelson Coleridge,") was the kindler of every traveller's enthusiasm, the theme of their praise, and the peg to which they affixed their sentimentalism, upon nuns and nunneries. The real Clementina subsequently appeared, spoke pretty Portuguese, and probably would not have been recognised by the ardent man who wrote "Reader! if your whim or your necessities should lead you to Madeira, go for my sake to the nunnery of Santa Clara," or by the amorous midshipman who, as Captain Alexander tells us, would kiss her finger-tips.

Flowers of sorts, roses, camelias, fuchsias, jasmines, and pretty wreaths, were passed through the wicket and

placed upon the table for my inspection. They are made of feathers, and they constitute, with wax fruit and sweetmeats, especially candied citron, the industry of the "poor Clares" of Santa Clara. I bought a few flowers, and ended with asking the Sister Clementina about the state of the house. She informed me that when the Jesuits were expelled in 1758, the sisterhood was also suppressed, and allowed to re-enter the world; that many had returned to their seclusion; that novices cannot now be admitted; that the order was becoming extinct, and that in process of time Government will take possession of the church property. Meanwhile this and other "poor Clares" are allowed to spend several months of the year in their secular homes—a sensible practice which I would recommend to Bayswater and Birmingham.

Still full of Captain Basil Hall's voyages and travels, a book which is the delight of most boys' non-age, I could not leave Madeira without a glance at the burial ground. Leaving the convent and walking westwards, we stood upon a plateau under the Quinta Lomellina, below the Castello do Pico, and enjoyed a fine bird's-eye view. Here near the sea-level the vine mostly flourishes. Below us was the English church and chapel, built in 1822, in the Rua da Bella Vista: the laws of Portugal did not allow it Christian architecture, so it appears in the shape of an Ionic temple, caricatured and miniatured, a truly gratifying national spectacle. Our schismatical fellow-countrymen have not failed to import into Madeira liberty of conscience and right of private judgment. The residents have naturally been

divided into high church, low church, and no church, and would not worship in the same ten-acre field; whilst those who advocate the "old priest writ large," of course preferred the Free Kirk to the Government Chapel.

A ten minutes' walk led us to the Cemetery, where we rang for admission. The grated door was opened by the wife of the porter, who occupies a hut-lodge on the right of the entrance. A dwarf garden of geraniums, roses, datura, lavender, heliotropes, oleanders, and other strongly scented flowers, led to the Cities of the Dead, which are two in number. The newer or Strangers' Cemetery was bought in 1808, during the administration of General Beresford, to accommodate his 4000 soldiers. It must not be forgotten, that Madeira was a British conquest; and that like Java, Sicily, Goree, and others, it was returned to the original proprietors. And yet, talking of these renditions, a French author is silly enough to say, "*pourtant le léopard fait se faire la part du lion.*" This burial-place is a mere yard, girt, like its right-hand neighbour, by a tall enceinte, which suggests the idea of Spike Island. It is overpopulated like Madeira generally; the walls teem with votive tablets, and the graves are in unpleasant proximity. There are but few monuments with any pretensions to sculpture, and those few are exceedingly bad. An addition to the strangers' ground was bought in 1852 for £2211; it is entered by a neat archway, and is still partially unoccupied. It will not, however, long be empty: out of a floating population of

300 to 500 English the deaths are 12 to 15 annually. Travellers make these places also pegs for their sentimentalisms: to me they appeared inspiring as a cemetery in King William Street, City.

Descending the hill seawards, we passed on the right Laranjeira, the orangery,—the time-honoured tree that bore the golden apples of the Hesperides has disappeared from it,—being the Residents and Merchants' Cemetery. Before 1764, Protestants and other heretics dying at Madeira were either huddled into a hole in the streets or were thrown, as at Maskat, on the dung-hill, or into the sea; and even after that date their funerals required a guard of soldiery. Now there is full toleration, even extended to a people which have not learned to be "tolerant of intolerancy." The very Hebrews, who are much despised by the Madeirans, have a small plot of ground to the eastward of the city on the way to Santa Cruz. It is named the House of the Living; however, it contains the dead, and a chronograph from Deuteronomy embodies the date—A.M. 5611 = A.D. 1851.

I had but little time to visit the New Road, one of the triumphs of local engineering. It is classic ground, leading in the direction taken by the Zargo's boats, and it will after some years abut at Cabo Giraõ—Cape Turn-again—where the old governor's first exploration ended. The cost was about 9000*l.*, and the levelness of the line makes it the Rotten Row, as the Carreira is the Regent Street, of Funchal. The most suggestive part is the view of the Telegraph Hill, and the little hum-

mocks of San Martinho, which are so conspicuous from the roadstead. The same formations as those outlying Puerto Orotava and Santa Cruz, Tenerife; they are "parasitic cones" to this pleiocene tertiary volcano, and they open to the south and south-west, showing the prevailing wind to be the north-eastern. Another reason prevented my visiting the "Convento de Bom Jesus," where for $10 per mens. a refractory wife may be confined by her husband,—this exemplary institution may not be openly visited by my sex.

My last pilgrimage was to the spot where Christopher Columbus is supposed to have lived when he resided, probably for health, at Funchal, during the intervals of his trading voyages. In 1851 his house near the Carmo was, like Shakspeare's tree, impiously destroyed; two other localities have claimed the honour, but hitherto with little effect. That in the Rua do Esmeraldo was once a custom-house; but travellers avoid disconnecting it with Columbus, or it would be pulled down. The great explorer married, it will be remembered, the daughter of Perestrello, or Palestrello, one of the early navigators, who subsequently became governor of Porto Santo, and after his father-in-law's death he became possessed of certain charts and pilot's memoranda of Atlantic voyages, which sent him forth to find a new world. His history, methinks, has still to be written, without the "*furor biographicus*,"—the *Iues Boswelliana*, as Lord Macaulay called it.*

* A house occupied by Christopher Columbus, when settled before his voyage to the New World, is also shown at Gomera, where he

Returning in red-hot haste to the hotel, I found that the mails had been ordered on board at noon; consequently my companions were in the state of gulls preparing for the annual migration, incapable of a moment's inaction. At Mr. Hollway's I met the Captain-General, *alias* the Governor of Sierra Leone, who had temporarily changed air. A visit in England to the late Governor of Cape Coast Castle, who had spent some seven years upon the Gold Coast and elsewhere, had prepared me for not finding these regions quite so black as they are painted, and here was a fresh proof. I saw a hale and hearty looking man, who could not have been better preserved had he served his time between England and India, instead of between the West Indies and the African coast. The Governor strongly advised me to await three months of acclimatisation before entering upon malarious and laborious travel in the rivers and the creeks. M. Talleyrand's celebrated sentiment, "*mon jeune ami pas de zèle,*" should here be the rule of action; too much activity at first starting leads to grief. But what

refitted the "Nina," reunited his three ships on 11th August, and resumed his cruise on the 7th October, 1492. It was during a previous residence at Gomera that the Andalusian sailor Alonzo Sanchez di Guelva, who trafficked between that island and Madeira, died at his house. The legend is, that he had been carried by a gale to one of the West India islands, whence he returned with the only two survivors of his crew, and dying, communicated his distances and bearings to his host. There is nothing improbable in this, and the accident has happened more than once since. Yet it hardly detracts from the discoverer's fame. The epitaph still speaks the truth:

"A Castilla y Leon,
Nuevo mondo dió Colon."

zealous man can refrain from zeal? I was in the rivers a week after my arrival.

At 1 P.M. the gun was fired, and Blue Peter was run up. With adieus, and without one particle of regret at leaving the "Happy Island," I set out for the beach, escorted by a dwarf curiosity-vendor on my right, and on the other side an old beggar woman, who perpetually did cry, "*Por Amor de Deus!*" and "*Por sua saude!*" A boat was launched, I paid my shilling, and presently found the good ship Blackland's deck bristling with hollow wicker-work chairs. An hour afterwards we were dancing with the breeze outside the harbour, and long before twilight Erythia, alias—

"Filha do Oceana
Do undoso campo flor, gentil Madeira,"

had become a fading picture, a memory, a dream of the past.

* * * * *

I conclude the subject with a few notes concerning the island, firstly on its value as a Sanitarium, secondly with reminiscences of its deeply regretted, its never-to-be-forgotten wine.

Medical men who have written upon the former subject, and their name is legion, are agreed that the climate of Madeira is excellently adapted for pulmonary and bronchial complaints,—which form rather more than one-fifth, and less than one-eighth of the entire mortality in England,—rheumatism, scrofula, and zymotic diseases, and equally ill-suited for robust health, apoplexy, asthma, hepatic, nervous and dyspeptic affections. Children are

said to expect at birth 39 years instead of 19 in England, but those of the English on the island appear degenerate. Instances are known of men who, with an occasional return to the land of their birth, have here outlived for many years maladies that in Europe would have been fatal to them. Raw wind and close sultry weather are equally rare, and Mr. Coleridge pretty justly said that "the seasons are the youth, maturity, and old age of a never-ending still-beginning spring." The dew, abundant upon the upper heights, is unknown near the sea: the fact is there is not cold enough to condense the moisture of the atmosphere. The philo-Madeiran scoffs at the idea of there being humidity in the air of the climate which notably belongs to the damp section. But where a country surrounded by water is 6000 feet high, is profusely irrigated, and moreover lies in the very course of the Gulf of Guinea stream, the evaporation must be great; it is impossible to mistake the sensation of intense humidity at Funchal, or of dryness at Tenerife after Madeira. It lies several degrees beyond the limits of the north-east trade winds; but it has a scirocco or Harmattan,* called Leste, the E., or more correctly the E.S.E. wind opposed to the Embate. This Leste brings from the Sahara and the African interior, birds,

* It was long before I could trace the etymology of this word. At length Dr. Horton's "Medical Topography of the West Coast of Africa" (London: John Churchill, 1859), was found to assert that it is derived from the Fanti Aharamanta—from aharaman, to blow, and ta, tallow or grease. But surely the latter element is unnecessary to the sense of the word; moreover, according to Herr Missionary Zimmerman, aharabata or ahalabata in the Ga language is a foreign word.

insects, and reddish dust. According to M. Ehrenberg the latter is composed of South American infusoria, which others again deny. Usually lasting three days,—it has been known to blow for forty—it is painfully high and dry, even after 300 miles of sea passage, and it disagrees terribly with many invalids. Unlike the coast, however, Madeira seldom suffers from it in spring or winter. The N.E. wind, the young beginning of the Trades, blows for seven out of the twelve months, it is dry and brings fine weather. N.W. is the snowy; S.E. and S.W. the rainy, stormy, squally points. There are distinct sea-breezes and trovadas or land-breezes. As usual upon these mountainous formations, the wind blows from many quarters at once. Dr. Mason says that he has frequently seen three currents of wind affecting the clouds at the same time, whilst the vane indicated a fourth. The maximum difference between the dry and wet bulb thermometers during the Leste has been 22°·50 (F.). The mercury averages throughout the year 64° to 66° (F.), and it never falls below 53° which becomes uncomfortably cold, requiring fires, which, however, as in Piza of a more ancient date, are not nearly common enough. The annual mean of the barometer corrected for temperature and gravity is 30·092 inches; the wave is highest at 10 to 11 A.M. and 8 P.M.; lowest at 7 A.M. and 4 P.M.* The minimum fall of rain recorded in books is 22·365 inches per annum; the maximum in six

* The mercury stands so much higher in many parts of Madeira that the wording of English barometers must be altered.

months has been 41·4, and the average ranges from 29·82 to 30·62. The rains occur in spring and autumn, when they are sub-tropical, although the island is nearly 10° N. of Cancer, leaving the air bright and genial. January and February, the latter especially, are the coldest and wettest, March and April are showery and windy, May alternately showery and fine; the dry season sets in from that month to mid-September, when invalids are recommended to leave England. After this are the latter rains till the end of December. Snow rarely descends below 2500 feet above sea-level, it has at times fallen about the Mount Church, and is not unknown at Porto Santo. Twilight is almost as short as in the Tropics, and the longest exceeds the shortest day by only five hours.

Nothing more fickle than the fashion of Sanitaria. In our fathers' days the Faculty sent its incurables, despite the fatal *vent de bise* and the *mistral,* to Montpellier. It soon contained 300 English families; presently reduced to a few wine merchants and economists. Succeeded Pisa, *vituperio delle genti,* in point of laxativeness and deadly weariness; and Pau, of whom her native Bearnais said that the year had eight months of winter and four of inferno. At present Malaga and Torquay, which in mean daily range and humidity—the two desiderata—mainly resemble Madeira, are the reigning favourites; and the great sanitaria of the future will be Algiers and Egypt. The Isle of Wood began to appear before the world in the days of Moquet (1601), who pronounced the air to be very sweet and temperate.

He was followed by various authors, Ovington (1689), Atkins (1720), Forster (1772), Dr. Fothergill (1775), Dr. Gourlay (1811), and Dr. Ruxton (1817). Finally, 1824, Dr. Heineken—himself a consumptive patient—established its reputation. Dr. Mittermaier thus sums up the advantages of Madeira:—1. Equability of temperature. 2. Purity of atmosphere and freedom from dust and miasmata. 3. The capability of residing on the island throughout the year. 4. The number of comforts and conveniences there procurable. 5. And last, The combination of the chief climatal conditions necessary for the recovery of health. Sir James Clark, a great authority in his day, gave it this high praise, "When we take into consideration the mildness of the winter—20° warmer than in London and 12° than Italy or Provence—and the coolness of the summer—only 7° warmer than London and nearly 5° cooler than Italy and Provence—together with the remarkable equality of the temperature during the day and night, as well as throughout the year,—the mean annual range is only 14°, less than half of that of Rome and Pisa, Naples and Nice—we may safely conclude that the climate of Madeira is the finest in the northern hemisphere."

Madeira, however, has, and ever will have, one terrible drawback besides extensive humidity. The ennui which it breeds is peculiar; it makes itself felt during a few hours' stay. Little islands are all large prisons: one cannot look at the sea without wishing for the wings of the swallow. This, with the usual sense of confinement, combines the feeling of an hospital, or a sick-bay,

and one soon sighs to escape from its dreary volcanic rocks. Game is well nigh shot off, except a few resident partridges and migratory quails in the lower altitudes, rabbits in the upper brushwood, and waterfowl, snipe, widgeon, coot, and teal near the shore. In the season there are balls, concerts, teafights; out of the season, nothing. The theatre is built but rarely speaks; the opera has to take root; the Turkish bath is unknown; indeed, there is not a bath on the island. Even the English club-rooms are closed at night. I should feel in such a place like a caged hawk; or, to speak more classically, like a Prometheus with the Demon Despair gnawing at my heart. I could hardly bear to register meteorological observations for year after year, or to spend hours in peeping through the telescope found in every turret; which appears to me the *flaneur's* only sedentary occupation here. Nostalgia is a disease as yet imperfectly recognised. The Highlanders in Jamaica died of "Lochaber no more!" and many a rugged fellow, who would blush at the suspicion, is pining childlike for home and family. The only remedy —preventive there is none—is constant occupation of mind if not of body, and this Madeira cannot afford. The *habitués* declare the climate hostile to work.

I must believe that despite vicinity to England—seven days and nineteen hours of steam, and cheapness of passage, 20*l.* first class—that Madeira will in the next generation be deserted for Egypt by all but purely phthisical invalids. There is that in the pure dry air of the Desert of which no green country can boast.

And now of the wine that once delighted the world, so suddenly become an archæological subject—all, alas! food for the antiquarian!

The vine was introduced from Cyprus in 1425, and from Candia in 1445. It was not, however, actually cultivated till the opening of the sixteenth century, when the Jesuits planted the finest cuttings. The Franciscans subsequently carried it to California. There were about forty different kinds used for making wine. The best were the rich and luscious, but uncertain and unprofitable, Malvazia Candida, or Malmsey; the soft and delicate Bual, a Burgundy grape greatly improved; the dry light Sercial, the Amontillado of these wines, unpleasant when new, and made of a Hock grape so unpalatable that the lizards are said to have avoided it; the Hermitage-like Tinta, or Madeira-Burgundy, whose high claret colour was produced by husks or skins fermented with their contents; and finally, the Madeira of commerce. The latter was made from a variety of grapes, light and dark, mixed in the press. When new it was tinted like red wine and water which turned to a light amber hue. Age, heat, and moderate motion improved its flavour: the East and West India Madeira, so called after their voyages, were superior to the "London Particular."

Atkins, in 1720, bought a pipe of Madeira at "Fonchiale," as it was called in Commodore Anson's time, for two half-worn suits, and another for three second-hand wigs. The pipe cost in its palmy days from 25*l.* to 85*l.*, the average being 50*l.*, and the yearly

production amounted to 20,000 or 25,000 pipes, of which one third was exported, and produced 350,000*l.* per annum. In 1825 the export was 14,432 pipes: not bad for a thickly-inhabited mountainous spot, thirty miles (geographical) long, twelve and a half broad, about seventy-two in circumference, and not amounting to 240 square miles; in fact, a quarter larger than the Isle of Wight. The decadence of Madeira commenced during the Napoleonic wars, when the merchants shipped inferior growths, which Cettes succeeded in imitating. Presently, an "illustrious person," a pet of Messrs. Moore and Thackeray, fearing the effect of Madeira upon his gout, assented to sherry as a more honest and wholesome beverage, whereupon his loyal subjects followed suit. The chief consumer of Madeira was once England: she was followed by Russia and the United States, which, however, claim to have taken the lead. In St. Petersburg it is preferred even to champagne. In New York I have paid $11 for a bottle, and have seen men kill its aroma with ice instead of gently warming it like Lafitte. Under the sudden infliction of 1852, the terrible *oïdium Tuckeri*, the energy of the people fell, and in 1854 the export was reduced to 1860 pipes.

Rather more than a pipe per acre was the average produce of the land, four pipes being the maximum. The best soils, as at Fernando Po, were the decomposed basalts, and red and yellow tufas: the worst, stiff clays. The wines of the southern coast, immediately about Funchal, were the most highly prized, unequalled in

body, aroma, softness, and delicacy of flavour. The dryness of the soil in the lower regions, where the plant flourished best, made its cultivation peculiarly laborious. The field was seamed with trenches five to eight feet deep, extending down to the moist subsoil, and obviating the necessity of irrigation, even in the height of summer. Vine cuttings were then planted with the refuse vegetation of the intervals, cabbages and potherbs collected in the trenches, and buried as compost. During the second or third spring it was trained along a trellis, and in the north was married to the elm or chestnut tree. For three years there was no produce, and after every twenty years the whole vineyard required replanting. The vendemmia, or vintage, which took place in September, earlier or later, as required by situation, offered nothing peculiar. The picked grapes were foot-trodden in a clumsy wooden trough, or in a rude press; after a single pressure with the lever, the produce was allowed to drain through a sieve which retained the stalks, and the must was stored in open vats, with an occasional stirring, for four or five weeks. After fermentation it was drawn off into fresh casks, clarified with eggs, gypsum, or bullock's blood, and prevented from acetating by adding to each pipe a gallon or two of Porto Santo, or St. Vincent brandy. Inferior wines were subjected in stores to a temperature of 140° to 150° (F.), which, after six months, forced them to apparent age, but left with them a dry and smoky flavour.

There are still a few pipes of Madeira upon the island, but whether more will be made "*Dio lo sa.*" The

merchants declare that the wine will recover, but not in their day. A remedy has, it is well known, been found for the *oïdium*. The vine is washed and cleaned; when the pulverulent white fungus appears, a little powdered sulphur is applied, and the sore is kept healthy by a sprinkling of lime. During the last year several vineyards gave a good yield; but the Madeirans had applied themselves to a new industry, urged apparently by the five sugar-loaves upon the colonial shield, and by the old boast that their island produces the best wine and water, wheat and sugar, in the world. The cane had been introduced in early days from the Mediterranean, Prince Henry sent it from Sicily, but competition with Jamaica and her slave-labour soon reduced the mills from 120 to three. The hope of once more being successful revived, but it is now again decaying. Labour costs thirty cents a day, and the Portuguese does not work like a Louisiana contraband. Sugar cannot be produced under 4*d.* per lb., and the retail price of the native growth is 6*d.* Again, machinery is most expensive, and venture is small. Could it be reduced by half it would pay; now, it will not. The best use would be rum distilling for the people's use. The sugar land is limited; the upper extreme of its cultivation on the southern side may be estimated at 1,000 feet. Finally, the cane exhausts the soil, it requires water, and, what it can seldom obtain, large quantities of manure. It is evident that Madeira cannot compete with Cuba at present, or with the free British colonies, which, in another score of

years, must drive Cuba out of the market, force her to import, not to export, her sweets. Another industry is the cochineal insect, for whose growth the cactus (O. Tuna), which overruns the ground, is well adapted. But this branch is decaying even in Tenerife, through the rise of Magenta, which will extinguish cochineal as effectually as Aspromonte did Garibaldi. Yet Madeira, despite all these losses and disappointments, is richer than she was in the days of the wine traffic. The English alone spend some 30,000*l.* to 40,000*l.* per annum in Funchal.

There are still a few pipes of Madeira in the island, I have said. The merchants sell three brands—one at 80*l.*, the other at 100*l.*, and the best at 110*l.* per pipe. The pipe, however, is small measure—92 gallons (= 45 dozen), whilst that of sherry is 108, and of port 115. The bottle, untainted by Cettes, costs $3 to $5.

It is a right melancholy fact—a consideration which I would commend to all "thinkers"—that both wine and tobacco are, unlike other articles of consumption, retrograding rather than progressing in quality, whilst the price is becoming ruinous. We remember good Cognac at 5 francs a bottle; what is it now? If things proceed as at present, what shall our grandsons or even ourselves, as grandsires, drink? What will there be to smoke? With which portentous subject for consideration I conclude the reflections engendered by a day at Madeira.

CHAPTER III.

A DAY AT TENERIFE.

2ND SEPTEMBER.

"No place appeared to her more fitted to dissipate melancholy and restore peace to the perturbed mind than Teneriffe."

Alex. von Humboldt.

"In Tenerife, for a time brief,
I wandered all around,
Where shady bowers and lively flowers
Spontaneously abound.

"Where posies rare perfume the air
In festoons o'er your head,
Brave sheep and cows in pastures browse
Without remorse or dread."

Lines by a West African Poet.

"FROM fair Madeira's purple coast we turned," having there left our stewardess and our little band of consumptives. The Madeirans, like the Pisans, complain that strangers expect the climate to make for them new lungs, hence the populousness of the cemeteries. The invalids, being all foreigners, had given us scanty trouble: as a rule, the Madeira-bound English are a bore. The natural national fierceness of the islanders is exasperated by ill health, and bad temper finds a vent upon fellow-passengers. They object to "Palm-oil ruffians" or "Coast lambs," as supercargos and skippers are politely termed, coming between the wind and their

nobility. Though they can hardly treat civil and military officials, home-returning, quite so. cavalierly, they will complain with all their half lungs that the ship is made a "sick-bay." They have endless grievances: to mention only one, the proprietors of the A. S. S. line have been so troubled with correspondence concerning naked lights and lucifer matches, that it is hardly possible to obtain fire for a cigar. After leaving Madeira, our party was reduced to four divisions, viz., the official at the first table, and the commercial, the slaver, and the negro composing the starboard mess.

We were borne from the Isle of Wood with a stiff breeze, though not yet a trade wind; and the current usually marked southerly, gave us also westing. We are still in that branch of the Guinea Gulf stream which is to Madeira what its Caribbean congener is to Great Britain. Our coal was composed of comminuted dust, unmoulded, too, making progress painfully slow; and decks very unclean. A small dark cloud was pointed out to us as representing the Salvagens or Salvages. They are three desert rocks between the Purpurean Islands and the Canaries, or more correctly, 100 miles north of the latter, and therefore belonging to the Canarian group. The largest, which may be from four to five statute miles in circumference, is called, from its circular body and conical head, the Grand Piton, or Screw Ring; the second, one or two miles round, is, for the same reason, known as the Petit Piton. The proprietorship is vested in a Funchalese family. Formerly the larger island was stocked with cattle, it is

now a rabbit warren, and hardly cultivable. The stock having been plundered, the owners gathered orchilla or uzella, useful for litmus, and barilla, which supplies the best alkali; but these also failed. The rocks still support puffins (P. Major, locally called Cagarra, properly meaning a small gull), which afford fat, feathers, and salted meat for the Madeiran market. These, and the islands to the south, were doubtless connected with Africa by low land, and probably with Europe by Gibraltar, till the convulsions which indented the northern shores of the Mediterranean, and drained the ocean for the North African Sahara, submerged those more level tracts that maintained the communication, and converted the rocky headlands into islands. The ichthyology of the seas, like that of the islands, lying north and south of the Salvagens, is interesting and complicated, belonging to the Moroccan coast.

On the afternoon of Sunday, the 1st of September, we sighted from afar the thick dark cloud, whose loom terrified the early voyagers in these mysterious waters, and which we shall meet again at Fernando Po and Camaroons. Here a north-east wind, laden with the vapours of the Atlantic, impinges upon the rocky flanks of Tenerife, and deflected upwards, is condensed in a shroud of heavy mist, though not so heavy as at Madeira. Sailors are mostly superstitious, and magic islands were inventions natural as sea-serpents and Flying Dutchmen. St. Borondon or San Brandaõ* has repeatedly

* He voyaged with S. Maclovio or Machutes, vulgarly called S.

been seen, and respectable men, "San Borodonistas" they were called, have sworn to landing—a storm is an invariable consequence—on islands as apocryphal as Tasso's Enchanted Ground, or our less poetical Fiddlers' Green. The Nubian geographer, writing of the Third Climate, says:—In this sea is an island of sheep, which is large, and covered with a dark cloud, in which island are innumerable sheep, but small, and their flesh extremely bitter to the taste, and unfit for food." On the peak of Corvo, westernmost of the Azores, stood, they say, a mounted man, with one hand on the pommel of the saddle and the other ever pointing westward; it sounds like the "Thousand and One Nights." At the Canary group an eighth island has been dreamed of, and at the treaty of Evora, concluded in 1519, Portugal ceded to Spain the right of conquering *Ilha naõ Trubada*, or *Encubierta*, the "Unfound Island:" in 1526 an expedition sought it, but of course in vain. Similar cases are Delos, that never stood still, the Island of St. Matthew, mentioned by De Barros, and the Seven Glorious Cities of the Portuguese, founded by the seven Bishops who fled after the defeat of Don Roderick—one was discovered by a clever navigator, and the people asked him if the "Moslem invaders were still in the Peninsula." It is hardly to be doubted that the mariners were deceived by some effect of refraction, such as the Fata Morgana, or the Hartz Mountain Spectre. Moreover, the perpetual gloom

Maló, and they discovered the country by bringing to life the giant Mildum or Milduo.

hovering over the real islands, especially when wooded, would prepare the curious to see land in any more persistent cloud upon the horizon. We have still mariners in Ireland and Northern Scotland who believe in "San-Borodonisom." O. Brazile, or Hy Brazil,* seen by the people of Arran, and, like Painters' Wives' Island, placed in some unexplored corner of the ocean, is a case in point; and at times a rock, like Rockall, the new cod fishery, is found to exist, which makes us doubt if man has yet exhausted all discovery even in comparatively beaten tracks.

The far-famed Peak is rarely seen from the north-east; at the distance of about fifty miles, it appeared as a lumpy, ogee-shaped cone, in no wise remarkable, but looking like a low triangular cloud, by reason of its whiteness, which is said to be caused by decomposed vitreous porphyritic lava. From the south of the island it may theoretically be seen for 120 miles, but it has lost much of the grand and picturesque aspect which it shows from the Valley of Arotava to the north-east of it, and looks like a flattened dome or block of mountain, with a central jag. We passed at 5 P.M. the historic Anaga Point,† distant five miles from the capital; it is the north-easternmost end of the island, and the beginning of Guanche etymology.

* Swift's Tale of a Tub, Section V.

† Benchorro, the Mencey or chief of Anaga, agreed to be neutral and witness his country's ruin when the Spaniards landed at Tenerife. On the 1st May, 1493, they solemnised the Invention of the Cross in the camp of Port Anaga, and presently built there a town, which was of course called Santa Cruz.

As we steamed along, the grisly and iron-bound coast appeared a wall of rock, cut with deep barrancas, and girt with outlying rocks—the skirts of the awful peak. The Ass's ears then stood before us, the lights of San Andres twinkled upon the shore, and the sea was dotted with the flambeaux of the fishermen. About 9 P.M. we had finished the 260 miles that separated us from Madeira, and we cast anchor off the Mole, over the very spot where the cutter "Fox" was sunk, losing 97 men during the ill-judged, gallant and mismanaged attack by "our Nel." in 1797.

The Islands of the Canary group lie about fifty miles from the nearest point of the African coast; they are seven in number*—Ptolemy and Pliny knew but six—are calculated to contain 180,000 to 200,000 inhabitants, and to present an area of 2900 square miles. Professor Forbes believes them to be, like the other three island groups, Azores, Madeira, and Cape Verde, the exposed remains of a continuous and extensive tract that formed the western prolongation of the European and African shores. He points to their identity in geology as well as in botany with Europe, and thus assists us in explaining the old legend of Atlantis. Professor Piazzi Smyth looks upon them "as constituting one enormous volcano, still to arise out of the ocean in all its majesty," and holds "that the African

* Including the three Selvagers, the Fortunate Archipelago numbers sixteen islands, of which six are very small—such as I. de Lobos, off Fuerteventura, and La Graciosa, Allegranza, Roque del Oëste, Roque de Leste, and Sta. Clara near Langarote.

continent may one day be ramparted on the west by a greater than Andean chain of mountains, of which Madeira, the Canaries, and the Cape de Verdes, will be some of the most glorious summits." Their names, beginning from the easternmost, are—First, Lanzarote or Lancerota, so called in A.D. 1400 by the Norman knight, Jean de Bétancourt the Great, after some Lancelot* of his acquaintance. Second, distant two leagues, Fuertaventura, in our maps Fuerteventura, which the French call Fortuite, it is the great supplier of limestone. Third, Canaria, called by the Normans, from the bravery of its people, or because it was selected as the head quarters, Gran Canaria. Fourth, Tenerfe or Tenerife, of which more anon. Fifth, Gomera, formerly unknown, but found so named from its gums by Jean de Bétancourt. Sixth, "Benahoave," "my country," called Palma, by the two runaway lovers from Cadiz, who discovered it. Seventh and lastly, Hierro or Ferro of the Fountain tree. The natives called this, the westernmost of the group, Esero, or strong. "When the Spaniards showed them iron, they found it exceeding everything in strength, thereupon they called it Esero; and when they began to speak the Castilian language, they spoke of iron indifferently as Esero or Hierro, which

* Perhaps Lancelote Maloysel of whom Bontier and Le Verrier speak. A Lancerota in A.D. 1446—47 discovered a great river between Cape Blanco and Cape Verde. The natives called it Ovedoc; he gave it the name of Sanaga, or Çanaga, possibly from the Anaga above mentioned. The word survives in the French Senegal. In 1487 the same Lancelot is mentioned as returning to the Canaries.

last is the Spanish word for that metal; so that at last they translated the real name of the island Esero into the Spanish one Hierro, which it retains to this day. But the Portuguese, and some others following their own dialect, called it Ferro; and some will have it that the natives call it Fer, though there is no proof for this assertion." *

The word naturally recalls to my mind a geographical

* Book I. "The History of the Discovery and Conquest of the Canary Islands, translated from a Spanish manuscript lately found in the island of Palma, with an inquiry into the origin of the ancient inhabitants." By George Glas, 4to, London, 1764. The translator should at least have mentioned the name of his author, Father Juan A'bren Galindo, who resided in these isles in 1591, and who wrote a history of them, printed in 1632.

George Glas—I know not why some call him Glasse—was a Scotch skipper, who in the middle century, when "master mariners" were not over particular, traded between England, the Canaries, and Western Barbary. Determining to settle in the latter, he freighted a ship, and with his wife, daughter, and servants landed at the port of Guader, which the Spaniards had called Santa Cruz de Berberia. Ignoring its history, he called it Port Hillsborough, in honour of his patron, the Earl and minister of that name, and made alliances with the Moors and Arabs. The Spanish ambassador in London reported the case to Madrid, and the Captain-General of the Canary Islands was ordered to seize the adventurer. Glas appeared, after some time, at Santa Cruz, off Tenerife, was imprisoned, and, after an attempt to escape, was kept *au sécret*. By scratching his name on crusts and throwing them on the beach, tidings of his detention reached the British consul, who reported the affair home, and Lord Rochfort, British Envoy at Madrid, obtained his liberation. The ill-starred Glas embarked with his family at Port Orotava on board a London-bound ship, the Earl of Sandwich, richly loaded with gold, dollars, wine and silk. Four of the crew murdered all on board—the unfortunate mother and daughter, lashed in each other's arms, threw themselves into the sea. The assassins were arrested at Dublin, and their trial and execution may be found in the "Annual Register" for 1765.

grievance, that the petty national jealousies of Europe have deprived us of the benefit of a single point *de départ* in longitude. "The great meridian," according to Mr. Greenhough,* "by the most ancient Greek geographers,† passed through the Fortunate Islands, now the Canaries; thence it was translated by the Arabians to the uttermost part of the western shore. The best of them brought it back again to the Canaries, and placed it on the Peak of Tenerife, the supposed Junonia of Ptolemy."

"Ptolemy as Marinus the Syrian cited by him, and the ancients before them, fixed the great meridian in Hera or Junonia (Canaries); our own countrymen removed it from the Canaries to the Azores, under the idea of this being the magnetic meridian, which it is not; and if it were, the reason would be bad, and the alteration objectionable."

"Stevinus, a Dutch geographer, brought it back to the Canaries, observing that one of these islands should be fixed upon, a change which he terms *exiguus quidem sed notabilis et perpetuus.*"

"Johnson in his lesser globe of 1602, makes the great meridian pass through Corvo and Flores, but in that of 1610, through the Peak of Tenerife."

"The difference of longitude from the Pico to the

* Mr. Greenhough's Anniversary Address to the Royal Geographical Society. Vol. ii. p. 74.

† Hipparchus, of Nice, in B.C. 162, established his first point of longitude at Ferro. With the ancient Greeks it was the boundary of space itself.

Arabic meridian is 10° more East according to Abulfida,—from Pico to the Island of St. Michael's 9°,—from Pico to Corvo 15°, and both so much more west."

Pico or Ferro would be to longitude what the first point of Aries is to the heavens, and what the equator is to latitude—0. After an ordinance of Louis XIII. of France, Cardinal Richelieu, by the advice of the best mathematicians, ordered, on 25th April, 1634, that the first meridian as in the days of Ptolemy should be placed in the western extremity of Hierro. Now there are a dozen 0's, and not one great meridian; London, Paris, St. Petersburg, Madrid, Washington are all usurpations, to use an old chronicler's words, and they confuse the idea of longitude in the minds of men. One might as well make the parallel of one's birth-place the 0 of latitude. The loss of a single position is like that of the Latin language, in works of general reference, and those intended for the widely scattered learned of the world, who must now drudge through half a dozen dialects.

The variety of derivations adduced by the savans to explain the term Canaries, may amuse the reader. Pliny, who informs us that in his day the Fortunate Islands, which showed vestiges of buildings, were deserted, says that Grand Canary was named on account of its mastiffs or large dogs, two of which were presented to Juba, king of Mauritania. When Europeans visited it they found no dogs,* but they remember that Pliny mentions the

* Lancerota now produces a fine large breed like the Newfoundland:

Canarii—so called from their dwelling with dogs and sharing with them the bowels of wild beasts—who lived beyond Mount Atlas, near the country of the Perorsi Æthiopians. These may have been the earliest colonists. Ptolemy calls Cape Bojador,* now, or Cape Blanco, Gannaria, or Caunaria extrema; and it has been remarked that the semi-Semitic population on the Senegal River term the country between that stream and Mount Atlas, Gannar. If true, this would give a trustworthy clue. Since the modern formal discovery of the island, authors, though they neglect to inform us what the aborigines called their country, have proposed a variety of wild derivations. The Canaanites had of course a chance. One finds Canaria in the fact that there are large dogs bred there—"Unos afernian ser por muchos canes que en la Canaria hasta hoz se crian"—others that the natives eat, dog-like, quantities of raw meat; others in Crano and Crana, children of Noah—Cranaria

the common dogs of the island are like the pariah of the east; there are bastard greyhounds and pets which will presently be noticed.

* In 1412 a ship sent by John I. of Portugal is said to have doubled this Cape (26° 20′ north latitude). In 1415, the Great Prince Henry, his son by Philippa, daughter to John of Gaunt, and therefore half an Englishman, sent two small vessels, but they were driven back. It was successfully explored by Gilianez in 1432-33. In 1440, Gonçalez Baldeza reached Cape Blanco (20° 47′ north latitude), 160 miles beyond Bojador, and brought home the first cargo of seals' skins. After his next journey, 1442, he was more fortunate, and returned with ten slaves and gold dust. The voyage is memorable as being the first incept of the slave export which afterwards rose to such a height. Prince Henry died in 1463. At his death, despite all the nationa enthusiasm, the Portuguese had not reached Sierra Leone, or one-third of the distance to India.

becoming Canaria—others in the thorny bushes with red fruit, called *Uva Canina*, or dogs' grapes. Others in the devil appearing to the natives, shaped like a shark-dog, as Dr. Faustus saw him; he also showed "in other figures which the natives called Tibicenas." Thomas Nicols, writing in 1526, opines that though there were "dogges" in the island, they only "served the people instead of sheep for victual." He heard from the conquerors that the word Canary was derived from a common growth, "square canes in great multitude together, which, being touched, will cast out a liqueur as white as milk, which liqueur is rank poison." He palpably alludes to the *Cactus*, the *Euphorbia*, or other kind of spurge-wort. Some have derived it from Canna, as canes, especially sugar-canes, are there abundant. Others from Cano, singing birds being abundant; others "because it abounds with an herb called in Latin, Canaria (but in the Castilian language Triguera), which the dogs eat in the spring to cause themselves to vomit or purge." The application of the word is not less remarkable than its derivation. If it comes from a dog, it has descended to a dance and a wine, now almost obsolete, and to a bird that still exists.*

* The Canary sack which Sir John Falstaff loved is as extinct as good Madeira. The place of export was El Puerto de Orotava. The trade continued till the peace of 1815, after which it never recovered; there were two wines, Canary and Malmsey. The former, made from a large grape, was the *vin ordinaire*, strong and heavy; the latter was made from a smaller berry, and was sweet and agreeable. The favourite sites were the lower two hundred feet of hills with southern aspects; dry walls breast high, and built four or five feet from

From the earliest ages these Νησοι μακαρων have been the subject of enthusiastic comment; and I may here observe that although the Fortunate Islands are not now peculiarly happy, they might, with care and culture, be converted into an earthly Elysium. The group is thus described by Plutarch: "The soil is so abundantly fruitful, that it produces spontaneously plants and fruits, for use and delicacy, sufficient to answer the wants and delight the palates of the inhabitants." Of the climate he observes, "it is firmly believed even by the barbarous natives themselves, that this is the seat of the Blessed." M. Bovy de St. Vincent, in his "Essais sur les îles Fortunées," discovers in Tenerife and its neighbours, the veritable Mount Atlas of Homer and Virgil, the Garden of the Hesperides with their golden apples, the Gorgons under Queen Medusa, the Elysian Fields, the Purple Islands, the Atlantis of Plato, and the cradle of that Atlantic people, which earthquakes, volcanoes, and eruptions of the sea subse-

one another, prevented the earth being washed away. The vines suffered for four consecutive years—1852 to 1856. From Glas we hear that the Guanches had public-houses where they sang and enjoyed the Canario or Canary dance—a short quick measure, long preserved in the islands, and imported into European Courts, Spanish and others, where, however, it has yielded to other novelties. The air or melody was also borrowed from the natives. The canary, the goldfinch, and the capirote are still the principal songsters of the island. The canary bird appears to have been common to the Cape Verde, Madeira, Canary, and Azore groups. Adanson ("Voyage to Senegal") noticed at Tenerife that the canary bird, which grows white in France, is there grey, and attributes the change to the effect of climate. A further civilisation has turned it yellow.

quently annihilated. As might be expected, the aborigines have been traced back to the Ten Tribes of Israel, and their extinction is explained by an emigration to America,* like the Irish of the present day.

The island of Thenerife, Tenerfis, Tenerfe, Teneriffe, or Teneriffe, lies about the centre of the Canary group. Etymologists derive it from a king, Tehinerfe; others translate it the White Mountain, from the Palman word, Thenar, or mountain, and Ife, white; others make Tiner to signify snow or white, and Ife, mountain; no matter, however, it signifies Mont Blanc. The shape is that of a leg of mutton, with the end bone to the north; the extreme length is seventy, and its greatest breadth twenty-two miles. Its circumference is not mentioned, the area is 897 English square miles, according to Humboldt, and the population 64,000 to 70,000 souls, of which Santa Cruz contains, in books, 15,000 to 20,000, but more probably 8,000 to 10,000. Its history does it honour. In A. D. 1402 to 1406, Gadifer, or Gayferos de la Salle, and Jean de Bétancourt, or Bethencourt, who in 1403 obtained from Don Henry III. a grant of the Fortunate Islands, with title of king, accompanied by 200 Normans and Gascons, besides seamen in three ships, conquered the "Islas Menores," Lanzerote, Fuerteventra, Gomera, and Hier-

* The theory was that a chain of islets with short intervals, if not a solid body of land, extended quite across the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans—a theory not yet disproved by geographers. John de Laet, a Flemish geographer, explains Pliny by an emigration of the Canarians to America.

ros; but were beaten off from Canary and Palma. Years elapsed before proud Tenerife and her sister islands succumbed to Spanish valour, and after a century and a half the aborigines were either extinct or blended with their conquerors. The wars and the policy of the assailants forcibly remind us of Mexico and Peru; Hernan Cortez and Pizarro having been represented by Rejon de Vera, and Alonzo Fernandez de Lugo. The latter, a scion of a noble Gallician family, after fighting against the Moors of Granada, and assisting in Perdro de Vera's conquest of Great Canary, applied to Ferdinand and Isabella for permission to conquer Tenerife and Palma. In 1491, he was by them appointed Captain-General of the Canary Islands and of the coast of Barbary, from Cape Geer to Cape Bojador. Having wasted his means of recruiting, he betook himself in his distress to the High Church of Seville, when an ancient man of venerable aspect and quite unknown to him, placed in his hands a large bag of money. Of course it could be none other than St. Peter himself, of whom Lugo was all his life a devout admirer. With these resources he equipped three ships, landed at Great Canary, and recruited his force to 900 men. With this army he attacked Palma, and, despite the valour of its Amazons, he defeated the natives in three sanguinary battles; after seven months from the date of his landing, he proclaimed the kings of Castile monarchs of "San Miguel de la Palma," and on the 3rd of May,—the English calendar calls it, with unintentional *naïveté*, the "Invention of the Cross,"—1486 or 1492, he built Santa Cruz,

and declared it the capital of the island. The native prince Tanausu, being sent a prisoner to Spain, starved himself to death. Lugo was then made Governor of Palma, whose lands were divided amongst the conquerors and the conquered, the principal actor taking to himself the district of Los Sauces, or The Willows.

Lugo, true to the motto of his race,—"Quien lanza sabe mover, ella le da de comer," the spear supports him that knows its handling—a curious contradiction to something said about the sword—returning to Gran Canaria, collected 1000 infantry and 150 cavalry, with whom on the 31st of April, 1493, he set sail for Tenerife. The eight Menceys were in great alarm. A local prophet had foretold the fall of Quebohi Bencomo, or Benchomo, the Mencey of Taoro, by a great white bird, which would bring with it ruin.* The Spanish ships were probably the fulfilment of that prophecy; others say that white birds preceded Lugo's little army. Having conciliated Anaterve, the Chief of Guimar, and, having planted his cross and celebrated the 3rd of May, the Spaniard on the 4th May, 1493, advanced up the broad pass towards the Vega of Laguna, and met the natives at a place where the chapel of our Lady de la Gracia now stands.

Bencomo, after a Tagoror, or native council, in which great discord prevailed, advanced towards the Spaniards.

* Similar prophecies were made by "Ajone" in Hierro, that before his death the god Eraoranhan would come in a white house—reminding us of the Mexican prophecies touching Cortez, and the Kafir's respecting the English.

His mission was peaceful, his manner hostile, and he swore by Echeyde the Peak* and by the bones of his father, the Great Tenerfe, that he would annihilate the invader. He refused all the proposals of the Spaniards, and insisting that they should evacuate the island, returned to council with his brother Menceys. He then proposed a confederacy, with himself at the head. This aroused the jealousy of those who considered themselves safe from the Spaniards, and he of Guimar joined Lugo with 600 vassals.

In the spring of 1494 Lugo broke up his camp at Laguna, and marched westward to attack the enemy. Bencomo detached 300 of his best men to surprise an exploring party that had sighted Arantapala in Taoro, the present Orotava; they manned the rear where the Spaniards had to return through the Pass of Acentejo, and committed great slaughter, forcing the survivors to flee. Lugo advanced to support the fugitives, and did battle for two hours. At length, hearing that Bencomo

* According to the older travellers, the Guanches called the Peak Echeyde, a name which survives in the Pico de Teyde of the present day. It was a place of horror to the pagans who placed their bad-god Guayota (opposed to their good-god Acheman) in the centre of the earth or at the bottom of the crater, which would be equivalent to our Hades. They swore by Echeyde; another oath was by the bones—Viera says the skulls—of ancient princes. The last sole monarch of Tenerife was the Great Tenerfe, who died about a century before the Spanish invasion, and his nine sons divided his dominions, forming with a bastard child a total of ten. The descendants of these Menceys or princes were, according to popular belief, secretly sworn by certain elders and near relatives, upon a bone of the Great Tenerfe preserved in a leathern pillow.

was approaching with 3000 men, he prayed to St. Michael, and escaped by a cloud and a panic of the enemy. He lost, however, 600 of his men and 200 allies; the Pass was then called La Matanza, or The Killing, a name which it bears to this day. As only 200 wounded men remained, and his provisions were exhausted, he evacuated the island the 8th June, 1494.

Returning a third time to Grand Canary, the undaunted Lugo was enabled to levy 1100 infantry and 70 horse, by the aid of Genoese merchants, and the third Duke of Medina Sidonia, who sent him from Spain 650 footmen and 45 cavalry, chosen from his tenants at San Lugar. He effected his second landing at Santa Cruz towards the end of the year 1494, rebuilt his cross and tower, and pitched his camp on the plain of Laguna. The Guanches, according to the Spaniards, opposed him with 11,000 men,—impossible out of a total of 15,000 souls. Bencomo, stoutly refusing all proposals, advanced with his men, who suffered much from the fire of the enemy, whilst their leader was himself wounded and obliged to leave the field. Tinguaro, the Mencey of Anaga, was killed in this battle of Laguna, and his head was sent on a pike as a warning to Bencomo, who returned a heroic answer, envying the chief so honourable a death.

Spanish pertinacity broke the spirit of the Guanches. The uncommonly wet season of 1495 and the hardships of the campaign brought on fevers and the terrible modorra or lethargy.* The land was full of corpses

* It is described as a drowsiness accompanied by a profound melan-

whom no one buried or embalmed. The Spaniards, who also suffered from famine, advanced towards the interior, where they were met by the brave Bencomo at the head of 5000 men. After a battle of five hours, he was again wounded, and lost 2000 of his army. The Spaniards pursued the fugitives with shouts of "Victoria! Victoria!" in remembrance of which a village and a church were afterwards built upon the spot.

After this signal victory the Spaniards under de Lugo, who like Hannibal could conquer but could not use victory, returned to Santa Cruz on the 4th January, 1496, where they were recruited and refreshed by the generosity of the Duke of Medina Sidonia. They advanced once more on the 1st July, and established themselves at Orotava. Bencomo, though still in arms on Mount Tigayga, saw that the contest was useless, and proceeded to the Spanish camp. Received by Lugo, he and his beautiful daughter, Dácil, were duly baptized and became subjects of the Spanish monarchy. He

choly, which proved fatal in a few days. The present "sleeping dropsy" or "sleepy sickness" of the West African coast—in Fernando Po several Spaniards have died of it—is the true lethargus of the neurotic or cataphoric class, the effect of softening of the brain and generally the result of over-indulgence in certain pleasures. Young girls die of it, and youths of both sexes have induced it at Sierra Leone by smoking "hashish." It is also caused by want, overwork, nostalgia, morose habits, and other mental and bodily depressors. The patient falls asleep even when eating or in the full glare of the sun, becomes emaciated though with a good appetite, and often suffers from shakiness, convulsions, glandular swellings in the neck, deafness, paralytic trembling, a shuffling gait, and sometimes enlargement of the head. The only treatment is instant change of air, scene, and habits.

is said to have died in Venice: she married Gonzalo Garcia del Castillo. Two of his descendants, the Dean Don Pedro Josè Bencomo and his brother Don Cristobal Bencomo, confessor to Ferdinand VII., died in 1828. The remaining Menceys of Tenerife were carried by Lugo to Spain, and were presented to Ferdinand and Isabella. And Lugo himself, after a glorious career as General of the Coast of Barbary and Perpetual Governor of the island of Palma and Tenerife, in which he founded many of the towns and churches, died in 1525. Thus ends the strange and eventful history of the Guanche conquest and conquerors. At the end of a century they were no more, those primitive goat-herds scattered over a finite tract of some few dozen miles. It is a sad chapter in the blood-stained annals of the world.

As we cast anchor the sky cleared and the deep cloud drew off to the north-east. It being Sunday, and 9 P.M., seasons at which Southerns do not usually distress themselves, the health-officer's boat did not put off till our energetic captain had blazed away half-a-dozen times with his "resonant smoke-eagles," as modern poetry would have it, but in prose brass carronades. It was a wonderful roar, the echo from the rocks, a voice like thunder, a most Ossianic sound—the spirits of the Guanches seemed to raise a cry of lamentation from their graves. After a curious collection of questions, all of which might easily have been condensed into one, we were allowed *pratique;* and, hearing of an opera, I hastened on shore. A line of scattered oil lamps denoted the town, which, situated on the north-

east side of the island, rises from the wave, looking at this hour and distance like a lurid whitish sheet, unbacked by hill or verdure. A red light guided us to the mole, which the splashing of waves at high tides—the rise is nine feet—must make at times a ticklish landing-place. Ascending the steps, and passing through the gate attached to the castle of San Cristabol, after a few yards we found ourselves at Richardson's Fonda. It is named the English Hotel. I need hardly say that there is an English hotel everywhere, and is both better and dearer than its French rivals.

A gloomy, dreary place—by night at least—was that same English hotel. A large building, with walls two feet thick enclosing a *patio,* whose hanging balconies of massive dark wood-work support llianas and creepers that must make admirable homes for the scorpion and the centipede. In the centre is an old well, and, contrasting with an English pump of bran-new shape, dating 1857, is an Oriental stand for "monkey-jars" or water-pots. They are of light red porous clay,* sometimes ornamented with insertions of waxy quartz, which appears auriferous: the form probably dates from the days of Hanno: others trace in them a resemblance

* The Tenerife dripstone, a huge basin of porous sandstone, which requires only an occasional scraping, is, like the monkey-jars, a good investment for those going south. According to Adanson ("Voyage to Senegal," &c., A.D. 1749), "the water from the mountain springs at Tenerife being hard and crude, is filtered through a stone very common in the quarries....It is a kind of lava of the colour of soot, in a medium betwixt the density of the grey lava and the porosity of the pumice."

to the Etruscan. Ascending the dark heavy stairs, we found ourselves in a long sombre room, with a heavily-raftered and painted ceiling. A well-worn carpet, a couch, a table, and a few chairs were the only furniture. On the whitewashed walls hung engravings of Majos. Toros, East-Indiamen, and other subjects, dating from the year 1810. An English official on sick leave from the Gold Coast had been left, at his own request, by the last steamer in the English hotel. Few, I warrant, but old T—— would have dared to repeat in such a place and at such an hour—

"Mihi est propositum in tabernâ mori,"

—the sentiment which Sterne stole from Leightoun, and Leightoun stole from the jolly old Walter de Mapes. To me the fate of my compatriot appeared truly pitiable.

"A stranger's roof to hold thy head,
A stranger's foot thy grave to tread,
Desert and rock and alp and sea
Spreading between thy home and thee." *

* * * *

After Mr. Purser had ordered for the ship all the delicacies of the season—sheep, potatoes, pigeons, and so forth—we set out in the dry still air for the post-office; and after long knocking, succeeded in lodging the bags and in counting them to the glimmer of a solitary

* Since the above was written the Messrs. Richardson have opened another hotel, which yields in nothing to the best Madeiran boarding-houses. It is classic ground: within its walls Peter Pindar wrote his ode to the Canarian fleas.

tallow. The aspect of the place prepossessed me strongly —but how can Humboldt call it a "neat town?" Tall houses, most irregularly built; palace alongside of lodging-hole, with huge balconies and sometimes half glass windows looking out upon narrow streets and lanes, by no means so inodorous as those of the Isle of Wood, gave a *quasi*-Moorish and a most picturesque aspect to the scene. The soft light reminded one of Malta. The pavement, however, was of kidney-shaped stones, like those of Madeira—uncommonly trying to new comers. The Rambla, the Alameda and the Plaza were deserted, and we met but one party of Señoras and Señoritas,—of whom one was pointed out as having thrice ascended the Peak,—returning, duly guarded of course, from the bath. The opera-singers had left Santa Cruz after the season for Cadiz. So we re-embarked on board the "Blackland," and, with orders to be called early, retired to enjoy a sleep undisturbed by the *roulis massacrant*, the clatter of the rudder-chains and the swing-swong, fore and aft, side to side motions which had sorely damaged our rest during the last night.

Daybreak, usually so staid and trite,—if the usual thick mist be wanting,—is a wondrous spectacle at Tenerife. When Columbus was ordered by Isabel la Catolica to describe the appearance of Jamaica, he crushed a sheet of paper in his hand, and partially opening it out upon the table, told Her Majesty that the crumpled paper would show it better than his words could tell. The same would serve for Madeira, Tenerife, Fernando Po, and almost all these outlying islands of

West Africa, which contrast strongly with the flat coral-line formations of the eastern coast. But to return to the dawn.

As the African sky, transparently azure, lights up like a cheek recovering from mortal faintness, the unrisen splendours fall gloriously from the blue depths of the ethereal vault upon the jagged crenellated points and bristling cones, where the condor and the roc might build, and which, sharp as the fracture of obsidian, spring from the volcanic lower levels. Now the sheen creeps down, with matchlessly brilliant tints, the sides of the tremendous pyramids, revealing perpendicular or beetling crags and cliffs, bleak and bare, black and ruddy-brown, as if still fresh from the action of fire, and rock curtains rent by deep anfractuosities, grizzly barrancas, narrow fiumaras paved with water-rolled pebbles and wavy beds and solid sheets of lava that have remained unaltered since the days of its creation. Those gnomon-like peaks, bisected with feathery cloud, throw strange shadows around them; varying with each half hour, they so change the view, that nothing but the upper outline remains to be recognised. Then warmer and warmer pour the rays over the purple curtains of beautiful Guimar, above which rises a light whitish cone—Pico Grande—over the cultivated lands, bronzing the heights, the limpidity of the air making all appear upon the same plane, over the thin surf-line creaming upon the shore, over the deep blue waters sleeping at the feet of the cliffs. Such are the peaceful beauties of the scenery. When the howling wind dashes the waves high up the

rocks, and the rain-mist shows through its rents, the deep sheers and the iron walls that gird this Island of the Blessed, the sight must be truly awful.

On such a morning—the fair, not the foul—I cast my first glance at Santa Cruz de Tenerife; so called after the early fashion of the Portuguese and Spaniards who took possession of the land by planting a cross, and hence have a confusing variety of Santas Cruces. The country looks yellow, shadeless, and barren after Madeira; it never has anything but the thinnest coat of transparent green, yet the beautiful transverse range called the Guimar Hills, gives it a beauty all its own. The town is far more level than Funchal,* though smaller, nor is it outflanked by such a multitude of villas and farm-houses. Beginning at the right, is a breach in a wall of high black rock, to which the roaring of the waves has given the name of Valle de Bufadera. It is a gully, serving as a blowpipe to raise the storm when least wanted. Here "Saint Nelson" first landed his men, and, according to native tradition, attempting to march over the hills, was beaten back with stones and rocks. Beyond it, apparently connected, lie the castles of San Miguel and Paso Alto, from which a Jacob's ladder threads the sides of the tall coke-

* Humboldt describes the "little town" of Santa Cruz as lying "on a narrow and sandy beach, whose houses of dazzling whiteness with flat roofs and windows without glass, are built close against a wall of black perpendicular rock devoid of vegetation." Surely the great traveller must have described Santa Cruz as his countrymen, according to Goethe, would describe a camel.

like rocks, where the powder-magazine stands and in whose flanks batteries are said to be concealed. Further on, where there is a stretch of level ground, at the mouth of a now dry fiumara, is the cochineal plantation of D. Manuel Conche, the well-known Captain-General of Cuba. The cactus is favoured by the dryness of earth and air, and constitutes the principal growth of this by no means fertile island. The long white walls of the enclosure—length and straightness of wall are here characteristic features—are garnished with pepper-box turrets; and laden camels, stately and slow, carrying their arched necks with Oriental gravity, zigzag along the dusty roads. Beyond the plantation begin the more modern fortifications, which make already a respectable show. A new citadel that will contain twenty-seven rifled cannon of the largest calibre, with casemates for 1000 men, is rapidly rising. Next to it is the saluting battery—twenty-three fine old brass guns—which sunk the "Fox:" then, not unlike an English martello tower, the fort of San Pedro, which fired the shot that made Nelson a manchet. The castle of San Cristobal,—where the first tower was built,—and its outworks protect the mole, and the south of the city is commanded by San Juan. There are no works on the land side, which can be attacked with all facility. The habitations extend behind the fortifications from north to south, and occupy a low bench, which rises interiorly to Laguna, terminating southwards in a white and sandy plain some three miles long. The houses, which struck me by their

resemblance to those of Malta, are of large square form, gaily tinted with red, white, and yellow, and the casements are mostly green. Like Madeira it presents the anomaly of a city without smoke. Here and there a spire-like cypress or a date-palm gives an Oriental aspect to the place. Besides the defences, there are but two conspicuous buildings in the town: on the right, the church of San Francisco, with its domed and many-storied tower; and on the left the parish church dedicated to Our Lady of the Conception, the spiritual guardian of Santa Cruz. The quarantine anchorage lies at the other side of the mole. The lazaretto, a low building, whose red, white, and yellow walls by no means prepossess one, is close to where we are reposing. The roadstead, for harbour it can hardly be called, is open to every wind except the west, which blows the rarest.

I am informed that Las Palmas, the principal city of Great Canary, is improving her port; if so, she will soon effect the ruin of Santa Cruz. The two capitals have long been rivals, and have agreed to share the dignities between them. The Bishop and the Audiencia, or High Court, reside at Las Palmas. Santa Cruz is the residence of the Captain-General, the Civil Governor, and the Military Commandant; and as the place is, like Madeira, a part of the Empire, a province, not a colony, these officers are independent of each other. The only craft in port were two square-rigged mercantmenh, and four island schooners — cutter-like craft, not inelegant, nor I suspect inodorous. The

people fish as far as the Moroccan Cape Nun,* and exchange their captures for orchilla and fine Barbary wool; their crazy and ill-found vessels, hardly provided with ground tackle, occasionally fall a prey to the fierce and treacherous Bedouin Moors.

Landing with the usual difficulty at the mole, we passed through the guardhouse gate into the hotel. The troops on the island are now a single brigade (about 400 men) of Spanish artillery, neatly clad in red caps and white shell-jackets, with overalls to match; a most appropriate habiliment, were it not so conspicuous. The others, with those extraordinary forage caps bearing the arms of Spain, red-faced blue jackets and white trousers, with cartouche boxes supported, after Spanish fashion, by uncrossed braces as well as belts, are the local militia. The islands supply seven regiments, which are liable to service throughout the Canaries. The officers were, but are no longer all indigenous, and the commandant and adjutant are drawn from the line. The men are a fine race, tall and sinewy; their manly aspect contrasts strongly with the half-starved Madeirans. They are not deficient in good looks: handsome is, however, as handsome does, and

* Called Cape Nam, Não, or Non by the Portuguesé, because beyond this none had proceeded. It is probably so named from Ras Nún, the Cape of Fish—as Jonas is Zu'l Nún, the Lord of Fish—and was Europeanised to Non or Nom. About 1415, when Prince Henry of Portugal, being twenty-one years old, took up his abode at St. Vincent, the nearest point to Africa, the only portion of the West African litoral known to Europe, was that between Capes Spartel and Nun.

the Canarians, though quiet, orderly, and sober in their own country, have the reputation of "roughs" in Cuba and elsewhere. There is a chronic squabble between the people of Laguna and Santa Cruz: the former term the latter fishermen, and these retort by calling their rivals cooks;—a diversion which sometimes ends in a stabbing match. In the south of the island there is a population which was as celebrated for landlord shooting as the Irish of the present day. There, too, the aboriginal and semi-Semitic type still peeps out in spare, straight, slim figures, skins of a darker stain, irregular features, piercing black eyes, and high Arab cheek bones.

After performing the duty of ordering breakfast, we sallied forth to imspect the town. Opposite the hotel stands the local Alameda "El Maydan," or promenade, a dusty, high-walled space, like the Florian Gardens of now cockneyfied Malta. We saw there a few fine mimosas, dahlias, daturas, and other wild flowers: a gipsy-like family was boiling the pot in a quiet corner. On the right of the hotel, near the centre of the town and close to the sea, was the Plaza de la Constitucion.* It is an oblong paved with flags, and surrounded by a lower band of cobble-stones and *trottoirs*, with iron pillar'd lamps and queer old stone seats for loungers who prefer the sitting position whilst prospecting promenades.

* Besides the Parliament of Burgos (Castile), which met in A.D. 1169, nearly a century before the Leicester Parliament, and old Constitutions of 1808 and 1821, a statute was issued in 1834, shortly after the death of Ferdinand VII., Queen Maria Christina being Regent. A constitution was generally given in 1837, and modified in 1845 to the form in which it now exists.

Six streets or lanes manage its circulation, and the south-western and south-eastern corners communicate with the sea. Here is the palace of the civil governor, a corner house, with tall white-washed front and long green jalousies. On the other side is the abode of the captain-general, a handsome building, with brilliant window-railings, and guarded by two bell-tent-like sentry-boxes for artillerymen in uniform. The square also contains a Frenchified *café*, whence the *coche*, or omnibus, drawn by four mules or horses, starts twice a day for Laguna; and under the same roof a French hotel,* generally preferred because it cooks well, is obliging, and charges 1*s.* 3*d.* less than the English hotel, which demands $1 50. The other buildings are dwelling-houses, wine cellars, and a shop or two. These establishments, though not rivalling Madeira in appearance, excel them in civility. Moreover, here you have a pretty Spanish dialect instead of a debased *patois* of the debased Portuguese *patois*. The background exposes the lower slopes of partially-cultivated highlands, but, alas! does not afford a view of the "cloud-piercing Peak."

At the upper end of the Plaza, or away from the sea, stands a tall white cross of white marble, to point out the spot where De Lugo, in the bay of Amaza, first planted the symbol of Christianity in Tenerife. The original heavy wooden article is still preserved in the Hospital. Opposite it, and at the other end, is a

* It presently came to grief from a suspicion of robbery to the tune of 20,000 dollars from a neighbour.

83736

glaring monument of the same material, "the Apparition of the Blessed Virgin," as she appeared to the Guanche kinglets. Made at Genoa, it is the local Virgin, the San Pilar, the Nossa Senhora do Monte of the island. The Virgen de la Candeleria, so called because the Pagans always visited it on Candlemas-day, rejoices in the following legend, which explains the action of the group. About 140 years before the arrival of the Spaniards, two Guanche shepherds driving homewards their goats, saw at a place called Chimisaya, in the kingdom of Guimar, on the south side of the island, what appeared to them a woman bearing a babe upon her right arm, and all the flock took flight in the wildest terror. Being contrary to their laws to address or even to pass a woman in a solitary place, they made signs to her to depart, and when she would not, one of them proceeded to fling a pebble at her. His arm, at once dislocated at the shoulder, remained immovable. The other shepherd, drawing his tabona, or obsidian knife, approached, and attempted to cut the figure's hands and arms. Instead of succeeding, he wounded himself. The men flying in terror, reported the affair to their Mencey-acaymo, who at once visited the place in state. He was astonished at the marvellous beauty of the figure, which was attired in splendid dress, and carried in the left hand a green-coloured taper. The Mencey, determining to do it honour, ordered his nobles to carry it to the palace; but though it was small and light, it waxed—like most miraculous images—of an unbearable weight. The goatherds being then commanded to take it up,

their hurts were at once healed, and the burden became a mere feather. It was deposited at Chinguaro in the palace-cave of the troglodyte prince, and all that country-side paid to it divine honours.*

When the Spaniards conquered the island, this image fell into their hands, and in 1539 the Emperor Charles V. committed it to the Dominicans. They placed it on a grand altar in a convent which they had built near the original cave, in a miserable hamlet down the coast called after the Virgin, Candeleria. The order became enormously wealthy, and many a miracle, *teste* the "History of the Canary Islands," by D. Juan Nuñez de la Peña (Madrid, 1676), was performed accordingly. The little image of dark red wood, hardly four feet high† and very mean, though the work of angelic hands—so the Delphic poetry of the God of Verse appeared always dreadfully prosaic—was loaded with pearls, and the green-painted candle was replaced by one of pure gold. Its end was τραγικωτατον. On the 7th November, 1826, a long-remembered hurricane, or cyclone burst over the island, sweeping battery and monastery, chapel and image, into the sea; and though long watched for, it has never thought proper to reappear. Most probably it was mortally offended by the dwarfish Demon, Constitucion,

* A similar tale is told of the Christ of Ponta Delgada, in the north of Madeira, to which many pilgrimages are still made. One can hardly help envying folk who can content themselves with such a faith of dry bones.

† In the upper and lower folds of the dress were numerous Roman initials, of course profoundly mystic, which caused great discussion, but which were never conclusively provided with words.

which, in 1821, placed in deposit the wealth of convents and nunneries. Melancholy to relate, heretics will opine, judging from three or four nail holes in the back of the image, that it was nothing but a ship's figure-head cast on shore, and say the same of the Christ found by fishermen off the Ponta Delgada. In the marble group, which dates from 1778, the Guanches are very respectably attired in tunics and buskins, after the fashion of "Moorish" prints in the days of the "Lettres Persannes:" they have still the usual complement of noses, although those "dementos," the midshipmen, will mutilate them to revenge the Fox. The obelisk still bears in large letters Plaza Real, which have not wholly been obliterated, and the fine monument is spoiled by mal-position. As regards the Plaza, the fault of the whole scene is want of verdure. All is dry around, whilst the cindery aspect of the soil above, the bronzed appearance of the desolate rocks, caused, I believe, by some epiphyte, and below, the brown terraces of bare and sunburnt earth, contrast unfavourably, in the green man's eye, with the *entourage* of Funchal. But the land is open, the sense of prison vanishes, and the yellow hue tells of wholesome dryness.

Leaving the Plaza, we turned to the right, and after threading sundry shady streets, arrived at the Cathedral of the Conception. It was of course open, so we passed through the basaltic portico without other ceremony than the attendance of a guide and a multitude of small boys—they are impudent as the London juvenile and the London sparrow—who think it necessary to

favour the stranger with their company. The cathedral is not remarkable in style—the usual bastard Renaissance of trans-European art, built of basalt, with the round Norman arch, and a nave, two aisles and side, a high altar, a retable, a cushion, a table, and an organ-loft. But here, as in all other churches of the island, the three walls of the building are plain even to gloom, whilst the altar, the chapel, and the end of the church blazed with gilding and silvering. Piloted by a young chorister in the usual magpie suit of black and white, we first visited the chapel of Iago, on the left side of the church; here, planted against the walls, on each side of the cross, in long coffin-like cases, with glass fronts, are the colours of the British cutter "Fox" and her boats, that came to grief in the memorable affair of 1797. It is some satisfaction for the Englishman to reflect upon the native proverb, "If we don't care for Trafalgar, we don't care"—speaking as an Englishman would of a hundred years hence—"for this misfortune." The other decorations are vile pictures and viler statues. The angels were habited in a golden *juste au corps*, with wings and double tunics to match; their heads were surrounded with wreaths of flowers that reminded me of the latest London ball, when at six a.m. milady returns to her "bower," whilst their legs wer ευκνημιδες with Moorish buskins like the Guanches of Candelaria.* Nor less did various Saviours and

* The anachronisms are the more unpardonable, as authors distinctly describe the Guanche dress, tight coat of grass cloth extending to the

Dolorosas suffer atrocious agonies at the painter's hands. The organ-loft was bare, "barring" a piano. The Roman Catholic cathedral must sparkle and dazzle, be splendid and sensuous, at once awe and delight the senses; like a race-meeting or pyrotechnics, to be respectable, it must be upon the grandest scale, otherwise it is a failure. There is nothing imposing in tawdriness and bad art, and the sight of first-rate magnificence induces anything but a "prayerful" tone of mind.*

Before leaving the church I was shown an ex-voto tablet certifying that by the good aid of our Lady of Candelaria a French merchantman escaped a terrible storm. The ugliness of surrounding objects brought forcibly to mind the old satirist's sneer,

> "Nec Deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus
> Inciderit."

And the no less pungent saying of the modern,

> "De par le Roi! defense à Dieu,
> De faire miracle en ce lieu!"

which should be proclaimed with loudest Oyez! oyez! oyez! in every colony that ever came from the Mediterranean.

knees, girt round the waist with a leather belt, an outer cloak of goat skins, and a similar cap of skin taken off entire and so placed that a goat's beard hung under each ear to be tied under the chin, and shoes of raw hides. Some also wear bonnets of skins adorned with feathers.

* Not long ago these seven little islands, hardly equal to seven of the smallest counties in England, had 40 churches, 40 monasteries, and 130 hermitages.

After inspecting the cathedral, we wandered about the streets seeking *l'aventure.* The weaker half of the population is a most distinct improvement upon Madeira: fine eyes, luxuriant hair, clear olive skin, and features which are often regular and sometimes beautiful. For those who admire black anywhere except "in the skin," there is nothing more enchanting than the women of Tenerife. Pretty, however, they never are past the age when the *diable* endows them with fleeting charms; they all become either handsome or dead ugly. In England, on the contrary, there are hundreds of pretty women to one beauty—the latter is far rarer than amongst their southern sisters.

> "J'aime le vin blanc, said Montaigne; Montaigne's friends
> Consigned him and his wine to all the fiends."

Despite which danger, I will confess, that one soon wearies of black eyes and black hair, and that after a course of such charms, one falls back with pleasure upon brown, yellow, or, what is better than all, red-auburn locks and eyes of soft limpid blue. Nothing, however, truer than *chacun a son goût,* and that "*tous les goûts sont respectables.*" Were like to love like, and not to seek in love that contrast which is generally fatal to friendship, our race would presently split up into pigmy and giant, deformed and transformed, in fact, into all the varieties of its canine friends.

The costume of the peasant population approaches the picturesque. As we left the church we met the dama with the mantilla, that remnant of Oriental

modesty, or the *veo preto*, a long flowing black silk veil—the peasantry seem to prefer white and coloured stuffs—hanging behind the head, and invariably armed with the fan, more fatal than the *cuchillo*. The lower classes of the town, instead of the *manto y saya*, wear shawls or large kerchiefs over calico dresses, untanned brogues, and upon the head a fichu or two. A high-crowned felt broad-brim, such as belong to men, and often two hats, placed ole' clo' fashion, protected, as amongst the Welsh, the market women and the gude wives from the ardours of "that indecent sun." The males had huge sombreros, shirts and jackets half concealed under a manta or blanket-poncho, whose embroidered or leathern collar suggested the burnous, short breeches like Indian anghirs of brown stuff, or white soutanelles of cotton, like knickerbockers, and gaiters bandaged up the leg like the classical Italian brigand, or curious leathern gaiters like those of Mexico. The priest wore his decent, womanish robes,—surely the petticoat, like tobacco, has been adopted in Europe by the wrong sex!—and the huge antique tile, like a bit of tree trunk, with a hole for the head. The beggar looked as if one might make a good sketch of him in his rags, and there was the usual Spanish nobility in the manta, even although it came from Manchester. It is the Arab's aba and burnous, the Roman toga, the Irish cothamore, the Scotch plaid, the American buffalo hide and poncho, the European cloak. The dog of the old Spanish masters—which in breeding lands appears an invention—slunk about the gutters. The rest of the tableau was filled up with heavily-laden,

ill-begotten, and ill-conditioned camels, ponies, mules, oxen, and half-starved asses, shrinking from a cruel goading with the garote or alpenstock, which has been bequeathed to the Tenerife man by his predecessor the Guanche.

On a rising ground where formerly stood the convent of San Domingo, now stands the market-place, a substantial building like the Sotto Borgo of Pisa. It was late, and business was consequently slack, confined to a few fruits and vegetables; the crowd, though noisy, was small. My companion, a Gold Coast artillery-man, affected to recognise amongst the listeners a gentleman of slaving celebrity. Near, but separated from the market-place by a narrow lane, is the theatre, a neat building bearing the name of Isabella II. The language of the streets was a Spanish, non-explosive as the Chilian, which avoids gutturals, and the women, when not bawling, articulated with a pleasant languid drawl. The sun became hot—the mercury showing 79° F. in the cool house—but the heat was dry, and dry heat never yet injured a sober man.

Returning to the hotel, we breakfasted, *à l'Anglaise*, with tea and coffee, on bream and boga (*Bux vulgaris*), mutton chops, very "skimpy," from a lean goat, and bad fruits; apricots hard as potatoes, figs unripe, and over-ripe pears —the prickly pear, which one learns to admire in the fiery Mediterranean, is here used, but neglected down the coast. The wine was Malaga, unsupportably strong, like cheap port. After feeding we returned to business —the gratification of our wants. Some required cigars.

At the time there were no good Havanas in the place, but cigarettes are an excellent investment for those going down South; a stranger can buy eight bundles for two pezetas or twenty pence. Dogs, but not mastiffs, which, if they ever existed, are extinct, form another local article of trade. That preferred is a small white animal, with black nose, apparently broken, like the little pug-"dawgs" sold in Regent Street, and the silky curly hair of a spaniel; they clip the circumoral region and trim the feet of this bastard poodle like his European legitimate brother which the French so often call "lion." The principal merit seems to be the great charm which M. Michelet and his school find in the Parisienne: it consists in being always maladive. The price is about $5. The vendor begins by asking 10, the purchaser by offering 2, and they meet half way. Tenerife also boasts of good "bussocks," which resemble rather those of Egypt and the East than those of Madeira and England. The price varies, according to age and size, from $8 to $12. Mr. Distin had warned the Fernandian Consul that the Canarians are cunning in concealing a disease of the frog. He consequently left £10 with Mr. Richardson, and a request that specimens might be forwarded to him. It was an unwise investment: asses never outlive the year at Fernando Po, and generally they die much sooner. There, as at Accra, it may be truly said that the climate is fatal to a horse, a donkey and a white woman. Mules at Tenerife were found to be much more expensive than their half-brothers the "mokes." When good they

are rarely to be bought under $120, and are preferred by many for riding. The camels, originally from Morocco but now raised at San Cerota especially, fetch the price of mules. They are badly bred beasts, and very snappish; a muzzled camel-fight is a favourite amusement. We did not fail to provide ourselves with Gallos de Pelea, to while away the "similar hours" on board. The general colour of the birds is dark, with red or yellow hackles, clear eyes, and bright golden legs. They showed uncommonly good blood: one was killed, and the other fell a victim to the cruel climate of Fernando Po. The price is according to fancy; these cost £1 per bird.

My labours at Santa Cruz concluded with a visit to Mr. Parkinson, then Her Majesty's acting consul; and I was accompanied to the beach by Mr. Bartlett, son of the consul that preceded Mr. Murray. Both were obliging enough to be catechized as travellers will.

The produce of Tenerife was, in 1812—15, from 8000 to 11,000 barrels of wine, before the wine disease fell like a blight upon the island. There were eight or nine kinds, but all inferior to those of Madeira. The present exports, which are trifling, comprise corn and various cereals, goats and cattle, cochineal and orchilla. There is a good printing-press and two newspapers, the Eco do Comercio and the Guanche. Three English families only are permanently settled in the place: Messrs. Davidson and Co.; Messrs. Hamilton, agents to the African Steam Ship Company; and Messrs. Richardson, of the English Hotel. Either this island or its neighbour, Gran

Canaria, may look forward to better days,—if, at least, they consider an influx of strangers to be a blessing. At present Tenerife is connected with the mother country by a weekly vessel from Cadiz;* of these visitors two proceed onwards to Havana. It is also connected with England by two lines, the English African Steam Ship and the North African Companies, each of these monthly.† About every six weeks there is a merchant steamer from Marseilles. And there is an extra colonial vessel which carries strangers to the neighbouring islands.

I should greatly prefer Tenerife to Madeira. Madeira is a prison, and a cockneyfied prison: a prison in which you meet "Town" to boot. Guide-books may expand themselves in the gorgeous guide-book style, upon excursions, rocks, and sailings to Cama do Lobos, Homem em Pé, Porto Santo, and Deserta Grande,—all places within or almost within cannon-shot. But even the guide-books cannot deny that there is an ennui in the Isle of Wood which passes show. Tenerife also is quiet and dull, with a witness. There are many old Spanish families, descended from the victors and settled in the island since the days of its conquest. Unhappily the *sangre azul*, though gifted, according to no easily

* The Spain and Canary line leave Cadiz on the 7th and 27th of each month, and leave Tenerife on the 14th and 29th: the voyage occupies four days. The Havana steamers touch at Santa Cruz on the 15th and 30th, when outward bound, but do not touch on return.

† The steamers start from London, *viâ* Lisbon, Gibraltar, Mogador, and Grand Canary, reaching Santa Cruz on the 24th of each month: during yellow fever they are not sent.

pleased witness, with graceful courtesy and a kindly absence of etiquette, rarely mingles much with the *petite noblesse,* or the less-aristocratic strata of society; and it has, I need hardly say, learned to stand aloof from the tourist. The common people are by no means so polite, but they are more independent, and are a finer race than the Madeirans. Santa Cruz does not yet, it is true, possess any of the comforts and conveniences of her northern neighbour. *En revanche,* she has the charm of semi-orientalism, perfect liberty, and an utter absence of Bond Street and May Fair: good enough in their place, but sadly misplaced outside the White Cliffs. In the Canaries there is less confinement; the neighbouring island can always be visited; and during the three summer months, June, July, and August, there is the Pico do Teyde,—the world-known Peak.* The dripping cavern near Ycod,

* During the other months it is closed by ice and snow, with which it supplies the island. Its altitude, 12,176 feet above sea-level, wants little of the line of perpetual snow, in that latitude 12,500 feet; yet in places, as for instance the Cueva de Yelo, or Ice Cave, 11,085 feet above sea-level, congelation lasts through the year. The routine ascent is made in two days, the travellers sleeping at an estancia *en route.* It is easy, as the road can be ridden along for the greater part of the way, and can show little danger, as the ladies of Tenerife have often succeeded in climbing it, and in singing songs on the topmost Piton. Like the Camaroons Mountain, it still slumbers, but it is not dead.

Of course there remain only details of exploration, where MM. Webb and Berthelot have done the general, and M. Arago the social science; where Mr. Piazzi Smyth (1856) laboured at photography and astronomy, and which is constantly visited by enterprising men. The Peak, it will be remembered, was the opening scene of Humboldt's labours in 1799, and suggested to him laws touching the geographical

said to connect sea and peak by a tunnel 8 miles long, and 11,000 feet of rise, still calls for exploration. In fact, the whole cluster teems with varied beauties and curiosities. As for climate, the air of Santa Cruz is drier, brighter, and therefore more wholesome for consumptives, than that of Funchal, and the average heat in summer does not exceed 90°, nor does wintry cold fall below 60° (F.). At Santa Cruz there are thirty to thirty-six days of rain to seventy-one at Funchal: Tenerife, moreover, has many climates, enabling the consumptive patient to escape the vicinity of the sea, which often makes him wretched. Every one remarks its elasticity, purity, and invigorating properties. The vale of Orotava, known by its Dragon-tree, if by nothing else, lying on the northern side of the island, has an average of 5° warmer than Madeira, whilst Santa Cruz is about 3° less than Orotava. But before invalids can resort to Tenerife, much must be done. Beyond being a free port, Santa Cruz offers no inducement to strangers, who, after being worried and cheated in all directions, find an utter absence of all the comforts of life. To establish an hotel on a proper scale would ruin any individual: it could only be undertaken by a company; and I am not sanguine that even this would succeed. The Spaniards seem not to court the influx of strangers.

distribution of plants. His admirable descriptions sent forth clouds of scientific travellers to all quarters of the globe. Here the geologist, Von Buch (1815), developed his "magnificent" theory of craters of elevation. In botany, also, the "gifted Swede," Christian Smith, succeeded Humboldt, and fell a victim to the ill-fated Kongo exploration.

It would hardly be gracious to leave Tenerife without some notice of its old inhabitants the Guanches. *En passant* let us remark that the sentimentalist who cries shame upon the ethnologist for theoretically "wiping out at his caprice whole nations of brother men," can here find many traces of a race completely extinct. The term Guanche is erroneously applied by the uninitiated, the Rev. Thos. Dubary (Notes of a Residence in the Canary Islands, etc. London: 1851), Dr. Pritchard (Researches into the Physical History of Mankind, book 3, chap. 2, etc.) included, to the natives of all the Canary Islands.* The earliest and most correct writers limit it to the people of Tenerife. Secondly, it is generally supposed that the islands all spoke one language: this is the theory of old Clavijo, and in later years of M. Berthelot, who opine that a great number of common and proper names, as well as local denominations, beginning in Te, Che, and Gua, were equally used in various islands and even in the entire Canary group; whereas, on the contrary, their dialects, according to ocular witnesses, were mutually unintelligible. Thirdly, the theory is that the Guanche language

* The people of Tenerife, according to Glas, called themselves Vinchune, which the Spaniards corrupted into Guanche. Etymologists explain it thus: "The inhabitants of Tenerife called themselves Guan (the Berber wán), one person, and Chinet, or Chinerf, Tenerife. So that Guanchinet meant a man of Tenerife, and was easily corrupted to Guanche." In Glas we find mentioned a "Captain Artemis," who defeated De Bétancourt. By adding Guan (*i.e.*, wán) we obtain the word Guanarteme, a chief ruler. Clavijo's vocabulary contains only forty-four words.

was Berber.* I cannot but think, despite the high authorities in favour of such hypothesis, and the peculiar formation of the feminine in the names of ancient and modern places, that it was a somewhat less distinctly marked Semitic tongue, like those prevailing in the corresponding latitudes on the eastern coast. Had it been decidedly Semitic, the Spaniards, of course, would have understood it; but a Meccan cannot comprehend the romances of old Himyar on the eastern coast of Arabia, much less an Abyssinian or a Galla. In the Canarian we have Sesètte, Satti, and Tamatti, signifying 5, 7, and 8: these are Semitic, but less near the original type than the Berberan, Sedis, Set, Tem.† Again, in

* See Royal Geographical Society's Journal, vol. ii. p. 172, "Ethnological Remarks on the Original Languages of the Inhabitants of the Canary Isles. By Don J. J. de Costa de Macedo, Perpetual Secretary to the Royal Academy of Sciences at Lisbon;" with a learned terminal note by the Editor.

† In the paper above quoted (p. 181) M. de Macedo remarks, "Among the numerals of the Canary language there are some that resemble the Berber and the Shulúl; but there are others also that are entirely different; and that is sufficient to show the disagreement of those languages. If the identity of two languages could be formed by a resemblance between some of their numerals, the Portuguese and the German might be shown to be the same." Did the learned Secretary forget that Portuguese and German are the same in origin,—cousins german, both branches of the great Indo-European family?

I differ also *toto cœlo* from the author who asserts that "Languages do not change their physiognomy, and are not corrupted except by contact with other languages and by an augmentation of the wants and commerce of the people who use them." The manifold dialects of Upper Hindostan, all descended palpably from one stock, and the confusion of tongues in East Africa, prove how powerful is isolation and a total want of communication in modifying man's speech. Even the English factories can teach this lesson.

Tenerife, we have many words beginning with al and ben, as Almogaren,—El Masjid,—Bencomo,—Bin Kaum—the latter a proper name. In the case of Benicod, or Benycod, it is only fair to suppose that it means Son of Ycod, probably the chief who founded the present town of that name in Tenerife. The Canarian Faycan, Faycag, or Faycayg, again, meaning priest, is palpably Fakih: whilst Kabeheira appears to be Kabír.

There is much of interest in the life-like accounts left by the earlier Spanish writers of the poor Berber goat-herds, the doomed race that passed away four centuries ago. They were forward savages, who knew how to cook meat, avoiding our modern European abomination—gravy. They held it base to injure the women, children, and houses of worship of the enemy: their form of marriage was polyandry. They had a nobility that never had condescended to cook, or to tend, milk, seize, steal, or kill cattle, or to insult the weaker sex. They had, like most barbarians, a constitutional government, holding Sabor or councils in the squares before their caves, called Tagoror.* They were fond of fatness in women, and crammed their hides with gofio, the Moorish Kuskusu; leanness, I may remark, is a sin never forgiven by southern men. They tried causes

* In Glas, however, "Tagaror," and in Clavijo "Tagoror," we are informed by M. de Macedo, is a Tenerife word signifying properly not a place of council or punishment, but an assembly, tribunal, or ajuntamiento, whereas *sabor* was applied to the "supreme council of state," where important affairs were determined upon, and criminals tried and punished. Clavijo, however, uses "Tagoror," also, as the place of meeting.

before a jury of twelve, and they fought duels, or rather prize-fights, with obsidian bowie-knives, till the spectators cried *Gama! Gama!*—"Hold! enough!" They had ordeals, nuns (Magadas), and nunneries (Tamogantin Alkorak, *i.e.*, houses of God), and they recognised the right of sanctuary. Helotage, cuissage, prelibation, and pucelage were not unknown. Their treatment of the corpse shows a queer but interrupted connection with Egypt, even as the Camaroons and Fernandian peaks are cognate in point of botany with the Abyssinian highlands.* "Ganigos," or pots of milk, were placed for the use of the dead. According to the islanders, there were as many as 200 mummy caves, and specimens are still found in malpaises, the desert parts of the island. I heard of a peasant who lately discovered the body of a child, beautifully sewn up in kidlike mortuary-skin, and beat it to pieces, not knowing that its value was at least $50. But my limits warn me that it is time to refer the reader to the fountain-head: Pierre Boutier and Jean le Verrier, Ca da Mosto, Viera y Clavijo, Nicols, Gomara, Galindo, and Nuñez de la Peña.

* The Guanches wore a peculiar cylindrical coral-red, black, or other coloured bead. If this prove similar to the Popo or Aggri bead of the Gold Coast and Bight of Benin, it is another Egyptian peculiarity, inimitable to all other races. It is said (but I believe erroneously) that clay pipes, like those found in the Irish kistvaens, have been met with, proving that the aborigines smoked tobacco or some succedaneum. The Dragon-tree (*D. draco*) of Orotava is generally derived by naturalists from the East Indies; but why go so far when it is to be found in Morocco upon the Somal Coast and on the islands of the Socotra?

Before leaving Tenerife I have still something to say —historical and literary.

The city of Santa Cruz is now much stronger than it was in A.D. 1797. How three or four martello towers that could have been shelled with ease, and a wretched sea-wall that trembles with salutes, whilst the whole southern seaboard affords the readiest means of disembarkation, could have given Admiral Lord Nelson so complete a "whipping," it is hard to explain. The reader will remember that the great sailor, after an attempt upon the treasure-ships off Mexico, attacked Santa Cruz with four ships of the line, three frigates, and the "Fox" cutter. The Commandant, General Gutienez, was about to yield, when Captain Troubridge, landing to the south of the town, marched to the Dominican monastery, which he seized. According to local statement, Gutienez was persuaded to resist by a young sergeant, Manuel Cuera. Captain Bowen, R.N., who was to act as guide, was killed whilst disembarking at the Mole, Captain Troubridge was permitted to retire, and Nelson was obliged to withdraw, after losing his colours, his arm, his boats, and some 250 of his best men. The attempt on a stormy night, when the surf broke fearfully, was ill-judged in the extreme; yet it brought the hero—who expected, by the bye, utter ruin—1,000*l.* per annum, the Bath, and the freedom of the cities of London and Bristol. The only gratifying consideration in the affair is the gentlemanly behaviour of both the enemies after the battle. The Spaniards, with whom we are ever on better terms in war than in peace, gave every Englishman a loaf of bread

and a bottle of wine; and Nelson took home for General Gutienez a despatch informing the Spanish Court of the victory which their soldiers had won over himself.*

The life of Nelson, like that of Washington, has still to be written; but who will do it? Who dares to set before the public a faithful portraiture of all the frailty and meanness, vice and folly, greatness, splendour of spirit, and high superiority over the herd of men which characterise a Napoleon, or even a Nelson? And *cui bono?* say many. Here is a man who has taken official rank as a British naval hero—has not his life been written in classical English by Robert Southey, Esq., LL.D., Poet Laureate, etc., etc.? Better *quieta non movere.* Has not the book been published by John Murray, Esq., of Albemarle Street? What the deuce would you do more? For my part, I would know the truth; I would see published the copy of verses written after the battle of Copenhagen, and hear more of a journal lately printed. Lord Holland, Captains Hunter and Foote, Miss Williams, and Mr. Ruskin, wrote at a season when no one could hope for an impartial hearing,—who could then demolish a popular "sea-king" that died exactly at the right moment? The worst of these conventional biographies is, that the world derives from them no moral hints. So it is with History. Although *quocumque modo scripta delectat,* I have lived long enough to see *that* is written; and to the best I prefer, with the learned Frenchman, the mere novel, because that

* Santa Cruz has thrice beaten the English. In 1657 Blake lost 500 men before San Cristobal. In 1706 Admiral Jennings also failed.

splendidè mendax pretends to be true, whereas, with equal claims to veracity, this owns itself to be fiction.

There are two literary works which caused no small excitement in, and amusement to, the island.

The first is that of a *savan's* brother, M. Jacques Arago, "*Voyage autour du Monde.*" "I had almost said the wisest literature in Europe"—Mr. Thackeray's dictum touching French authors—certainly does not apply to the works of this *littérateur*. As is his people's wont; he kept his right eye upon Paris, and, *naso adunco*, he looked out upon the world with his left, whilst his intense Miso-Albionism made him often blind of the mental optic. The speeches and dialogues are mythical as those of the Homeric heroes; and he does not hesitate to falsify History and to sacrifice Truth upon the altars of patriotism and prejudice, picturesqueness and *couleur locale*. His adventure on board the pirogue "Espagnolo" is a caricature; his amourettes with *une trentaine de jeunes filles* is a farce; his conquests here, there, and everywhere, are a Gallic dream. The Spaniards naturally deride the following conversation which took place between M. Arago and the Consul de France at Tenerife:—

"M. le Gouverneur (D. Pedro de Laborias) ne sait pas écrire," says the traveller.

"Non," replies the Consul.

"Et son secrétaire?"

"Il ne sait pas lire."

"C'est différent! De pareils hommes représentent une nation!"

A little further we find a prophecy, too false for a Tangier Jew. "Ténérife m'offrit bientôt un spectacle plus effrayant encore (than Gibraltar). C'était toujours une Espagne, mais une Espagne sans avenir, parcequ'elle luttait sans énergie contre les maux présents qui l'écras aient. Ténérife mourra vaincu par un brick de guerre; ou écrassée sous une colère de son volcan. On s'échappe de Saint Croiz comme on fuit le cadavre d'un reptile a demi-putrifiée, et Saint Croiz pourtant est une capitale." With respect to Nelson's failure, M. Arago sagely remarks, "Qu'un de nos amiraux y soit envoyé; il n'y laissera ni ses vaisseaux, ni ses soldats, ni ses drapeaux, et nous aurons l'île." I am not aware that French admirals usually succeed when Englishmen fail: in fact, there are some cases to the contrary. If I remember right, the French admiral, Du Guai Trouin, landed, in A.D. 1711, at St. Vincent, and was beaten back by the unarmed inhabitants with stones; and, of course, M. Arago, when proposing a gun-brig to capture Santa Cruz, forgets a certain place called Saragossa, where the flower of the French army was

"Foiled by a woman's arm before a broken wall."

And now—after this galimatias raisonné—of the other work, which caused even more excitement than the former.

It is called "Sixteen Years of an Artist's Life in Morocco, Spain, and the Canary Islands."* Unfortu-

* In two vols. London: Hurst and Blackett, 1859.

nately there is very little of art in it, and the places visited are only Tangiers, in Morocco; Gibraltar, Cadiz, and Seville, in Spain; Tenerife and Grand Canary, in the Fortunate Islands. It is hard to write a book upon such trite paths. "A vagabond from a baby," the authoress left, without date, England at the age of eighteen, stayed nine years at Tangiers, and quitted it when her husband was appointed Vice-Consul at Tangiers, August 30 of 1841. Positive ideas are easily formed at the age of eighteen, but even ladies should be expected to correct them a little later in life. The characteristics of the book are a fine appreciation of neighbourly shortcomings: all "catch it," Moroccans and Spaniards, French and English; and attempts at speculating upon abstruse subjects which call to mind the old lines,

> "What a pity that beautiful women
> Talk of what they don't understand;"

or unpolite Dr. Darwin's definition of feminine communication,

> "Hear the pretty ladies talk,
> Tittle tattle, tittle tattle;
> Like their pattens as they walk,
> Pittle pattle, pittle pattle."

And the pity is greater when, as in this case, and that of Mrs. C. M., an Anglo-Indian authoress ("Six Years in India," Bentley, 1857), the unfortunate person least concerned in the book—I mean the husband—has

to endure all its pains and penalties. One year after the publication, the authoress was transferred to Portland (Maine); and her enemies, left to tell their own tale, declare the book was written to punish those who had been backward with their hospitality.

We learn, however, from it a few things. That the beauties of Morocco are "generally idle, good-natured, gossipping, and frivolous, possessing—in fact, all those small peculiarities of character that distinguish women in our own Christian country." That "in Spain generally, and in the Canary Islands, the religion which thinketh no evil, and that delights in doing good, is unfortunately at a very low ebb." After a glimpse at Cadiz and Seville—where the time seems to have been spent in a low boarding-house—and a more extensive experience of Tenerife, the lady pronounces upon Spain and the Spaniards, their character, customs, religion, and institutions. This is what the foreigner does who judges England by the standard of Leicester Square and Sierra Leone. We are told that the Government employé is a perfect pest, besides being no better than he should be — besides, does he not despise trade, commerce, merchant-princedom? That "the Peak of Tenerife is more than 15,000 feet above sea-level." That "the faith of the people in various absurdities of divination is irresistible;" as if united Europe would not show ten times as much superstition!—as if the lady had never heard of Halloween and Co.! That the "primitive people of the island is a race of beastly savages." That every girl has a novio or lover; and that the

authoress was tempted to rebuke one who denied the soft impeachment with "tell that to the horse marines!" That a "disgraceful system of peculation, of oppression, and of robbery has long been the disgrace of Spanish officials." I think we will stop at this point.

Returning on board about noon on Monday, 2nd September, we banged a gun, shook hands with the strangers, and stood out for blue water. Passing southward we saw the wash of the waves at a place where, on the 12th June, 1857, the African steam ship "Niger" was wrecked. Beyond it lies the Castle of San Juan, with the lazy little Spanish windmills guarding that entrance to the town. The low ledge of seaboard now showed an inclination upwards to a ridge, distant about three miles, and some 1500 feet above sea-level. It is crowned by Laguna, the abbreviation of San Cristobal de la Laguna, for three years the capital of Tenerife. The tall spires and white houses leading to this Citta Vecchia glistened in beautiful contrast with the blue waves at our feet. A ribbon denoting a broad road ran straight up the acclivity through a land of corn-fields, and cactus plantations, with occasional quintas and an old fort. Nothing green there met the eye save shrubs standing singly or in small clumps; but we were in the depth of the dead season. Beyond this ridge of yellow wavy ground were alternate "backs" and gullies with serrated edges, an iron land, in long perspective, visible only when we had placed some distance between us, with intervals denoted only by tints, blue-brown below, blue-pure above, less and less distinct. Here there

was none of the scene-painting flatness which the limpidity of the air usually gives to such views. Foreshortened to the eye from our ship's quarterdeck, the Guimar Hills rose above one another till they culminated in the shoulders of the Atlantean Peak. Apparently upon, but situated behind the dome, is a dwarf projection distinctly visible: a mere inch represented a basial circumference of more than two geographical miles, and 537 feet in height:—few would suspect that in this smooth inch they see that mighty mass at whose base the toil-worn traveller pauses, and after surmounting four-fifths of the mountain, finds his heart quails at beholding a "'Pelion upon Ossa piled,' so stern, so stony, and so steep!"

As the afternoon advanced, wreaths and fillets of fleecy pack, like the purest lambs' wool, floated upon the head of Nivaria, which rose steeple-like above the huge ridge representing its church—a wintry land in this sub-tropical summer—whilst upon the waving stream-like lava beds, once liquid now solid sheets of rock, and destined to be the sites of fertile fields, the burning sun poured its unclouded rays in a prodigal shower of light and colour, and purple became blue, and blue, a cerulean stone grey, till distance hid from our eyes one of the masterpieces of Nature's work, one of the world's great landmarks, and a pyramid of condensed vapours looming out of the sea, upon the verge of the northern horizon, was all that remained to us of Tenerife.

CHAPTER IV.

A DAY AT ST. MARY'S, BATHURST.

9TH SEPTEMBER.

"The grave,
Dark and untimely, met my view."

Leyden.

TUESDAY and Wednesday were stormy days. We had passed out of the south-west, which becomes a surface-current somewhere about 40° north lat., and had entered the region of the north-east Trades: they at first appeared in unlovely guise, or rather they yielded to the southern blasts. The sea had the long roll of the ferry-line between L'pool and Boston, U.S. Mother Carey's chickens—who is the old party, and where does she roost?—flitted about our wake, the rain drizzled from time to time, and Æolus took liberties with our mizenmast. On Wednesday, the 4th, the Trades assumed their wonted aspect—a hot sun, contrasting with a crisp cold wind, that caused Neptune's flocks to gambol over the long ridges rising from the cool green plain. The firmament appeared high above our heads—as we enter the tropics it will be lowered, and the sea will exchange its present bright and lively aspect for the eternal monotonous roller of the Atlantic

Ocean. We had reason to believe that we had quitted the parallels, north of which, according to the Sons of Albion, health and comfort have made their homes. Noon of the same day saw us abreast of Cape Blanco, to Northern what Cape Negro is to Southern Africa. The only remarkable events in its life are its being named Ganaria Extrema by Ptolemy, and its being re-discovered by one Gonçalez Baldeza in A.D. 1440.

We are now plunging deep into the tropics, and on Thursday night we had our first tornado. It is seldom found in these latitudes at this season, but it had been brought up by late southerly gales. There was nothing new in it but the name. The phenomenon is absolutely the same in Eastern as in Western Africa,—an embryo hurricane, but of shorter duration and inferior violence. The word is corrupted and usually derived from the Portuguese *tornado*, "returned," alluding to the sun receding from the tropic of Cancer; others deduce it from the Spanish *torneado*, "thunder," or *tormenta*, "a storm," in Portuguese *trovão*, or *trovoada*. I should rather deduce it from some bastard Italian word, making it synonymous with the cyclone, or circular storm of modern days. Its most remarkable feature is its returning over head, or walking round and re-attacking from the opposite quarter. The usual time is before and after the rains, when the electrical conditions of earth and air undergo important changes. The tornado season shares with the African year, the rains, the smokes, and the dries. Its greater frequency near and upon the ocean, and the fact that it generally appears after hot sunny

weather, reminds us of the old electro-chemical theory, that storms arise from the disengagement of electricity by the evaporation of sea-water. On the other hand, the aspect of the atmosphere, and the swiftness of the movements, suggest that the high tension of rolling wind-driven clouds, disengages electricity by friction. Very distinct warnings appear, sometimes for hours, in a suffocating sultriness—a deep stillness and silence, as if Nature was preparing for the fray. This is easily felt, and forms the best guide. Barometer and aneroid are here, unless scientifically observed, of little use—so uncertain, that the severest atmospheric derangements hardly affect them to the extent of half an inch. During the paroxysm the mercury and the aneroid hand move with little tremulous jerks up and down, and at the end there is a slight rise. Meanwhile a dark cloudbank settles upon the horizon, perhaps opposed to a sun burning in clearest air, and there are dark flashes of lightning, so distant, however, that their reports are inaudible. Some remark that this gathering is more frequent at the turn of the tide. Now is the time for making all snug on board. It may be too late when the arch has distinctly formed, and however threatening be the aspect of the heavens in other directions, it must be borne in mind that the tornado invariably sets off the land. I have never seen the "ox-eye," as the older travellers call the nucleus of the storm. It always appears to me to rise from the horizon in the form of a rugged arch, outliers of unattached cloud, and dark pendent edges, which, however,

become more regular as they draw nearer. At this stage there is often a peculiar haziness not unlike a fog in the atmosphere. As the huge arch, often 100° long, rises towards the zenith, occasionally setting backwards and forwards, the vista of sky which it discloses, showing the want of depth in the cloud bank, is of a ghastly yellow hue, or sometimes a pale dead grey. Presently there is a cold blast, the arch moves forward with portentous speed, the sea shows a line of black or steely blue where it passes, and all know the tornado is "down upon them." It sometimes bursts so suddenly, that boats cannot take in sail. A few more such gusts, often quick and successive, accompanied by many-hued lightning, rosy, yellow, red, white, and blue, and either zigzag or globular, bring on the crisis. The firmament is now a sheet of vivid flashing fire, with chains of electricity which seem to shoot into earth or sea. In one case I distinctly observed the direction of the zigzag to be from the earth upwards. The crushing rolling thunder sounds unearthly, like the clash of brazen clouds or the encounter of huge metallic bodies, without half a second's interval from the parent flash, and incessantly repeated to the terror of all creation. Meanwhile the ears are deafened by the rush and roar of a mighty wind, perhaps the most awful sound that awful nature knows. The trees are twisted sideways like natural vanes as it were. There is a curious correspondence in the number of *rafales* or gusts; another peculiarity is that there seems to be no shelter from the tornado; even under a tall cliff it will blow as if the place were

exposed to it. And that nothing may be wanting to the terrors of elemental war, a big drop of rain announces another presence; another and another succeed, and in a minute, before cloak is ready, rattling torrents of tropical downfall—now

Blown all aslant, a driving, dashing rain,

then, like a falling wall of water,—beat down the highest waves, or flood the surface of earth. After a pleasant twenty minute, the fury of the fiery element begins to subside; the rumbling sound, distinctly perceptible along the ground, ceases, and the livid sulphurous flickerings, like a huge furnace, are apparently extinguished by these water-pots of the Danaids. Heavy sullen rain, a pitiless pelting, with occasional gusts and long pealing thunder-claps, often solitary, and totally unlike aught heard in temperate regions, ensues, and after a total of forty minutes, there may be a dead calm. One draws breath after such scenes; perhaps trees are torn, houses are unroofed, mud huts are thrown down, bells are cracked by sudden contraction and expansion, and vessels are driven from their moorings. The phenomenon appears to be very local,—hardly perhaps five miles in breadth,—and in some places tornados will be seen to blow in different directions, both well within sight. Often also, after working round to the opposite or fair quarter, they re-form upon the horizon, and once more extend to the zenith. They are sometimes double, one following the other from the same direction, as if the first had not thoroughly exhausted itself. They are not

without danger. During my first year in West Africa I was on board a ship when she was struck by lightning; on another occasion I had a narrow escape from the fluid; and on the third, the wind blew down a large tree top, that fell close to my sleeping hammock. Those that occur at night in the height of the tornado season can hardly be described without an apparent exaggeration. They must be seen and heard to be understood.

Our first tornado, however, was mild. During the fury and acme of the outburst the waters boiled as if an earthquake or a volcano had shaken them, and compelled us to put in the deadlights, under peril of swamping. The thunder and lightning were not worse than many storms that I have seen in England; nor was the rain at all remarkable. On the next morning, however, all was still, the sky cloudy, and the atmosphere damp and warm like a steam bath, and this appears to me to be the rule. According to Dr. Madden, a tornado has sunk the mercury 10° F., others have observed 20° F. It was probably only a temporary change caused by wind and rain. Our initiatory specimen afforded none of those "exquisitely delightful sensations" which, following these battles of the elements, render them at Sierra Leone a matter of hope rather than of fear. Perhaps however, they are more beneficial on the outskirts of the tropics than near the equator.

About noon on Friday, the 6th of September, we sighted in the offing Ovedec, or Cape Verde, rightly so called,—the discovery of Diniz Fernandez, A.D. 1446. It is the Trafalgar, the westernmost point of Africa, 17° 3′,

from the meridian of Greenwich. At first appeared the Two Paps, upon the taller of which the authorities of Senegal have erected a lighthouse. Presently, from beneath the horizon emerged dots which formed a long low line of green vegetation. As we approached, the true Cape appeared, with its outline the Almadies rocks —a ledge mostly sunk, but here and there rising above the foam in wicked-looking diabolitos, or black masses, of which the largest is a die-shaped slab. The Two Paps are brightly green and well wooded; their sea-wall is a precipice, which apparently drops sheer into the wave, and in places patches of yellow sand line the base. We are now on the threshold of tropical luxuriance, which in Western Africa extends South from the Senegal river (N. lat. 16° 30'), whereas in the east the arid region of the coast reaches to nearly the equator.

The distance was of course too great to sight on the right hand the Cape de Verde Islands, which, according to some, are the Insulæ Beatæ, beyond which the ancients had no certain knowledge of Africa; others make the Cape the Hesperian Keras, and apply this description to the island:—"Contra hoc promontorium Gorgonis insulæ narrantur Gorgonum quondam domus bidui navigatione distantes à continento." (Plin. lib. vi. c. 36.) D'Anville places them among the Bissagos. This, then, was the austral extreme of the world, of the whole world to civilized man 450 years ago. The islands are salient points in the geography of the eastern Atlantic, sterile, grim, with serrated ridges and isolated

peaks sometimes 8000 feet high, and their formation points them out as continuations of the great Sahara. As we advanced we were visited by birds and butterflies, wasps and mosquitoes, from the humid regions around this Green Cape, the western Prasum Promontorium. We then steamed by the little green-capped rocks called the Madeleines, and after another hour a curtain of coast, opening before us, disclosed the red citadel and the subject town of Goree, the Gibraltar of West Africa. It lies twelve hours from Bathurst, and was once a mail station: presently however it ceased to pay. The site is a volcanic island, ditched and defended from the shore by the respectable Dakar Strait, some 3000 yards broad. At our distance we could see but four vessels lying in the excellent roadstead to the north-east of the settlement. It has a semaphore, a good quay, and fine stores, principally built by French soldiers, who receive extra pay. Its garrison is 600 marine infantry. The governor ranks below him of Senegal, but he reports direct to the minister at Paris.

The word Goree is clean forgotten in England; perhaps even the humorous and talented gentleman who penned the following passage would have difficulty in telling you exactly its whereabouts.

"Here is a placid-looking little old man, trotting briskly down John-street, Tottenham-court-road. He is about seventy, apparently, but walks erect. He has a natty little three-cornered hat, a well-brushed black suit, rather white at the seams, grey silk stockings, and silver buckles in his shoes. Two powdered *ailes de pigeon*

give relief to his simple good-humoured countenance, and his hair is gathered behind into a neat pigtail, which leaves a meandering line of powder on the back of his coat. His linen is very white, so are his hands, on one of the fingers of which he wears a ring of price. He lodges in a little street in the neighbourhood I have mentioned, pays his rent regularly, has frequent friendly chats with the bookstall-keepers, to whom he is an excellent customer, and with whom he is highly popular; pats all the children on the head, and smiles affably at the maid-servants. The neighbours set him down as a retired schoolmaster, a half-pay navy purser, or, perhaps, a widower with a small independence. At any rate he is a pleasant body, and quite the gentleman. This is about the close of his Day. Would you like to know his Night? Read the Old Bailey Sessions paper: ask the Bow-street officers, who have been tracking him for years, and have captured him at last: who are carrying him handcuffed to Newgate, to stand his trial for murder. His double was Governor Wall, Commandant of Goree, who was hanged for the murder of Sergeant Armstrong, whom he caused to be flogged to death; very strongly adjuring the negro who inflicted the torture to cut the victim's liver out."

A mystery clothes the place—even the 'cute Mr. P. of Philadelphia has failed to explain it. In 1831 it was in miserable condition, now it is in first-rate order. It is an outpost of the colony of Senegal, where the French, agreeably to their custom, have organised a powerful military force of 2500 European soldiers, and 8000

native auxiliaries, with a squadron of thirteen steamers, to ensure mobility, many of them Crimean gunboats, and highly effective for river navigation. The object is of course to shake hands with Algeria, to link the North African possessions with their future conquests south of the Sahara, and eventually with the rich mineral lands lying eastward of Senegal; and already the territory almost equals Algeria in extent, with a directly subject population of 100,000 souls. Goree connected by an electric wire with St. Louis of Senegal, the head-quarters, is of use to vessels delayed by the river bar; and Senegal will, of course, be the first base of all operations intended to work northwards and eastwards.*

The English hug themselves in the idea that the French are bad colonists—much on the principle that one Briton can always beat three Gauls; if so, France, like China, is improving. Algeria, Senegal, and Siam ought somewhat to modify our opinions. She has still one grand fault—an excessive bureaucracy, which of course engenders a rage for over-government; this is transient. In the days of Louis XIV. the principle of non-interference in commercial affairs was recog-

* The Senegal river is navigable, even during the dries, for 200 miles above the military posts, Richard Toll, and Daganna. One hundred and thirty French leagues in straight line from the mouth lead to the Fort St. Joseph de Galam, whose palmy days will be now renewed. It was founded in 1697 by the Sieur de Brue, Director-General of the French factory. He ascended the river 600 or 800 miles, and on return offered with 1200 men to annex the mines of Bambúk, which had so profitably been worked by the Portuguese. The French Government refusing, stout-hearted De Brue applied himself to the gum trade.

nised, and will be recognised again. She now requires a fleet, which will always keep up the colonies, and an outlet for her army—Madagascar or Mexico—which will ever provide fresh conquests. She begins on the right principle by sending her best men, naval and military, to her colonies. She shows her force, and impresses the natives before proceeding to treat; she educates the children of the chiefs, and compels her lieges all, under a penalty, to speak French.* This warlike imperial colonial policy contrasts strongly with our Quaker-like peacefulness; about Gambia the natives have sneeringly declared that they will submit to the French, who are men, but not to us. And the large establishments at Goree and St. Louis have, of course, drawn away from us the Gambia trade. France now extends her arm to the falls of the Senegal river. She first beat the Fulas, once so bold, and then she organised and gave flags to them. She has checked the incursions of the Moors upon the gum-gatherers of the Sahara. This new policy was inaugurated in 1854.

St. Louis, the capital and centre of this warlike colony, lately commanded by that distinguished soldier Colonel (now M. le Général) Faidherbe,† is not fortified,

* The "Ecole des Otages" was founded at St. Louis about 1855. It instructs some twenty youths, the sons of the principal native families; after two or three years, they receive command of a canton, or, if they distinguish themselves, they may complete their education—as did the son of the last Queen of Walo—in France. There are many primary schools for children of all classes, and the marabuts, or learned Moslems, are bound to send their pupils once a day to these French institutions; a measure not yet extended, I believe, to Algeria.

† This officer has commanded six years in the Basin of the Senegal,

but it boasts of fine buildings, of which the most remarkable is the military hospital. The city contains 15,000 souls; as many as forty ladies, the wives and daughters of civil and military officials, have been seen at a single ball. The works are superintended by French soldiers, who can labour where an Englishman would drink himself to death. The colony has a perfect little army. The commandant can take the field with 2500 troops, armed with double-barreled rifles, and 1500 will appear upon the Champ de Mars. The force consists of one regiment marine infantry, one corps black Voltigeurs, and two French batteries of light field artillery, 6-pounders, drawn by mules, whilst 100 spahis, mostly convicts, are mounted as lancers, and dressed in fez and burnous. Besides these, are the trained native auxiliaries.

Since 1854, under undue competition, the trade of this colony has greatly fallen off; nor will it recover till there is less of protection and of interference. At present the revenue of Senegal and its dependencies is—

Customs (2 per cent. ad val.) . . .	£12,000
Other sources	8,000

and has published in the "Annuaire du Sénégal pour 1861," an account of his proceedings, beginning with the early hostilities in 1854, and ending with some twenty treaties of peace, concluded between the strangers and the natives. During his government, admirable surveys of the country have been made, and French travellers have penetrated to the Western Sahara, the mountains of Ardran, the oasis of Tagant, the Brakna and Bambûk countries, Futá-Jalo, and the sources of the Senegal river. English and French commerce are now running a race towards Timbuktu. We may hope to reach the goal *viâ* the Niger, our rivals *viâ* the Senegal; but unless something more be done we shall lose the day.

Giving a poor sum total of £20,000 against a yearly expenditure of £160,000. The yearly exportation, according to the *Journal des Debats*, is upwards of thirty millions of francs.

The exports from Senegal are ostrich feathers, ivory, and gold (in 1860 equal to £2450), hides, horns, and live cattle, wax, palm-oil, gum Senegal, which has declined from 40 to 18 sous per lb., and ground nuts—better than those of the Gambia, because cleaner, being handpicked and not threshed. Of the latter article, Bathurst exported in 1860 about 10,000 tons; Senegal some 1588. But the former was or became principally French property, and the next year told a different tale of proportion. Cotton grows spontaneously, and the people collect it for their own use. The local "Administration" offered in 1860 some forty centimes per kilo for uncleaned stuff—an excessive price. There were some hopes of inducing English capitalists to embark in the affair; but, as the *Journal des Debats* justly remarks, "Ils se sont retirés, probablement pour la même cause qui ferme nos colonies aux étrangers: la difficulté d'y fournir des établissements agricoles, et de gouverner leurs affaires comme il leur plâit, en se conformant aux lois générales."

Ninety miles beyond Cape Verde, and a total run of 950 knots, placed us at the mouth of the Gambia river. We are now about to land in the Guinea region.

The word is *sub judice*. According to Barbot, it is derived from Ginahoa, a province north of the Senegal, and the first Negrotic region discovered by the Portu-

guese, who then extended the name to four-fifths of the coast; but is there any such place? Others propose Ghana or Ghina, the modern Kano, an Arabo-Sudan Empire, which was wholly unmaritime. Others advance the claims of Jenne, Jennah, or Jinne, the Moslem commercial emporium south of the Niger. It is called by early travellers the Land of Gold, which was there brought by the Mandengas and the Moslems of Bure. Others take it from Jenna, a coast town, once a place of note governed by an officer under the king of Gambia. There are objections to all these theories; but, at any rate, the word is a reality. In 1481-2 D. John II. of Portugal assumed the style and title of Señor de Guine, and the English applied its name to a coin.

As the West African coast has few barriers or distinct divisions, the limits of Guinea are laid down apparently arbitrarily by every writer. Its utmost bounds have been from 20° north latitude, to 20° south latitude, afterwards the extent of Sierra Leone jurisdiction, bounded, in fact, by Senegambia and the southern coast regions. In the fifteenth century it seems to have comprised the country between the mouth of the Gambia river, north latitude 13° 30′, and Angola 10° south latitude; yet an old map in my possession, dating 1558, restricts it to the region immediately north of Cape Palmas.* Bosman (1700), describing Guinea, begins

* Fac-simile. "Africa, extrahido do Atlas MS. feito por Diogo Homem em 1558, existente no Museo Britannico: publicando pelo condo de Lavradio em 1660."

with the west of the Gold Coast, and leaves his reader at "Cape Lopez di Gonsalvez" as the uttermost point of Guinea and its gulf, Angola beginning south of it. Others divide the coast into North Guinea, or Nigritia, between the Senegal and Gambia rivers, where the Daradi Æthiopes occupied the lands of the present Mandenga; South Guinea Proper to the Jamoer or Camaroons river, or according to others to the Fernan Vaz river or Cape Lopez, the lands of the Achalinces Æthiopes, and lastly, Western or Lower Æthiopia, the country south of Cape Lopez, and belonging to the Hesperii Æthiopes. For Ethiopia, which originally signified all Africa south, south-east, and south-west of Egypt, has been extended by the moderns to the whole south; eastern Ethiopia bordering on the Indian Ocean, Western Ethiopia on the Ethiopic or South Atlantic Ocean. In our maps Northern Guinea is the name still given to the region bounded west by Liberia, east by the Camaroons mountains; Lower Guinea from Cape Lopez to S. Paul de Loanda.

The limits mostly adopted by modern writers, who divide Guinea into Proper or Upper, and Lower, are as follows:—The former, the northern, extends from Cape Verga in 10° 19′ north latitude, with a coast-line of 2000 miles, to CapeLopez in 0° 36′ south. This would comprise the various divisions of Sierra Leone; the Three Coasts—Grain, Ivory, and Gold—and the three bights, Benin, Biafra, and Pannava or Pannavia. Others, with more correctness, prefer to Cape Lopez the Camaroons mountain in 4° north latitude as the

southern limit; that gigantic pile forming a barrier between lands greatly differing in geological formation, population, and polity. This reduces the coast-line to 1500 miles. Lower or Southern Guinea thus commences either at the Camaroons mountain or at Cape Lopez, and stretches to Benguela in 16° south latitude. It is also known as Southern Ethiopia. Popularly, the three Bights are excluded from Guinea, which would thus consist only of Sierra Leone and the Three Coasts, a line of about 1800 to 2000 miles. No one has attempted to lay down an average inland depth for Guinea. It is inhabited by a number of tribes still little known; and in these days it is a word of little use; rather a name of literary curiosity than one of convenience. There is no such kingdom, and there never was; moreover, the term is utterly unknown to the natives. In modern naval parlance, the littoral is portioned out into three divisions—the northern, from the Senegal to the Bights of Benin and Biafra; the Bights division; and the south coast, from Cape St. John, in 1° 9′ 7″ north latitude, to 20° south latitude.

The annals of European and English progress upon this coast present little of interest beyond a succession of dates and names—perhaps the only reliable part of history. Suffice it to say, that the first settlement by white men was, according to general belief, the Castle and Fort of St. George, afterwards called Elmina, built in 1481, and made the head-quarters of the Gold Coast. For about fifty years the Portuguese monopolised the field; and, to use the quaint language of Bosman,

"served for setting-dogs to spring the game, which, as soon as they had done, was seized by others." Such is popular history, copied by one author from another. At a future time I will discuss the subject of French priority of claim to discovering this coast, and the counter-arguments of Portuguese writers.

From sunrise the sea had changed its blue for a dull, dirty, muddy green; and the leadsman ever sang out, "by the mark, nine," and "by the deep, ten." Low land loomed on both sides, with tufted mangroves, often based apparently upon the waves, showing that we were entering an estuary; and the channel soon narrowed from seven miles to three. "Gambia" is said to mean clear water, surely a misnomer, it is as muddy as the Mersey. As we approached the land, the sun burst through the thick yellow swamp-reek and the dew-clouds with a sickly African heat. Far to the right, in the Port St. Mary, stood a whitewashed building upon a dwarf red cliff. On our left, the river's proper right bank, was Fort Bullen, an outpost on a tongue of land dead-green as paint, and scattered with tall Bentangs (*Pullum ceiba*), or bombax trees. This silk-cotton differs greatly in shape from its congener in Eastern Africa. The bole is thorny, the buttresses are larger, several trunks rarely anastomose, the branches seldom stand out horizontally, nor are the leaves disposed in distinct festoons. It is everywhere, however, a noble tree, useful for shade, and supplying the people with canoe materials and a poor cotton. At Fort Bullen, which is about one hour's row from Bathurst, there is a

detachment of one officer—alias Commandant and Governor of the Queen's Possessions in the Barra country—and seventeen men. The place is by no means wholesome,* and there is no high ground within reach.

Another half hour placed before us Bathurst in full view. It suggested somewhat the idea of a small European watering-place, and contains barely 5,000 souls. The site has none of those undulations which render a place picturesque; everything is horizontal, straight-lined, and barely above sea level. Beginning from the westward are a few detached houses, a colonial hospital, a military ditto, the Governor's quarters, large barracks—upon whose turret floated, or rather depended the flag of St. George, the market, the slaveyard, and the esplanade, behind whose line of trees lay the mass of the settlement. The houses might be those of Byculla, Bombay—in fact, they date from the same epoch—large uncompact tenements, washed glistening white or yellow, with slates, tiles, or shingles, which last curl up in the sun like feathers. Further on are heaps of native huts, like beehives, or a crowded rickyard, rising from swamp and sand, and terminating abruptly up the river. There is an Octagon, not a concert-room or chapel, but a coal depôt, and there are two one-gun martello towers at the angles of the fort looking towards the

* Capt. Hewett ("West Africa," chap. xvi.) says it is the most healthy spot in the river, but that is not much. I like Capt. Hewett's book, though critics and reviewers have treated it badly: it tells the truth bluntly, especially upon such ticklish subjects as the liberated Africans and the slave trade.

town, which may relieve the view, but which look anything but dangerous. A nearer glance shows the house walls stained and gangrened with mildew; a fearful vegetation of Guinea grass, palms, plantains, cotton trees, and caoutchouc figs, which at a distance resemble whitethorns, occupies every inch of soil, and the inundations of the river sometimes find their way into the ground floor. In fact, the island and settlement of St. Mary (of old a cemetery) seem to be selected for unhealthiness, for proximity to mud, mangrove, miasma, and malaria.

The island is an elbow about five miles long by two broad, bounded eastward by Oyster Creek, a lagoon-like branch of the Gambia River; westward by the main mouth of the stream. It is an island within an island; the latter, also called St. Mary, is the northernmost of that mass of continental islands which, formed by the Gambia and the Cacheo River, extend south to the Rio Grande.* It is, in fact, the delta of the Gambia, and is marked in most maps as the "Combo," "Forni," and "Feloop" country. St. Mary-the-Less is a mere strip, a sandpatch, which potent heats and tropical rains clothe with a vivid and profuse vegetation. Water may everywhere be found three feet beneath the surface, but it is brackish and bad. There is hardly any versant,—in places the town is below the level of the river;—excellent brick sewers have been built, but the rains prefer to sop the soil. And lest the island be

* Explored about 1446 by Tristaõ Nunez, who was killed, probably for kidnapping.

gradually carried away, there is a penalty for removing even a pailful of sand from the beach.

Bathurst was unknown in the days of Park, when traders went up the river to Jilifri, nearly opposite Fort James, and Pisania. The site was bought from the Mandenga chief of Kombo—a small annual tribute, still paying,—together with the land called the English "mile." First called Leopold, and presently Bathurst, after the minister of that name, the actual town was built in 1816, under orders of Sir Charles Macarthy, after whom an island in the upper stream has been christened. The settlement, designed for the use of liberated Africans, was erected by Lieutenant-Colonel Brereton and Captain Alexander Grant. In 1821 it was made, like Cape Coast Castle and the Gold Coast, a dependency of Sierra Leone, whose jurisdiction, after the last of the African companies was abolished, extended from 20° N. to 20° S. Now it is an independent government. Like all European settlements of that date, the site is execrable and the buildings excellent.

We anchored off Brown's Wharf, one of the dwarf stages of woodwork whose principal use seems to be that of affording standing-room to the juvenile piscators of Bathurst. When the mail bags were gone, we received a visit from the Postmaster, who, in default of the sick health officer, allowed us pratique. We reflected severely on the excessive "cheek" of questioning the health of new comers from Old England, when the chances are that all the Bathurstians are dying of dysentery and yellow fever. A facetious second mate,

who always spoke of his eye as "she," pointed out to me with a grin a small gathering of bullocks and buffaloes—the latter word used here for all cattle with humps—declaring that he had never seen so much meat at a time, a pig and a pumpkin being the usual supply in the Bathurst market. He also recounted how a friend, having employment and salary here, had left the place after a month on account of the indecent size and fullness of the cemetery. Near us lay H.M.S. "Dover," a neat little steamer, which had lately been repaired, almost at the expense of a new investment: theoretically, she carries the monthly mails to Macarthy's Island; practically, she is found more useful at head-quarters. Certainly no settlement on this fatal coast should be left without the means of ready escape. The old "Albert," of Nigerian celebrity, and immortalised as one of the ill-starred three which brought Captain Trotter's expedition to grief, lies in a ruinous state on the left bank of the river. After her palmy days she was bought by Government for colonial and mercantile purposes, and an annual allowance of 2000*l.* was granted for repairs. She died probably of grief from the abuse heaped upon her by the Rev. Mr. Poole.*

The wind was rough, and the Bathurstian sharks are vivacious; as usual, the knowing beasts will not touch feather nor rise at bait in harbour. We proceeded

* Life, Scenery, and Customs in Sierra Leone and the Gambia. By T. G. Poole, D.D., Colonial and Garrison Chaplain of Sierra Leone. London: Bentley, 1850. The grant alluded to above will be found in vol. ii. chap. 6, and those following it, describing Mr. Poole's ascent of the Gambia in the ill-starred "Albert."

hygiènically to lay in provaunt before landing, and whilst thus engaged we were visited by sundry officials —Dr. Martin, superintending surgeon; Dr. Sherwood, colonial surgeon; the military store-keeper, Mr. Keane; Mr. Deputy Assistant-Commissary-General Blanc, together with his aide, an old *compagnon de voyage* of "the consul's," Mr. Fryer. Mail days are holidays at Bathurst, as in other places "down coast:" these gentlemen breakfasted with us, and hospitably invited us to their quarters on shore. It was drizzling rain; this, however, did not prevent us. At St. Mary's the seasons are simplified to two—wet and dry. The former, which is considered the more unhealthy, especially in the towns, begins in June and ends about mid-October; November being a fine month. The latter rounds off the year. As usual in Africa, the most dangerous period is during the drying up of the waters, when the vegeto-animal matter deposited in the swamps and hollows by rain and river is being distilled into miasma. The wettest months are July, August, and September. On the 9th August, 1861, there fell in twenty-four hours 9·12 inches, measured by pluviometer, and half the island was under water; on the 22nd July and the 4th September, the fall was 3·50 inches. The lowest temperature is 62° (F.), but only when the high, dry harmattan, or east wind, blows from the Desert. The hottest months are March, April, and May, especially the latter, when the thermometer in the shady upper gallery of the hospital will show a maximum of 99° (F.), very near the point—100° (F.)—when a man has a right to begin complaining of heat. For nine

months in the year the wind blows from the west, with some northing and southing; yet "windward" at Bathurst means N. N. E. All throughout the coast there are periodical clearings off of the white population. In 1859, about six months after Sierra Leone had lost half its number of Europeans, all died except those that could and would run away. And, after looking at the settlements—no wonder!

We transferred ourselves from boat to shore upon the miserable wharf, shaky piles driven into the sand and planked over. We walked up the main street or esplanade, a broad promenade, with avenues of trees and drains of masonry, rendered necessary by the deep loose sand. There are several streets, upper and the lower—which run parallel with the beach—and they are connected by cross lanes. The decayed look of everything around, except the vegetation, impressed me painfully. The multiplicity of useless walls, the clumps of trees, and the greensward faintly suggest the idea of a semi-deserted single-regiment station in Western India. Our first visit was to the Commissariat, a roomy and substantial edifice of stone and lime, with large open verandahs, here called piazzas, lofty apartments, galleries, and in fact all that an African house should be. Billiard tables and other comforts and conveniences are not wanting. I remarked Elands and Koodoo's horns, and learned that they came from the upper country, where there is everything of venery, from the sandpiper to the lion—which is common—the elephant and the hippopotamus. The sport around Bathurst is reduced to water-

fowl, partridges—larger, stronger, and more finely pencilled than the European—a few antelope and "harness-deer." The town abounds in the natural scavenger, the galinazo, or turkey-buzzard, and a large species of the same kind. Our gallant captain bought a fine specimen of the true Egyptian ibis for a dollar. Here and there the tall, ill-proportioned Maraboo crane, moping, melancholy, and with shoulders hunched up, ugly as a pelican, but wearing precious feathers on his back, squatted upon his leg joints, and looked particularly stupid.

After a few minutes of "second breakfast," as it is locally called, at the Commissariat, we walked through the drizzle to see the town and the townspeople. The latter at once attracted my attention, and I found no difficulty in distinguishing at first sight Moslem from Kafir. The principal tribes, besides the Gipsy-like Fula, and the wild, half-naked pagan Jolu, are the Mandengas and Wolofs. The former, anciently called Mandingo, is a race of gentlemen and horsemen. I was surprised by their points of likeness to the Somal, who dwell about the same parallel of latitude on the East African Coast*—the long limbs, especially the fore-arm, tall lithe figures, high shoulders, small heads, and semi-Caucasian features. There is the usual African peculiarity in the toilette,—no two men are dressed alike. The costume is picturesque: a Phrygian bonnet, glengarry, or

* The Mandengas inhabit a triangle, whose base is the line from the south of the Senegal to the Gambia, and whose apex is the Niger, even extending to near Timbuktu.

liberty cap, of dark indigo-dyed cotton, and sometimes the kan-top, or ear-cap, of India and Hausa, surmounts their shaven heads. When travelling, they wear, as usual all down this coast, "country umbrellas," like the Malabar fishermen's hats, a thatch of plaited palm leaves, shaped like a parasol, with a central swell and an umbo or boss for coolness and dryness. The body dress is a long kamis (shirt) of white or blue longcloth, and wide but short trowsers, like those of European women. Over all is thrown a sleeveless burnous, or half-sleeved Tobe, garnished with a huge breast pocket. It is seldom white, more often indigo-dyed, with broad and narrow stripes of a lighter tint than the ground-work. An essential article is the taawiz, or talisman, locally and barbarously called gri-gri; a Koranic quotation or mysterious diagram enclosed in a roll, or in a small square of morocco leather, hung round the neck, and attached to various parts of the body. Of these prophylactics, which answer to the little cross and the medals blessed by the Pope, a serious person will wear some dozen—a whole volume disposed about his limbs. Contrary to the rule of Moslems generally, they honour workers in iron and leather; the king's blacksmith and cobbler are royal councillors. So the barber of the "Great Mogul" was a personage of exalted rank, none other being worthy to be entrusted with the imperial nose and throat. Most of the men carried knives, daggers, and crooked old sabres in leather sheaths—a practice which should never be permitted in Africa; natives entering a military or a civil station, should

always be compelled temporarily to leave their weapons with the policemen at the nearest guard-house. The Mandengas returned a ready w'alaykum el salaam to my orthodox address. The Wólof, as M. Koeller writes the word, anciently spelt Joloff, Wolof, Yaloof, and Yaloo, respond Jammagam to the Tobaubo, or white man's Jammagam. They are more like the Abyssinians than the Mandengas are, and are remarkable for good looks, ringlets, and tasteful toilets and ornaments. This small maritime tribe is interesting and civilisable; many have been Christianised, especially by the Roman Catholic missioners.* They are excellent sailors, and have acquired the title of "Jews of West Africa," a distinction which belongs rather to the rascally Akus or Egbas. A Wolof woman afterwards came on board the steamer, clad in a horrid semi-European cotton gown; she curtseyed, instead of salaaming, spoke a little poor French, and amused herself with spelling out a missionary tract. Their country lies between the Gambia and the Senegal, and is divided into sundry petty kingdoms, Senaar, Saulaem or Salem, and Ballagh or Baa.

The scene as we approach the neat market, "Albert," and dome with zinc or iron roof—built by Governor O'Connor—becomes amusing. Men and women sit under the tall cotton trees and the stately banyans,

* Usually three priests and five Sisters of Charity—a number now greatly reduced. They keep a school, principally for Wolof children, and are very evangelised. Captain Hewett declares that the Wolof are "seldom or ever converted to Christianity." I believe the contrary to be the case.

selling oranges, limes, and papaws, vegetables of all kinds, especially the Bhendi of India (*Hibiscus esculentus*), here, as in the Southern States of North America, called okra or okros, and making the best thickening for soup; tomatoes, which grow wild upon the coast as in the interior, and form an admirable corrective to the climate, yams, batatas or sweet potatoes, and baskets of ground nuts, with which up the river even the pigeons are fed. There are kola nuts (*Sterculia acuminata*), both for retail in baskets and packed in bundles with bamboo matting—here they are imported and become costly. The live stock consists of a few geese and turkeys, Manilla ducks, the hardest and the most insipid of their tribe, and the poultry, amongst which is the kind with inverted feathers, lately described under the name of arripiada by Dr. Livingstone and by travellers in Eastern Africa. Some of the crowd are spinning and weaving, all, daddies, mammies, and piccaninnies, with an incessant flow of tongue; many are reading what the ignorant but self-sufficient Kafir will tell you is the Koran, but which are really extracts and prayers written in the square semi-Cufic Maghrabi character, which would take a learned Meccan a month to learn; whilst others, I regret to say, polluted by a licence which calls itself liberty, are shamelessly gambling with little sticks stuck in the ground—may their graves be browzed upon by donkeys! Now and then fighting-looking fellows ride past us, with the Asiatic ring-bit and the Mandenga saddle, a heavy demi-pique. The nags are ponies, about ten hands high, thin and angular, but

hardy, and, like most of the equines in this part of Africa, vicious and quarrelsome. They have no pace between a lazy lope and a hand-gallop. Yet, with all their shortcomings, I should prefer them to the diminutive bastard barb, here called an Arab, which costs from 20*l.* to 40*l.*: the latter generally dies early from chills, colds, and checked perspiration, that brings on "loin disease," *i.e.* paralysis of the hind parts, or from the fatal swelling of the stomach, which is caused by bad food. A dance is also going on. The M.C., a wild-looking mumbo-jumbo-like negro, dressed in savage and fantastic habiliments, scanty pagne or loin-cloth with red streamers, and strips of long-haired skin dangling from his limbs, prevents by his superintendence the lookers-on from breaking into the circle.* The performers are non-professional; at times a lady outsider becoming excited, throws herself *en évidence,* putting "life and mettle in her heels," and with the upper person to the fore and the lower person wonderfully disposed backwards, enacts a part which it it is difficult to ignore and impossible to describe. Dancing, in the vapid quadrilles, unmeaning minuets, and romping waltzes and polkas of civilisation, has lost, it is evident, all its meaning; for instance, the cachucha, which the Portuguese borrowed from the Kongo in West Africa, has been parodied by the Spaniards and refined by the French into utter insignification. A few boats and some hides cumber the

* The mumbo-jumbo of the Gambia is called, as in books, "Horey:" There is also a regular profession of bards and M.C.'s here as in Senegal, termed Griote or Guriot.

sand, and amongst the heaps stray pretty deer-shaped goats of small size, and gaunt pigs, sharp-snouted and long-legged as the worst Irisher. We do not enter the market-place, which swarms with both sexes in blue; African indigo affords a beautiful purple dye, but one soon learns to prefer the white clothing. Dr. Martin, my kind host and guide, warns me that philanthropy is the order of the day in this corner of the white man's cemetery.

Quæ caret ora cruore nostro?

I can read this in the face of the *casimir noir*, alias the "black diamond." The liberated Africans, principally Akus and Ibos, have begun the "high jinks," which we shall find at their highest in Sierra Leone. They have organised "companies," the worst of trading unions, elected head men who will become their tyrants, effected strikes, and had several serious collisions with the military. They are in missionary hands, which disciplines and makes them the more dangerous. The Mandengas, whom Mungo Park characterised as a "wild, sociable, and obliging people," are now spoken of as turbulent and unruly. And this is to be expected; a race of warriors must be ruled by the sword. They would themselves prefer military law to all the blessings of a plebiscite.

Under charge of Dr. Martin I visited the military hospital on the west of the town, close to the swamp. The place is murderous. There is a sick ward upon the ground floor!—one night on the ground floor is certain

fever in most parts of Tropical Africa,—and that ground floor is, like the latrinæ and other offices, frequently under water. In the first story the beds are crowded together, each patient having 800, whereas 2000 feet of air should be the minimum. Moreover, in these regions no first story is thoroughly wholesome, unless a free current of air flows beneath it. Jalousies or shutters take the place of glass windows. On the second floor are the quarters of the medical officers, within pleasant distance of an atmosphere fraught with small-pox and dysentery, typhus, and yellow Jack. This caution of a hospital is built to "accommodate" 23, at times it has had 32, and the average may be set down at 12; when I visited it there were 18 fever and dysentery cases. Amongst them was a Malabar Cooley in the last stage of phthisis, and a Bombay native Christian, who, after exhausting the West Indies, had engaged himself as a bandmaster. I was not astonished after going the rounds to hear of 92 deaths out of 96 admissions, and that at times *el vomito* "improves off" everybody. Reports after reports have gone home, but hitherto without effect. Nadir Shah should have sent his director-general, or whoever the "boss" of that department may be, to pass a season there.

After liquoring up—and such is Gambian hospitality that this genial rite forms part of every visit—we again issued forth, to call upon the Colonial Secretary, Dr. Robertson, then in temporary charge of the place during the absence of H. E., who found it advisable to pass the sickly season at Madeira. Thence we proceeded to the

barracks, and after passing through pools with which the spouts had invested what in hot weather is loose burning sand, we found Captain Ivey, the commandant of the troops, surrounded by piles of newspapers. The buildings are substantial, of weather-stained stone—a long flat-roofed range of galleried upper rooms, built on arches over the soldiers' quarters, and commanded by a quadrangular tower, which bears the flag and an old weathercock. You enter the doorway and find on the left a black hole, once called an orderly room, now the Brigade Office; the inner part is a patio or yard. There is a bell in a dwarf cupola over the portal, and a clock so artificially disposed that the soldiers for whom it is intended cannot see it without going outside. This and the loopholes have been standing jests at Bathurst. The latter reminded me not a little of the Aden style of fortification, where, after a hard morning's great-gun exercise, the only accident that occurred was the death of our Bhisti by a rebound of the ball. The loopholes look from the road into the barrack-yard, kitchen, and cellar; the enemy will find convenient shelter whilst firing down upon the former, and the friend concealment during his pilfering the latter. Not far from the barracks, and between a battery and a room once, I believe, used as a church, is the powder-magazine, guarded by a solitary sentry, and boasting none of the precautions, moat, *chevaux de frise*, or tall wall, usually adopted when combustibles are heaped together. A little practice enables a people to forget it, even when the air is full of electric fire, and further south the

traders have the pleasant habit of storing kegs by hundreds in their bamboo houses. At the moment I write there is half a ton of gunpowder within stone-throw, in a zinc house, with negro fires not twenty paces from the walls. In Africa, as in Asia, circumstances force a man to become a fatalist.

The garrison at Bathurst now consists of three companies (304 men) of the 2nd West: they are thus distributed. Bathurst has 212, Macarthy's Island, 41, Cape St. Mary's, 34 invalids and convalescents, and Fort Bullen, 17. It has been a favourite theory that the Jamaican negro and others withstand the heat and miasmata of Africa better than the white man; the contrary is probably the case.* The semi-civilised African dies of phthisis much more readily than the Englishman; and if exposed to hardship, he becomes, to use a homely but forcible expression, rotten after the first year. In enduring the fatigues of actual warfare he is, I believe, inferior to the acclimatised European. Although negroes have a singular immunity from yellow fever—none were attacked at Sierra Leone during the five epidemics from 1837 to 1859—the small-pox is a scourge to them, and they die like sheep of dysentery and bilious remittent. Recruited too often among the

* The "African Regiment," a condemned corps of 800 men once stationed here and at Sierra Leone, died, it is true, in a few months. But they were "the greatest rascals under the sun, the offscourings of the army, and were drunk day and night, sleeping in the dews and drinking new rum, old palm wine, or anything they could lay their hands upon." The officers were "equally reckless and insubordinate," says Captain Hewett.

loafers of the West Indies and the idle vagabonds of Sierra Leone, the men, though fine sturdy-looking fellows, and, for blacks, well set up, are troublesome and litigious. Like the Indian Sepoy, they are very far from being brave. In the late "Badibu expedition," the English sailors and marines lost no opportunity of showing their contempt for them. They wear the Zouave dress, than which nothing can look better or be worse. The fez, though aided with white cover and curtain, defends neither from sun, wind, nor rain. The thick cloth jacket is a perpetual poultice. The knickerbockers are heavy, clumsy, and thoroughly unfit for walking through walls of thorn, guinea-grass, and matted bush. The costume was intended for the latitudes of Morocco, where there are no such obstructions: it is wholly misplaced here, except on the parade-ground. And even there it might advantageously be changed for jackets, and continuations of warm dungaree, with turban and curtain outside a stiff felt cap —cylindrical, if the helmet is considered out of keeping. At the time of my visit the troops were suffering from want of clothing, and had to eke out their toilette with queer succedanea.

After an excellent lunch of pepper-pot, we mounted for a "marooning" gallop to the old convalescent-house at Cape St. Mary's, the local sanitarium and out-station for invalids. Our road lay westward along the ribbed sea-sand, the only ride in the place. At certain times of the tide, however, a four-in-hand could be driven along its hard, smooth surface. I recognised with plea-

sure on the dwarf ledge above the action of the waves an old friend, the familiar convolvulaceous creeper (an Ipomœa), with its bright green fleshy leaves and beautiful conical pink flowers, which everywhere greets the stranger landing on the dazzling white sands of tropical Africa. Presently we passed the burial-ground, concerning which so much has been said. A few tombstones, mostly without inscriptions, are scattered on the sand and in the bank, and they are so near the shore that corpses and coffins have been washed into the sea. If New Orleans be a wet grave, this is dry with a witness, the depth and looseness of the sand making the excavation a mere hole. Three governors are buried in the sand-bank. But matters of climate are becoming too serious to make us linger long about such places or subjects. *Par parenthèse* I may remark that, whilst the French have at Bathurst two or three missionaries, and the same number of Sisters of Charity, and the Wesleyan chapels and schools* muster strong,—whilst there is a fort, a military square, and other such carnal appurtenances; the Established Church of England—even here, to say nothing of Macarthy's Island—has no house of worship, except what was once an officers' mess, and nothing but a colonial chaplain, who knows to *briller* by his absence. After a hand-gallop of about three miles along-shore, we turned abruptly to the left, where a sign-post directed us, and dashed into bush and wood-

* The Wesleyans have two chapels, two European missionaries, and a large school at Bathurst, to which Government allows 100*l.* per annum.

land. The road was heavy and deep with sand, which in the dry season must be painfully loose; the rains and decayed vegetation have clothed it with a coat of green. The Guinea-grass,—lower down the coast it will range from eighteen to twenty-one feet high, and each stalk thick as a walking stick,—already assumes tropical proportions; the bush is lush and tall, and the mangrove, though more stunted than Russian birch, whicli it resembles in leaf, form, and colour, is thick and juicy. Here, as elsewhere, the shortness and obliquity of the grain, and the excessive hardness of the heart, render this wood fit for nothing but fuel. There are three kinds of palms—the cocoa, the date (which, however, does not bear), and the bamboo, or toddy-palm (*R. vinifera*), the latter so abundant that considerable profit, it is believed, might be made by its distillation.* Further on we shall see the noble palmyra. I recognise another familiar form, the baobab or calabash (*A. digitata*), locally called monkey-bread: it is rather man's bread. The people of the interior prefer it to grain, and the flour mixed with milk is extensively used in curing dysentery.† Here, however, the baobab lacks

* The experiment has, I believe, been tried, but it failed for want of sufficient supply of the wine. Palm brandy is much used in Zanzibar, and known by the name of Mvinyo. Mr. Poole does not regret the failure, because "we do not require any further addition to the stimulants, which are found to be quite answerable for the purpose of destroying thousands of souls and bodies." But is he not rather a benefactor to his kind, who invents a new kind of enjoyment?

† Mr. Poole, vol. ii. p. 206, is "at a loss to know why these trees bear the name they do." The people of Sierra Leone have a superstition that it attracts lightning, and never build their houses near it.

the huge proportions of the Central African monster, and its foliage is ragged and irregular, wanting that parachute shape which it presents on the Eastern coast. Coming to swampy ground we drew rein; it is full of crabs, and their holes are dangerous. Some years ago, as the local legend tells, a doctor happened to lie down, probably not "impransus," upon this muddy bed, and in the morning it was found that the crabs had eaten his eyes. A similar story is told of a merchant skipper who was devoured by the dogs in his nighting place, one of the gutters of Constantinople.

Another mile of bush and woodland, here opening out, there closing in very thick, carried us to Oyster Creek, the western outlet of the Gambia river, whose fork forms the Island of St. Mary. Here we found a small thatched house of lumber, not very clean, but almost entirely without furniture; it is a kind of Star and Garter to the Bathurstians, who make Saturday their great marooning day. We were welcomed by a "Mammy," that is to say, a fat, middle-aged mulatto woman, bred and born at Bathurst, and speaking "Blackman's English." Mammy, the great synoynm for madam, ma'am, mother, wife, is more prettily and Frenchfully, but ignorantly, written ma'amie; whilst Daddy, *i.e.*, sir, master, husband, father—at Fernando Po they call their consul Big Daddy—is turned by polite authors into Daaie. Around the Oyster house lay piles of shells, showing that the native meets with appreciation. But in these lands oysters lose half their significancy. There are two kinds; the little native

oyster, very sweet and wholesome, and the Mangrove oyster, growing upon trees, a phenomenon which, if lengthy description and facetious remark be a test, mightily tickles the fancy of every African traveller. At certain seasons it is believed to be almost poisonous, and old hands always prefer it roasted. The branch is cut off and exposed to the fire, and this not only cooks the animal, but renders knives unnecessary. The Mammy supplied us with fire and water, and we breathed the nags till the ferry came. Oyster Creek is not 100 yards in breadth, nor is it very deep, but the number and ferocity of the sharks forbid swimming this Styx. Presently appeared the boat, a large flat-sided punt, with hand paddles, worked by a Charon and two acolytes. We were accompanied by men and boys returning to their homes on the mainland, and all armed with old sabre blades in elaborate leathern sheaths. We disembarked at last upon the true African continent, which my foot had not pressed for—years. It felt like a return to *dulce domum*.

The scene at once improved: it illustrated on a small scale how much better is the heart of Africa than its epidermis. The last three miles lay over sand and through the usual *mélange* of bush and woodland; the former, however, thinned out: the swamp disappeared, and as the ground rose, the *coup d'œil* assumed that "park-like" appearance which every traveller, from Bruce to the latest tourist in Africa beyond the coast, has remarked, all using the same word. Herds of fat, round-bellied cattle were browsing upon the luxurious

grass: as we passed them on the gallop they scampered away, dislodging from their backs and sides the brown and red "tick-birds" that were rendering them important services. The lovely black Whydah thrush, or widow bird—as vicious a little animal, by-the-by, as any widow that fancy of jilted spinster authoress ever conceived—fluttered her long tapering tail-feathers over mimosas, all golden balls and emerald leaves. Then followed a causeway of cockle shells and a bridge of tree trunks, spanning a younger brother of the Oyster Creek, for which the colony is indebted to the energy of Colonel O'Connor, the governor preceding him now in power. A few late columnar palms, the *Palmyra nobilis*, unerring herald of a finer land and superior healthiness, frequently appeared; and leaving behind us the dreary plain of arid sand and mephitic jungle forming the Island of St. Mary, suddenly, in a most unexpected manner, a turn of the road round a little rise of ground showed us the quarters at the Cape St. Mary. The distance was a total of about eight miles.

We had passed on the road the assistant-surgeon in charge of invalids, and he had told us to make ourselves at home. We therefore proceeded at once to his quarters, where we found whisky and water, and whilst reposing amused ourselves by teazing a little Ambriz monkey, with a blue face and pretty figure; it was gentle and mild tempered, a very angel among the *Simiadæ*. The Health House, or Cape House as it is generally called, is built upon the top of the cliff, ready to catch all the breezes that blow across the broad Atlantic. The

"muster" is that of the barracks and the larger houses in the town, but though no expense seems to have been spent in building it, the neglect of a few timely repairs seems to have brought it to untimely grief. I was charmed with the site after the horrors of St. Mary's Island. A wonderment seized me—how long will it be before the Europeans of the settlement remove to it *en masse?* Those opposed to such change —and such a man there will be in every place, probably even in Inferno—declare that the roadstead is bad; bad however as it is, all own that those of Cape Coast Castle and Accra are as bad, and that the bays of Lagos and the "Oil Rivers" are twenty-fold worse. They comment upon its dullness, the difficulty of obtaining provisions, and the want of books, which can be procured only from the Military Library. But were the barracks established here, dullness would disappear, at least as much as from the town, provisions would appear, and it is easy to subscribe to Mudie's—a proceeding which, apparently, has not been dreamt of by a soul save myself in the slow lands of Western Africa. All is still redolent of the times of Adamson, Phil. Beaver, and Mungo Park. Madras is called the benighted Presidency of British India. I propose for West Africa—where all things, ideas, living, literature, commerce, are at least half a century behind other colonies, from old Newfoundland to new New Zealand—the *sobriquet* of the Dark Coast. I begin to think that the antiquated horror of Western Africa, which methinks is really but little worse than Western India, will soon pass away from the memory of

the British public, which is wax to receive and marble to retain such prejudices. Then, as a consequence, hygienic science will readily discover fitting residences for the white man; and then, but not till then, the mines of African wealth, from which we now content ourselves with picking up the fragments, will be effectually and thoroughly exploited.

Leaving the convalescent quarters, when Jocko's temper could stand it no longer, we proceeded to inspect the vicinage. Our first visit was to a tattered old Bungalow, which Dr. Martin had, upon his own responsibility, hired to accommodate six privates and a sick officer—after the fashion of the Crimean nurses, I put him last—half-dead with fever from Macarthy's Island. This butt-end of the habitable world, a swamp, six miles by four, derives its name from the late Sir Charles Macarthy, whilome governor of Sierra Leone, who in 1823, by the mistake of his ordnance-keeper in bringing up biscuits and macaroni instead of ammunition, was beheaded by the Ashantis at the battle of Assamacow, and whose name is still sworn by on the Gold Coast.* The island in

* The native account of this event may be read with amusement: it is extracted from Mr. Zimmerman's "Sketch of the Akra or Gu language. Stuttgart, 1858." It is a fair specimen of the Gold Coast histories, and was probably published because it gives but a poor account of the English General :—

"*The War of Asamangkao* (*Assamacow*).

"Wherefore the Ashantis with MacCarthy (Governor of Sierra Leone) made war the reason is this: it is said, that an Ashanteman came to Cape Coast to buy things; and when he went to the market, he saw a woman selling stink-fish, and he said unto her: 'Thy fish, how much one?' And she showed him the price. Then the

question is situated some 180—200 miles up the Gambia,—our charts give a direct distance of 110,

man said unto her (saying): 'Take some off for me!' And the woman said: 'I do not take off.' — In that time the Ashantis ruled over the Cape-Coast and Akra-people. Then that same man said unto her: 'I do not pay thee any more at all, but I take it by force!' And the woman said unto him: 'Then thy master which is in Ashanti, he buys the fish for me' (*i.e.* he will pay it). Then the man said unto the woman: 'Why sayest thou so?' Afterwards the man began to scold her, saying: 'Thy master who is in Europe, Osei (King of Ashanti) says of him: He shall come and ——' And the woman also told him: 'And also thy master who is in Ashanti, the King says: He shall come and ——' Then the man said: 'Why sayest thou so?' and he began to swear that the woman shall be caught and brought to Ashanti. And the woman ran off to the fort and told all the things which the man had done unto her. And the man went off to his town and told it; and Osei let him be caught and killed, saying: 'Wherefore he let himself not be killed there?'

"And Osei sent his messengers down, that the woman may be delivered unto them; and the Cape-Coast Governor also did not allow that she was delivered. When this thing happened, the Governor wrote to Europe, saying: 'Well, this matter has happened!' And the King also wrote a letter to the Danish King; and this also wrote a letter to the fort here, that powder and lead may be given out. And the English King also despatched a vessel with warriors and captains. Their chief-captain was called MacCarthy. When MacCarthy came, he had thousand soldiers; these all were good warriors. He went off to this war, and when he went he met with an old woman in the way, and this old woman told him: 'Master, I beg thee return first; for the warriors thou leadest are not enough; rather return to seek some more to them; for the Ashantis are too many.' MacCarthy expressed himself, saying: 'Oh! these my warriors fit me, that I will fight with them.' And he went off and fought with them. When they had fought a long time, then MacCarthy's powder was done. And the Fantis which had gone with him to war, when they saw that their powder altogether which they carried was done, they began to cry, 'Our powder is out!' And as the Ashantis and the Fantis all have one tongue, they could hear what the Fantis said in their camp. Then the Ashantis got strength and destroyed them as

and an indirect of 170,—a river so tedious and sluggish that the tide can be felt for 170 of its 300 miles. It is, however, the key of the interior, and a

clay. Now if MacCarthy looks how the Ashantis deal with him and that also his powder is done, he with all his people draws the sword and meets the Ashantis face to face for a long time. Afterwards, when there was no more, then he wrote a letter and gave it to one of his servants to bring it to Cape-Coast Castle, that they may give him powder; but when the messengers returned, and the boxes were opened, they were full of pieces of meat and biscuits. The reason of this was: those to whom the letter was given were in a hurry when they gave the things to those who had given them the letter. Afterwards, MacCarthy sent again, and the same was brought. When MacCarthy beheld how the Ashantis were fighting with him, and that also he did not get powder, he said unto his Captains and all whom he had gone to war with, saying: 'Our powder is done, and the Ashantis also are fighting with us in this way, therefore whosoever wish it may help himself.' Then he himself withdrew himself backward, leaned against a tree, drew with his hand a pistol and killed himself. So he had the pistol in his hand and leaned against the tree. And while he leaned there, if the Ashantis were coming near him, they were afraid, because they thought he is alive; but at last they perceived that he was really not alive, but dead. And they took him up, and cut off his head and brought it into their camp, and took out the brains, and the skull which was left they sewed into his uniform and filled it with gold, and himself, the whole body, they roasted and brought him to Ashante. The fat (of him) they boiled into a lump, and his heart they divided and ate. In this same war they caught MacCarthy's trumpeter, and upon fear they commanded him to blow, then he blew, and when he blew, the soldiers who were not there when MacCarthy shot himself ran and came to the Ashantis, thinking that their captain was there, and were killed. And the head which they brought to Ashante has become their fetish which they worship till this very day.

"And MacCarthy himself of whom we speak here, he stood on the place where he had stood till the time when his powder and provision was done, and he did not flee at all until his death."

N.B.—There is no proof that Sir Charles Macarthy shot himself; but under such cases suicide would be considered by the natives the act of a man of honour.

depôt of trade, without which Bathurst would soon see an empty market. Consequently we maintain there, in the most tattered of forts, two officers, two assistant-surgeons, and forty-one men. In 1837 and 1839, bilious remittant deepened to yellow fever at Bathurst and Macarthy's Island; in 1860, the medicoes died off in rapidest succession, and the non-professionals, out of deceney, followed suit. A "place of wealth and beauty"—as the local poet calls Bathurst—and a hot-bed of disease, like Macarthy's Island, require a Sanitarium, and the only one within reach is Cape St. Mary. Let us therefore hope that the medical big-wigs will not wig Dr. Martin, or deduct from his pay abstracts the rent of the little hovel.

We descended the green and grass-grown cliff by a winding path, which once more reminded the Consul of a previous landing at Mbuámájí, in the land of Ham. By the wayside was a deep well; the water, however, had turned out brackish. Standing below upon the smooth white sandstrip—the shelving of the shore keeps sharks at a distance, and allows a delicious bath—we could discern the formation of the cliff. The facing was a red sandstone conglomerate, about seventy feet high, and large fragments, which had slipped within the action of the waves, had been sunburnt, and honeycombed into the semblance of laterite. The little bay had a shallow depth, and the further horn was covered by a ruined pile. No fear of pythogenic fever here! It is open to the westward, with 200 miles of ocean to purify the gale which hence passes on

to unhappy Bathurst, laden with the miasmata of the intervening swamps. Finally, "the Doctor," as they call the morning sea breeze in these lands, is regular and strong, whilst the dangerous land breezes of night are rendered almost innocuous by the rise.

Under the guidance of my indefatigable host, I then proceeded to inspect Bakau, or Bakhs, the Mandenga hamlet adjacent to the Cape House. The country was nobly wooded with the baobab and the palmyra, and from several of the trees hung those hollowed logs which the African still finds the best of beehives. There was a less pleasing suggestion from the number of deserted ant-hills that cumbered the ground. Usually the settlements are strongly palisaded with an outer *chevaux de frise* of stout pointed sticks, firmly fixed in the ground, and at an interval of some feet there is an inner row of upright paling—defences equally needed against the leopard and the two-legged marauder. Here, however, under the shadow of the Cape House, no such precautions are necessary. From the bush we passed directly into a network of little lanes and alleys, a labyrinth formed by the hut walls and the stakes of the compounds. The habitations are of haystack shape: the thatched roof neatly finished off above with a kind of top-knot, and descending to within two feet of the ground, forms ample shady eaves; and the cylindrical body of the abode is either of red tamped and sun-burnt clay, the neatest bamboo basket-work, or split tree-trunks. The entrance, sometimes single, at others double, is always low and narrow, that the

interior may be too dark and cool to invite the musquitoes and land-flies which infest the houses of Europeans; the door is of stakes or canes, a mere make-believe.

Everything in the building was familar to the African traveller—the central fire upon the floor, the rafters shining with smoke, the calabashes, and the raised bench and mats which form the sleeping apparatus. The venerable matron upon whose privacy we had just intruded was spinning yarn, like a good old English lady in the good olden time. By her side stood a sturdy boy *in naturalibus* cleaning cotton; the stuff was of poor quality, but not so short-stapled as the East Indian, which Humbug seems determined to force upon us, despite the conviction of its valuelessness. In the compound—a rectangle, fenced with stakes, five or six feet high, with transverse sticks and split stalks between—was a slave girl pounding grain, with a pestle like a verandah post, in a mortar composed of the lower trunk of a palm. The material was Guinea corn—Panicum, the Indian Bajri—locally called "Kus;" the larger Guinea corn, Holcus Sorghum, or Jowari, is also used. Europeans have learned the use of these grains, as the favourite "coos coos luncheons" of St. Mary's prove.

We then proceeded to the house of Tappa, an aged chief, who has some repute in these parts. Everything in the village was known to me, as though I had been born in it. Here is the mosque, circular, of wattle and dab, with extinguisher roof of thatch and tassel at the

top. There is the Bentang-tree*, where, as in the English pot-house, the elders of the village meet and lay together their wise heads. I almost expected to be asked for a "saphie," to see a "coffle" of slaves enter the village, to pity a "poor Nealee affeeleeta," or to behold Mumbo Jumbo issuing from the bush. Truly great is the power of genius! But who wrote those wonderful travels, Mr. Park or Mr. Bryan Edwards? If the former, how is it that his second journal shows no trace of such power? True, it is unfinished; but so is Lord Byron's Swiss journal, which afterwards contributed to Manfred.

The "dooty" Tappa was sitting on his threshold, in a very *dégagé* toilette. I shook hands with him, and addressed a few Arabic phrases, to which he listened with intelligence, but which he, being no "bushreen,"† manifestly did not quite understand. A few verses of the Koran followed; he then brought for me a MS. of prayers, which were read out greatly to his admiration. A friendly clasp was the result, and he welcomed me to the brotherhood of El Islam. Pity 'tis that Park, Laing, and other travellers, have taken away the bloom and beauty from this "line." In a month I could learn sufficient Mandenga for practical purposes,

* So Park calls the Bombax.

† A Parkian word, probably from Mubashshir, one who brings glad tidings. Europeans at St. Mary's divide the Mandenga moslems into two classes—the Marabút, who does not drink, and the Soninki, or Sonaki, who does. The word Marabút (Mullah) is very loosely used; one hears of whole villages of Marabúts who seem to correspond—in the European mind—with the Fetish men of the Gold Coast.

and armed with, not an umbrella, like foolish Mr. Petermann's Dr. Krapf, but with sword and dagger, a koran, and an inkhorn, reeds, and a few sheets of paper, I could pass an honoured guest through the country where those before me travelled as Pariahs. But I should not appear in the costume preferred by poor Park, black beaver tile, and blue coat with brass buttons, with shoeless feet,—what peculiar perverseness there was in such proceedings, a perverseness only equalled by the admirable perseverance with which the wanderer condemned himself to insult and injuries, and his readers to a thorough misconception of the people's character! So far from being treated barbarously by the "Moors," an Arabicised population, Park and Caillié fared remarkably well, considering their obstinate kufr, their inaccessibility to the Truths of a Higher Law, their ghastly whiteman's faces, and their shocking civilised or badly worn attire. "Conceive how a negro gentleman, habited in a crown of eagle's feathers, a grass cloth round his loins, and a large spear in hand, also travelling on foot, would have been received in the country parts of England in 1780. Also imagine that, if he had lived through the madhouse to tell his tale, what a picture he would have drawn of the English for the benefit of the African *badaud* and *gobemouche*, who of course would never have heard the other part. Mungo Park was unhappy even in his death. He lost life by firing upon the kind-hearted people of Busa (Boussa), who meant him no harm till his violence made them fancy his boat the advance of the Fellatah army. We shall

presently see what are upon this subject the deductions of half-reasoning Europeans.

After shaking hands with my new friend and Moslem brother Tappa, we resumed our walk through the village, where all looked upon us with cordiality and good humour. The men wore the oval pieces of pierced and strung amber, which their *quasi-periæcii*, the Somal, call Mekkavi. The women carried on their heads large light-yellow calabash gourds, neatly sewn, capped with a bunch of leaves to prevent splashing, and a bit of floating wood to warn when the balance is going wrong. Returning to the Cape House the country, on either hand, despite a certain sameness, appeared positively beautiful, after the foul swamps of St. Mary's Island; stubble of Guinea corn, loved by quails, a velvety green expanse of grass, sloping inland, with here and there a goodly palmyra, more beautiful than the columns of Baalbek, palms necklaced with wine-calabashes, and in one part a glade of baobab and other trees, cabled with the most picturesque lianas, where gorgeous birds sit and sing.* And yet there are men who would prefer the fever haunts of Bathurst. How strong is the spirit of contradiction in the British brain! I would willingly have lingered in these homely haunts, these pleasant scenes, these "sylvan shades," for hours and hours; but sunset was drawing nigh, and we had eight miles to gallop before dinner time. The agreeable afternoon ended with an equally agreeable evening, when, with

* They are sold here as *tie-tie*—twine, rope, cords.

tales of travel and with *bonne chére, non sine aliquo mero,* we managed to make exile anything but a bitter potion. Before resting, however, I have something to say touching the ethnography of this part of Africa.

With Mr. Luke Burke, I hold, as a tenet of faith, the doctrine of great ethnic centres, and their comparative gradation. I believe the European to be the brains, the Asiatic the heart, the American and African the arms, and the Australian the feet, of the man-figure. I also, or let me say we, opine that, in the various degrees of intellectuality, the negro ranks between the Australian and the Indian—popularly called Red—who is above him. From humbly aspiring to be owned as a man, our black friend now boldly advances his claims to *egalité* and *fraternité*, as if there could be brotherhood between the crown and the clown! The being who "invents nothing, originates nothing, improves nothing, who can only cook, nurse, and fiddle;" who has neither energy nor industry, save in rare cases that prove the rule!—the self-constituted thrall, that delights in subjection to and in imitation of the superior races. The aboriginal American has not been known to slave; the African, since he landed in Virginia, A.D. 1620, has chosen nothing else, has never, until egged on, dreamed of being free. He has a fatal respect for the Asiatic, and the European has ever treated him like a child. And yet we—in these days—read such nonsense pure and simple as "Africa for the Africans." *Datur digniori* is the fiat of Fate where such mighty interests are concerned. When the black

rat expels the grey rat, then the negro shall hold his own against the white man.

As these pages will prove, there is a striking similarity between the races of Western and Eastern Africa. The former, however, will probably be found superior in disposition and more cultivated than the latter; those have had 300 years of European intercourse, these hardly one. In the west there are no such warlike and terrible tribes as the Shoho, the Somal, the Wamasai, the Makuá, and the Landeens. The King of Ḍahomey wages war for conquest, like a European monarch some centuries ago; and Andrew Battel's "Giaghas" have long been an affair of history. I remember being much astonished when asked by an eminent, but exceedingly testy, home geographer, if it was really my opinion that the Africans were dangerous to travellers laying open Inner Africa. Presently I recollected that his studies had been almost entirely confined to Western Africa, where, except in very few places, the European may go where he pleases. He had better not do so in the eastern regions.

Every ethnologist divides the population of Africa according to the light that is in him. It appears to me that there are but two great families, with a number of branches, and certain abnormalities like the South African bushmen, which are however too small and unimportant to notice.*

* I altogether discard such divisions as Æthiopians in West Africa, when Æthiopia was north of Abyssinia, Negritians that have never heard of the Niger; and Nilotics, so called because they have

1st. The noble race, or great North African family, which shows everywhere signs of increase, insititious negroid, semi-Semitic, in fact, Mulattoes and Asiatic Æthiopians. Of these are the Abyssinians, Gallas, Nubians, the numerous tribes comprised under the name of Moor, the Mandengas, Fulas, Haussa men, Kaniki of Burnu, and others not yet Moslemized, as the people of Yoruba and Nufe. These races, many of whom show little more than quadroon blood, and have long bushy beards, are possibly Arabs, expelled their country in the days of Yoarab bin Kahtan, and driven by slow degrees westward,* long before the "Saracenic" invasion of the Sudan in the tenth century. In the Sudan and Guinea again, there is a class of black-whites, *i.e.*, a sable people with intelligent and quasi-Grecian casts of countenance, heavily bearded and robust, in fact "black but comely." Some travellers suppose them, from the absence of effluvia, to be produced by a blending of semi-Semitic with pure Negro blood.

2nd. The ignoble race, or pure breed, the aboriginal and typical African, exceptionally degraded in Guinea, and improving as he descends southwards and blends with the true Kafirs, who may be a people of mixed

nothing to do with the Nile. Those who propose in West Africa a ternal division—viz. :—1. Senegambia; 2. Northern Guinea; 3. Southern Guinea—have not seized, I apprehend, the more salient points of difference which direct to a different distribution.

* They have lost their language, it is true. But so have the 3,500,000 Negroes in the "United States," and so would, after the second generation, a colony of British settled in East Africa. Captain Burton has, I think, well explained this absorbing peculiarity of the South African dialects in the Lake Regions of Central Africa.

blood. In his lowest organisation he is prognathous, and dolicho-kephalic, with retreating forehead, more scalp than face; calfless, cucumber-skinned, lark-heeled, with large broad and flat feet; his smell is rank, his hair crisp and curly, and his pile like peppercorns. His intellect weak, morale deficient, amiability strong, temperament enduring, destructiveness highly developed, and sensibility to pain comparatively blunt. It is not wonderful that the Caucasian man taught himself by a fabliau to believe that this race had been cursed to be "servants of servants."

The growth of El Islam continues in West Africa. Here however it has long been established. It is supposed to have begun under a Mandenga warrior in Bambûk, about A.D. 1100. The Moslems of the west still point to Fúta Jálo and Fúta Toro, as the earliest cradles of their faith; these places are now held by the great Fula race, which, issuing it is believed from Massina, near the Niger, overspread the circumjacent regions.

The ill treatment to which the earlier travellers—Caillié especially, whose fancy was far more forceful than his frame—subjected themselves by their obstinacy and prejudices, produced grievances and misrepresentations which in popular works outcrop up to the present days, I will take the last, Rev. R. M. Macbriar's "Africans at Home" (p. 394), a compilation by a Wesleyan missionary, whose brief residence at Macarthy's Island is not yet forgotten in the colony.* "All these people—

* London: Longman and Co., 1861. I wonder that a respectable firm could be found to publish a work which borrows from Dr. Living-

Moslems—are capable of civilisation, perhaps not of the highest type, but at least of a respectable form. It must be a Christian civilisation. Mahommedanism has injured their tempers when it has improved their manners; and *it has not benefited their morals.*"† This is about equivalent to asserting that Christianity in England has clothed and fed the people, at the same time that it has degraded them; if this dictum be true, so is that. Mr. D. J. East, in another schoolboy compilation, called "Western Africa,"‡ asserts that "these evils—polygamy and the slave-trade—have derived from Mahommedanism fresh vitality and a permanency of strength which they never had before." Yet (in page 272) he quotes Mr. Hutchinson, writer to the mission conducted to Santi or Ashanti by Mr. Bowdich in 1817, who says naïvely of Kumasi, the capital, "This place now presents the singular spectacle of a Christian and a Mahommedan absenting themselves from human sacrifices and other abominations." It is tolerably imprudent for the race that fought about the Asiento contract, and who worked Jamaica, to throw slavery in the teeth of the Moslems; and it is equally ridiculous to fancy that human sacrifice is less abominable to a "Mahommedan" than to a Christian. Rev. M. Bowen—of whom more at a future time—the gentle shepherd who proposes *horresco referens!* to "invade tropical Africa

stone—to mention no others—some thirty pages *literatim*. After this, what is plagiary?

† The italics here and below are mine.

‡ London: Houlston and Stoneman, Paternoster Row, 1844.

with swarms of missionaries," thus, in his "Central Africa,"* p. 190, shows, *à priori*, his knowledge of El Islam:—"After the venerable Mahometan priest had retired some of the villagers told me he was accustomed to say, 'It is not the Mahometan or the Heathen who will be *saved* (!), but the man who serves God in his heart.' I was not prepared to hear such a doctrine in a suburban village at Illorin." Puerile surprise of gross ignorance! Eight pages afterwards we hear of a Futá named Absolom (!!),† and a footnote informs us that "such names as David, Mary, &c., are common in Sudán." *Proh pudor!* Have these people ever read Sale's Koran?

In opposition to all such assertions, I would record my sincere conviction that El Islam has wrought immense good in Africa; that it has taught the African to make that first step in moral progress, which costs so much to barbarous nature; and that it thus prepares him for a steady onward career, as far as his faculties can endure improvement. What other nation, what other faith, can boast that it has worked even the smallest portion of the enduring benefits done, and still doing, to Africa by El Islam? Granting that ill temper, polygamy, domestic slavery, and the degradation of women ‡ are evils; yet

* Charleston, 1858. It is a "powerful" work—the composition of a Texas ranger who became a missionary, who wielded a good rifle at the Dahomian attack on Abeokuta, who received all manner of courtesies from the English in Africa, and who went home and abused them:—*sic itur ad astra*—in America.

† Probably Abd el Salam.

‡ The last charge is utterly unfounded. Nowhere do women hold a higher position, or enjoy such true liberty, as in Moslem lands; and it

what are they to be compared with the horrors of cannibalism and fetishism, the witch tortures, the poison ordeals, and legal incest, the "customs," and the murders of albinos, of twins, of children who cut their upper teeth first, and of men splashed by crocodiles? Surely the force of prejudice cannot go beyond this!

Meanwhile the Mandenga † and other Moslem visitors have proselytised many of the liberated Africans at Sierra Leone, have built two mosques, and regularly keep their Ramazan. They are to be met with at Accra, they are numerous at Lagos, and they are gradually extending upon this coast towards the southern hemisphere.

I have touched upon the propriety of removing

is curious to hear the assertion made in England, where by statute a man may beat his wife moderately, force her by law to submit to his loathed companionship, and dispose of her property as well as her person. A real Eastern, for instance, Mirza Abu Taleb Khan, who travelled in England between 1799 and 1803 (Longman, 1814), is aghast when he hears this most ignorant deduction, that a woman is a slave because she may not sit barefaced in the society of strange men. In Timbuktu we are told—to quote no other Africo-Moslem instances—the weaker sex holds a very high position. Women are described as the "soothers of man's woes, softeners of his grief, and partners of his joys." Can England say more?—or as much?

† To the extensive family of the Mandengas, who occupy the coast from Gallinas River to Cape Mount, belongs the Vai, Vey, or Vy branch, who invented the only West African alphabet. It is a small tribe, not exceeding 100,000 souls. The example of their Koran-reading brethren, and a considerable Caucasian innervation, prevent our considering their coarse and semi-symbolic alphabet strong enough to "silence the cavils and sneers of those who think so contemptuously of the intellectual endowments of the African race." The fact is, they are no more Africans than the Mexicans are "red Indians."

Europeans from Bathurst to a higher and healthier position. "To render Africa a salutary residence for European constitutions," says the prospectus of the Society for the Extinction of the Slave Trade and for the Civilisation of Africa, "may be a hopeless task." The Fellows of the Royal Geographical Society, and Sir Ranald Martin, if consulted, might give a different opinion. When prophylactic hygiene shall become associated with proper therapeutic treatment,—when the lands shall be cleared, locomotion facilitated, provisions made plentiful, and houses comfortable, and especially when only the stations above fever level shall be used by Europeans,—I suspect they will find themselves as much at home in Africa as in Southern Europe. A movement for removing the English soldier in the East from those fatal low-country stations, which in the last half century have wasted, without reckoning invaluable life, some 10,000,000*l.* of English gold, has now been inaugurated. We may not live to see the day, but our sons will.

Another change in prospect for all our foreign possessions is the increased necessity of economy, and the low estimation with which the home-dweller has learned to hold his brother the colonist. Let us see what Dietrichsen and Hannay give as the "Civil establishment" of a place which contains about 7000 inhabitants :—

1 Governor, 1200*l.*
Colonial secretary, 600*l.*
First writer, secretary's office, 300*l.*
Chief justice, 500*l.*
Collector of customs and superintendent of pilots, 475*l.*

Clerk of customs, &c., 200*l.*
Tide surveyor, 150*l.*
Colonial chaplain, 400*l.*
Auditor-general, 200*l.*
Colonial surgeon, 400*l.*
Assistant ditto, 200*l.*
Colonial engineer, 400*l.*
Clerk of councils, 100*l.*
Clerk of crown, 70*l.*
Clerk of police, 100*l.*
Postmaster, 80*l.*
Besides coroner and registrar.

The salaries belong to the days when the officer on the main-guard, at the Fort Gate, Bombay, was not permitted whilst on duty to sell fish. Their tenuity necessitates pluralities which engender heartburns, and even pluralism is not valuable enough to prevent absenteeism. Might not the establishment be reduced by as least one-half? The military surgeon might act at colonial, with proportionately increased allowances. The civil police should be placed, as in India, under military officers. The chief justice, clerk of councils, and clerk of the crown, might *aller se promener;* police magistrates' courts suffice for Europeans, and a military superintendent of the native "palavers" would soon make this cheap judicial engine valuable as the Indian Panchâyats. To the latter system I have as yet seen nothing superior, when worked as it was wont to be by an English official, who by his presence kept under and disallowed over-severity. There is nothing that Asiatics

and Africans admire so little as British civil courts,* with their trains of lawyers and native hangers-on. And there is nothing more difficult than to explain "the why" to the home-made Englishman. Asiatics and Africans, both litigious races, whose great pleasure in life is a "palaver," a lawsuit, or an indemnity claim, care little for unbought justice; especially when purchased at the somewhat exorbitant price of delay, difficulty, and uncertainty. They are happy when they can approach the judge with something in their hands, and each, knowing that the highest bidder wins, draws the lottery as it were in the dark. The few Anglo-Indians who have spoken candidly, from Sir John Shore downwards, are unanimous upon this point; they are also somewhat doubtful of the good which our civil institutions have conferred upon these uncivil peoples.

But Bathurst has now done its work. The commerce of the place consists principally of the ground-nut (*A. hypogæa*), hides from the upper country, ivory, and bees-wax. Gold is still brought down, but the quality is by no means of the best.† The French at Senegal have

* A regard for the due development of constitutional government demands for this mighty Gambian empire of 7000 souls an Upper House, under the name of Executive Council. It consists of His Excellency the Governor as President; the Colonial Secretary, the Collector of Customs, the Queen's Advocate, and the officer commanding the troops, as members. An Upper House demands a Lower, and this is found to exist under the name of a Legislative Council, in which seven resident merchants meet for "legislation." We must go further down the coast before we find those sensible institutions, the Court of Equity and the Chamber of Commerce.

† The precious metal has been found in some of the red clay hills on

drawn away the ground-nut: they have squeezed the orange, and they have left us the peel. Those "lively parties" have lately annexed the fine coffee-lands from the Pongo* to the Nuñez rivers; and the treaty of 1845, binding the high "contracting Powers" to refrain from "territorial aggrandisement," expired in 1855. Whilst the English Gambia is now almost monopolised by the French,† the French Gaboon is wholly in the hands of the English merchants. Why not exchange the two? When nations are so decidedly rivalistic, surely it is better to separate *à l'amiable*. According to the best authorities, the whole of the coast north of Sierra Leone might with profit be transferred to the French, on condition of all the coast south of the Kongo River, except what belongs to the Spanish and Portuguese, Dutch and Liberians, being left open to the English. Those who oppose the idea are revolted by the thought of parting with an old and effete colony, and by the reflection that the French will, as is their wont, "seal it up." And who would wish it reopened? I should like to see

the Gambia River near Macarthy's Island, but not pure nor sufficient to pay for labour.

* The word is variously written Ponga and Pongas. It lies in about 10° N. lat, some 50 miles south of the Nuñez, and it is remarkable that the coffee-tree flourishes or rather originates about the same parallel in East Africa.

† There are but four English merchants in the Gambia, Messrs. Goddard, Brown, Quin, and Chown. They export ground-nuts in French bottoms to French ports—English would not pay. The cultivation of the Arachis dates on the Western Coast of Africa from thirty years, and produces per annum forty millions of francs—more than equal to the palm-oil trade.

every more distinguished abolitionist in England and Yankeedom qualify himself for talking sense by a six months' spell down South at "niggers' work;" possibly his opinions touching the feasibility of white labour would be modified. And to those who would retain the Gambia, I wish nothing worse than a year's residence, or, rather, confinement there.

At the time of our arrival Bathurst had had her little war. It arose from what possibly might have been avoided—an armed interference in a commercial squabble, and from what necessarily required to be punished—the plundering of British vessels. The people of Badibu owed a few £ s. d. to Messrs. Chown and Quin of Bathurst; and the Mandengas, after a few acts of piracy, convinced by the comparison of Gambia and Senegal that the English are "a nation of shopkeepers," had challenged us to "come on." In February, 1860, H.M. S. S. "Arrogant," Commodore Edmonstone, "Torch," Commander Smith, and "Falcon," Commander Heneage, under the command of the first-mentioned officer, steamed up the river. The land force consisted of 400 sailors and marines, eight companies (about 800 men) of the 1st and 2nd West Indian Regiments, and some 600 black auxiliaries, militia,* and volunteers, led by his Excellency the Governor. A French military officer was also present and showed all the courage of his nation. The place to be attacked was a strong and well-made stockade

* According to Capt. Hewett, the colonel of this gallant corps is the proprietor of a grog shop.

twenty miles up the river, three up a creek, and one of marching. The little "Dover" carried the Europeans to the attack every day and brought them back to sleep on board their ship. The enemy, besides manning their defences—which, though attacked with howitzer and rocket, resisted till taken in the rear—had a fair force of cavalry, and behaved with true Moslem gallantry. The chiefs, bearing Korans, rushed to the front, sabre in hand. Four of the "King's" sons were slain, and after losing the first fight the Mandengas recklessly challenged our men to a second. Of the "Arrogants," one officer and three men were killed, and twenty-one were wounded. The West Indians lost but one. N.B. Always go by the "casualties."

At Bathurst we shipped on board, besides a young cynocephalus and two niggers*—the latter coming off without money or ticket, were summarily sent to work—a remarkable party of Mandengas, bound for their distant homes. They were probably "gold strangers," as the local idiom calls those who traffic in the precious metal. They were armed with muskets, sabres, and knives; and for victual on the road they secrete rude gold rings, the best form in which the precious metal usually appears, and thus claims more than an equivalent for its weight in dust.

* In West Africa, nigger means a slave. It is an actionable word, and, as the reader will soon find out, a negro can recover damages by civil suit from any white man who uses language technically denoted as tending to "a breach of the peace."

Formerly these people used to walk the way between Bathurst and Sierra Leone, and then strike inland towards their country. They now save themselves the first half of the journey by paying $18 for a deck passage; yet a long trudge remains for them. Five in number, they are of moderate stature, with slender and lightly made but muscular limbs, uncommonly thin beards—almost lacking the whisker part—and faces like the Semiticized negroids generally, Arab in the upper and African in the lower half. All are of the Maliki school. They are not, however, strict Moslems. Like Rajpoots and Maharattas, they eat, I regret to say, the wild boar. Salt, according to them, is the best vendible in their country; and,—they knew the Kwara, or Niger,—gold can everywhere be washed near the rivers. I found them kind, obliging, and manly in demeanour: a great contrast to the Christianized African, who is either sheepish and servile, or forward and impudent. One, an old, purblind man, who sat with a clove of garlic up each nostril, called himself El Sharif Mohammed bin Salman, and shook hands with me whenever I proposed an Arabic sentiment.

The Mandenga language is soft and pleasant. I could not make much out of Mungo Park's vocabulary, and Mr. Macbriar's grammar* was deep in the hold. It

* A Grammar of the Mandingo Language, with Vocabularies, by the Rev. R. Maxwell Macbriar, translator of the Gospels into Mandingo, &c. London: John Mason, 66, Paternoster Row (printed for the Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society).

It is regretable that the author should write verb and pronoun in one, as anyanta in paragraph 66; akimota, par. 29, and abettea, par

appears very easy to learn: the syllables are distinct, the sounds easy, and twenty-one Roman letters (six vowels, and fifteen consonants) express them all. When these Moslems write their own tongue they use the Arabic character, which is highly unsuited: for instance, most of their nouns end in *o*, and the vowel *e* is constantly recurring. In the Arabic languages and alphabets there are no such sounds or symbols. The abstract words are as usual borrowed from the learned tongue. The general impression which it leaves upon the mind is that time and distance have changed it till few indications—but those are important—of its original African framework remain.

The morning after our arrival was fixed upon for departure from Bathurst. We breakfasted at the Commissariat Quarters, and greatly enjoyed the favourite meal of the coast. It resembles rather the *déjeûner à la fourchette*, the Scotch heavy *früh stück*, or the substantial spreads of our Elizabethan ancestors, than the puny affair of toast and tea now used in England. Men rise early—a pleasant but pernicious practice, for which the only excuse is an old proverb and a more antiquated prejudice. After four hours of walk and work, they require at 9 or 10 A.M. fish, flesh, fowl, and eggs, especially the glowing West Indian pepper-pot and *côtelletes en papillotes*, fruit and vegetables, bread or biscuit,—in fact, a dinner, lacking only the soup,

89; still more that he should join pronoun, adjective, and verb, as abbettebata, par. 25. Are hyphens and commas things so scarce and rare?

Claret, or pale ale, are the staple drinks—I have tasted hermitage—followed as they should be by a cup of tea, coffee, or chocolate. And digestion cannot proceed without a pipe or a cigar.

The gun sounded a signal soon after breakfast. We sauntered to the shore, found the boat waiting, and, aided by the tide, soon transferred ourselves on board the "Blackland." A parting drink, a warm hand-shaking, and hearty thanks to our kind and hospitable hosts concluded our visit to what the French call Sainte Marie de Bathurst.

After leaving Bathurst our voyage was not pleasant. The clouds began to bank up in grey and massive heaps, and the rain to dash upon us, now in huge drops, then in a permanent drizzle. I know not which look the more wretched on board ship in rainy weather—the people or the poultry. *Pour comble,* one of our "lady-passengers" was laid up with what the doctor emphatically termed chicken-pox, and what the passengers, for unknown reasons, determined to be small-pox. Her husband was a full-blooded Ibo, of a truly ignoble aspect, despite his gorgeous attire, "like a perambulating rainbow surmounted by a black thunder-cloud," and "jealous as Othello, the type of all jealous men." The facetious mate before alluded to proposed to cut the b—— tongue out of him and sell him for a gorilla. After reading Mr. Poole, the trick it will be found has already been played with some modifications upon strangers.

After quitting Bald Cape, we passed about sixty

miles south of Bathurst the long low shore distinguished only by the Casamanza River, a French settlement, which has lately been surveyed by M. Vallon, as the Senegambia has by M. Braouïzec, and the Bay of Arguin by M. Fuleraud—all officers of the Navy and the Engineers. Our course then lay along the Islands of Bijougas and Bulama, some 350 miles from Sierra Leone. This colony, so unfortunate under the redoubtable Captain Phil. Beaver—in the eighteen months, only six remained of 269 souls, including 122 women and children*—in 1792 was abandoned, and is now to become an outpost, seeing that it can afford annually 60,000 bushels of ground-nuts. A party of fifty men will be sent there from Sierra Leone, with orders to locate themselves on a hill in the western or seaward front of the island, not, as before, near a swamp on the eastern or inland site. It is also proposed to purchase the "Eyo Honesty," a little steamer built by Mr. Laird, of Birkenhead, and intended for the King of that name "down coast," or South.

Again the weather changed to the normal north-east trade, cold and violent as if we were in England: the day was clear, but a zone of pinkish haze, 10° deep, and raised 5° above the horizon, warned us to expect pitching and rolling; nor was the warning a wolf-cry. The passengers took to their berths, and the crockery fell to breaking: the cook lost his cunning, and, sitting

* African Memoranda, Baldwin, London, 1805.

after dinner, became a bore. Altogether, we were not comfortable, and we looked forward to arriving at "Sillyown," or "S'a Leone," as the above-mentioned pretty Mulatto lady called it, and as I shall do for the future in remembrance of her.

CHAPTER V.

THREE DAYS AT FREETOWN, SIERRA LEONE.

SEPTEMBER.

"I have travelled east, I have travelled west, north, and south, ascended mountains, dived in mines, but I never knew and never heard mention of so villanous or iniquitous a place as Sierra Leone. I know not where the Devil's Poste Restante is, but the place surely must be Sierra Leone."

I QUOTE memoriter from Captain Chamier's "Life of a Sailor," which was in every mouth on board the "Blackland." Here, however, as elsewhere, the saying may hold good that a Certain Person may, perhaps, not be so black as he is painted.

Our only amusement during the hours before retiring had been to watch the Sargassa, or Gulf weed, floating with torn stalks, and to speculate upon the mysterious cause which brought anything here that might go elsewhere. These floating prairies—which, by-the-bye, are supposed to give a name to the Ilhas Verdes, or the Cape Verde Islands—are so misplaced that one can never get over the peculiarity of their appearance. At 6 A.M. it was announced that we were off the Ilhas de Los (Loss), or dos Idolos (of Idols), a triad of volcanic islets, Tamara or Footabar, Factory Island, and Ruma, or Crawford, not to mention bare rocks and outlying reefs. Our

soldiers, for we had whilome a garrison there, found the two former healthy, but inferior to the Bananas, whilst the third was deadly: the largest is five miles by one. Being still inhabited, they supply beef and vegetables, fruits and plantains, and sundry attempts have been made to overgrow them with the ground-nut. Shortly afterwards we were off the Scarcies River, where at seasons there is an awesome bar, some seven miles broad. We made southing, and shortly after noon, a lump of mountains to starboard—I had been long looking over the port bow—suggested S'a Leone. The name was given to "Romarong" of the natives by the Portuguese explorer, Pedro de Cintra, in 1467, because they found the King of Beasts, or rather the leopard confounded with the lion, troublesome, or because they thought, as in the case of the Lion of Bastia, that the range had a certain resemblance to a lion couchant.* Imaginative voyagers approaching from the west still see the beast's crest in the Sugarloaf Mountain, the head to the north, and the rump fining away, and dipping to the south. A mass of warm water-laden frowsy nimbus—the Sugarloaf is rarely unclouded—prevented our distinguishing the outline. Some suppose that Tierra Leoa was so named by the Portuguese, from the leonine roaring of the thunder through the valleys on the setting in and at the breaking up of the rainy season.

* Capt. Hewett says in "about 1480—nearly a century previous to the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope" (!), and relates the tradition that a lioness was the scourge and terror of the Portuguese colonists.

Far to our right, or west-south-west of S'a Leone, and opposite Cape Shilling, lay the Banana Islands, like thicker clouds at the bottom of the rain mist; they consist of two lumpy islets, and one rock, apparently volcanic, and they are to S'a Leone what the Isle of Wight is to Southampton. False Cape—truly false to many coming from the north and south,—with its two trees perfectly simulating the S'a Leone or True Cape,—stretched apparently to meet them. Here elephants, in small herds, are said to linger. Due west of Cape S'a Leone, and distant about five-sixths of a mile, lay Carpenter Rock, so called, not from the mechanic that might expect to profit by it, but from the luckless individual who ran his ship's nose upon it. The dangerous wash, with curling rollers charging furiously down upon it, suggested the idea of a school of spouting whales. It is celebrated for its excellent rock oysters, which are brought up in quantities by the divers. Perhaps pearls may be found on this part of the coast, which is not far removed from the parallels of Ceylon and Panama; but who would take the trouble to fish for them? As we neared Cape S'a Leone, two pilot-boats, with flags flying, advanced to the attack. One fell to leeward—perhaps the "Blackland" may have altered her course a wee bit. The more fortunate—Mr. Johnson—hailed us, climbed on board, grinned an African grin a the misfortunes of his rival, who had once "lawyered" us, and secured the pilotage, 3*l.* 10*s.*

"One summons at least!" quoth the gallant Captain English.

Presently a lighthouse, seven miles distant from the town, appeared on Cape S'a Leone, round which the sea runs at times like a mill race. Attached to the red-tipped tower is a bungalow belonging to Government, where invalids resort for fresh air, and derive strength from bathing in a pool, below which a breakwater defends from sharks. On this western face of the mountain mass the play of the sea-breeze is strong and regular, and it is clear, in fact far too clear, of forests. One is tempted to give the site a preference over the Hong-Kong-like hole into which Freetown has been thrown. Unfortunately, there is no harbour for shipping, and—a major consideration—it is backed by a swampy lagoon, over which the night-breeze passes. Freetown will probably not be removed to this black western shoulder; but it will, ere long, have bungalows high up the Leicester Mountain.*

The run in was picturesque, wanting little of being beautiful. Opposite was the estuary of the Rokel, or Rokelle, the S'a Leone River, in places seven miles broad, flowing calm and smooth, and mingling with the ocean between Leopold's Island and Cape S'a Leone. The lowlands at the base of the ridges were broken and dinted with little bights and lagoons of great variety. Pirate's Bay, the first, is a fairy scene, with its arcs of dark red cliff, bespread with the brightest green, and its beach of fine yellow sand, over which waved the feathery head of the cocoa palm. One or two old wrecks still

* Some years ago a settlement was tried here: it failed, but chiefly because it was a new clearing.

crumbled there; the place derives its name from olden times, when the smoothness of the water and the abundance of fish and fruit tempted the jolly filibusters to a *relâche;* and there is a local tradition, that Drake cast anchor in its blue waters. Beyond it, and separated by a well-wooded point, lay Aberdeen Bay, a long reach extending far into the interior, and, after heavy rains, making this portion of the lowland

"Both land and island twice a day."

The whole site of S'a Leone is quasi-insular. Bunce River, to the north, and Calamart, or Calmont, usually called Campbell's Creek, from the south, are said to meet at times behind the mass of mountains, and at all seasons a portage of a mile enables canoes to go round the colony by water. This conversion of peninsula into islet is by no means uncommon in the alluvial formations further south.

Aberdeen Bay abounds in sunken rocks, which do not, however, prevent a ferry-boat crossing the gut. Scattered settlements of low thatched huts, like haystacks, called mostly after the islets upon which they are built, crown the dwarf cliffs, and hardly emerge from the gorgeous tropical growth. Murray Town and Congo Town brought us, after passing King Tom's Point, where there is a 3-gun battery, to Kru Town Bay: here we cast anchor, banged our guns, and lay awaiting the health-officers. We are about three cable lengths * from the

* Ten cables = one sea mile = 6075·5 feet.

shore, and we command a front view of harbour and settlement.

St. George's Bay, as the anchorage is called in books, lies a little westward of the town. This roadstead—for it is no harbour—is open to the north-west winds, which make it dangerous: it would be almost useless but for the Middle Ground, a large sandbank, in parts, perhaps, rocky, which breaks the seas. The difference of tint, and the play of the dancing seas upon these sands, is a pretty sight. The north bank of the river is the low Bullom shore, so called from the tribe its tenants—a long flat line of mud and mangrove, where all the Fevers hold their Court. The dot beyond it is Leopard, anciently Leopold, Island, where it is said a leopard was once seen; it is, however, a headland, connected by a sandpit with the most leeward point of the Bullom shore.* On our right, facing Freetown, and in front of us, is the mass of highland that buttresses the southern side of the Rokel's *débouchure*. The range is unconnected with any other: its shape is triangular, extending along the coast from Cape S'a Leone north-west, to Cape Shilling south-east, twenty-one miles and a half, and of inland breadth about twelve. This would give it an area of 250 square miles, or about the size of the Isle of Wight, with thirty miles to spare. The peninsula is supposed to be volcanic, and sundry shocks †

* Bullom, or Búlum, is said to mean low land. The people are wild as wild can be, but they have always received Europeans with kindness.

† Particularly in 1858: it extended to the Gold Coast, and was a precursor to the ruins of 1862.

have occurred of late years, arguing that the subterraneous fires are not yet extinct. Its appearance, however, is rather that of a sandstone region, softly rounded contours, with here and there a lumpy cone, a tongue of land, and a gentle depression, showing the action of water. If volcanic, the fires must have been for long ages extinct. The high green background is the *fons malorum* arresting the noxious vapours of the lowlands and of the Bullom shore opposite. The Sultan of the mountains is Sugarloaf Peak, an apparently volcanic upheaval 2300 feet above sea level; it is rarely our fortune to see more than its foundation. The Wazir is Wilberforce, which supports sundry out-stations and villages, deep-set in dense dark groves. A few reclaimed patches in natural shrubbery appear widely scattered: the unsophisticated African is ever ashamed of putting hand to plough, and the autumnal fires have destroyed much valuable timber and produce; for instance, tallow-trees and saponaceous nut-trees, especially the Pentadesma Butyracea, which once covered the land from S'a Leone to the Niger.

Nothing can be viler than the site selected for Freetown; the fifteenth century would have chosen a better. This capital of the unhappy colony lies on the north coast of the S'a Leone Peninsula, on a gentle declivity, a narrow shelving ledge of diluvium washed from the higher levels, and forming in places dwarf facets and little basins. The sandstone is so soft and friable, that it readily absorbs the deluging torrents of rain, and as readily returns them to the air in the shape

of noxious vapours. The lowest houses are besprinkled by the wave-spray; the ground, however, rises gradually from the sea to the Arthur's Seat of Freetown, "Tower Hill," whose elevation was variously estimated to me at any number between 300 and 500 feet. At one time the S'a Leonites thought of building a health house on Station Hill, where a signal staff announces the approach of vessels. The tenement rose to nearly its first story, where it stopped short for want of funds. On the heights above the settlement, there is doubtless room for cool and healthy country seats, where the European exiles might be comparatively safe from dysentery and yellow fever. A white lodge peeping from a densely-wooded mountain flank was pointed out to me as Carnes' Farm, called "Mount Oriel," probably for "Oriole," by the lady tenant who has described it. Though not 900 feet above sea level, the climate about this eyrie is said to be wholly different from that of the lower town. But the effects of original sin in site are terribly lasting in these lands; they descend from generation to generation. It is far easier for the Tropics to build than to unbuild, which involves re-building. The great gift of Malaria is utter apathy, at once its evil and its cure, its bane and its blessing. Men come out from Europe with the fairest prospect, if beyond middle age, of dying soon. Insurance offices object to insure. No one intends to stay longer than two years, and even these two are one long misery. Consequently men will not take the trouble to make roads, nor think of buying a farm, or of building a house upon a hill. They might have

every comfort that Europe and Africa afford, but who cares to write or to collect subscribers for them? They might have American ice for 1*d.* per lb., and with ice would come fruits, game, and other comforts, but who would raise a company or disturb his mind with reflecting about an ice-house?

We will now cast an eye upon the straggling town, which seems to be three or four miles in circumference. At a distance it is not unpicturesque, but the style of beauty is that of a Rhenish Castle, ruinous and tumble-down. Bathurst, which I thought an aged fogy, is young and strong compared with decrepit old Free-town. A week ago the gable end of a huge house overhanging the wharf fell into the sea, exposing the anatomy of the whole interior, and last night's rain washed down part of a chapel. These people consider not the ways of the white ant: instead of hurrying like the Termes to repair, they simply abandon the *débris.* There is no marine parade, and, as in Eastern ports, the habitations crowd towards the sea, thinning out behind. The colours of the houses are various: plain white is rare; blue, gray, light yellow, dark yellow, ochre, red, dirty brown, brown, black, and especially greens somewhat flashier than fresh grass, and set off by darker shades of different depth, are preferred. But all are the same in one point, the mildewed cankered gangrened aspect of the decadent Europeo-Tropical settlements, which contrast so unfavourably with the whitewashed cities of the Arabs. The principal buildings are placed to catch the sea breeze. Here, as at Zanzibar, the

temperature becomes unendurable where the wind cannot reach. Those that strike the eye, beginning from the right, are as follows: near King Town's Point is the Wesleyan College, a large building with apparently shingled roof, upper jalousies and lower arches, with a band of verdure in front, defended from the waves by a dwarf sea wall. Some few trees are scattered around it, and in unpleasant vicinity to it are heaps of coal, which is supposed in the Tropics to produce by its exhalations dangerous fevers. Certain it is, that in places like St. Thomas (West Indies), the vicinity of the coal-shed is more fatal, without apparent reason, than sites further removed from it. Beyond the college, and separated by the Upper Town or Kru Town—heaps of little thatched hovels divided by remnants of bush—lies the gaol, a large barn-like structure, faced by a plain black wall. The Colonial Hospital, a kind of bungalow, fronts King Jimmy's bridge, a long causeway through whose single central arch a rivulet of sparkling water finds its way to the sea. At the mouth of the little ravine lies the crowded fish-market, upon a sandy turf scattered over with boats and canoes. On the left of the bridge is a mass of tall buildings, stained and corroded by the rain, with the gaunt Police Court and its ragged flagstaff forming the apex. The next remarkable building is the neat brick bazaar, with dead arches in the long walls, and surmounted by a flying roof with glass windows. Then comes the huge ancient store belonging to Mr. Charles Heddle, one of the oldest residents and the most enterprising

merchant in S'a Leone. Like all the houses immediately upon the sea bank, the frontage is a clear fall of 80 feet, whereas from the street behind it appears below the average height. Below Mr. Heddle's are warehouses still to be finished, the bricks not having yet come from Marseilles. A contemptible jetty, which the boatmen call after a certain acting Governor, "Dougan's Wharf," is the usual landing-place, and a puny lighthouse directs the disembarkers in the hours of darkness, when the whole settlement can hardly show an oil light. Freetown sadly wants the comforts of Mauritius—several and distinct wharves for lighters, watermen's and ship's boats, which now all hustle one another. But even in slow-going England, Father Thames shall have a Boulevart on each side of him long before this "great Emporium" of Western Africa shall be provided with a landing-place where shins are seldom broken. Above the pier, and a little to the left, are the Commissariat Quarters, also a long low cottage seen from the land, and a tall grim structure like a bonded warehouse when viewed from the sea. The bank against which it is built is here so steep that it must be ascended by steps. Between the warehouses, but on a higher level, having a little grassy square between it and the sea-bank, is St. George's, once a church, but now promoted to a cathedralcy. It is the usual Protestant place of worship all the tropical world over—a single tower, with useless battlements pinning down a long ridged back not at all unlike a barn. Its interior is plain whitewash and pew; the exterior weather-stained, light

yellow, and the order is called, I believe, Neo-Gothic. *Fas est ab hoste doceri.* Cannot these people take the hint from the mosques of the lands adjoining them, and spare us the sight of all these architectural deformities? The cost was 150,000*l.*, not including a statue of Buxton, which, somewhat uncharacteristically, has shrunk into a shady corner. The "Cathedral" is the only place of worship which attracts the eye. Chapels, however, there are in foison. My gallant anti-Negrophil friend, whom I shall quote at a future time, informs me that their name is legion, numbering 175. I suspect he prefixed the 1, yet the Frenchman's melancholy exclamation, "What! a hundred religions and but one sauce!" (here, however, it is "palaver sauce," not melted butter) is thoroughly applicable to S'a Leone. The chapels are mostly methodistical, and the schools Lancasterian or Monitorial. Beyond the Commissariat, lies another mass of building where a splendid Bombax, sole survivor of a once large family, lingering upon the sea bank, adorned the town with its majestic proportions. It yielded to fate one bad day and slipped down the cliff seawards. Running the eye to the left, you see successively the quarry, where unamiable-looking blacks, with CONVICT upon their shirt backs, are cutting out a light red sandstone, the harbour-master's wharf, the bathing-place—a bit of sea enclosed with heaps of stones—and a dark dingy wall, with a few old guns *en barbette*, Fort Falconbridge, one of the chief fortifications in the place. I need hardly say it would fall after half an hour before the mildest of gunboats. Yet the

place might, at the expense of some 6000*l.* to 8000*l.*, be respectably defended. The three main points, King Tom's, Fort Falconbridge, and Government House, should be strengthened with heavy guns, and outside the barracks a work containing a single large Armstrong would render the others untenable when taken. Of course all this has been proposed, of course no notice has been vouchsafed to the proposal.

The back ground is a green curtain of grass and fruit trees, amongst which predominate the dark prim mango, somewhat like an orange multiplied by two or three, and palms, never absent from the seashore in equinoctial lands. The ground rises gently, but decidedly, with a grassy esplanade, cut by red paths to the Barracks that crown the crest of a lumpy hill. Half way up the ascent is Government House,—in old charts, Fort Thornton,—whose roof but tops the thick vegetation of trees and shrubbery that confine it. On its left is a black bastion, barely supporting a single cannon. On the right, at some distance, is the Military Hospital, whose site at least contrasts favourably with the wet graves, called wards, at Bathurst.

The scene in the roadstead is not lively. There is an awning'd coal-shed, three or four dismantled merchantmen,—dreary-looking as the settlement, and reminding one of old Rotten Row in Sidney Harbour,—with schooners and coasters, which ply to Sherbro Island, and other neighbouring places, and an oil-ship from Marseilles. Hardly, however, had we anchored, when, flying upon white wings,—I spare the albatross, this time—entered

all the Northern Division, H.M. Sloop Falcon, and H.M. Gun-vessel Torch, the latter having lately justified her name by setting the Liberian coast on fire, of which more anon. It was mail-day: home letters are very acceptable on this coast; but such pleasant meetings must be "nuts" to the slave exporter, who of course knows everything that is going on. Before we left the harbour La Ceres, a goëlette of war, from Fernando Po, bearing the red and yellow colours of Spain, entered with a hole through her stern cabin.

We parted with our consumptives at Madeira, we leave our Africans at S'a Leone. For this race there is a descending scale of terminology—1. European, 2. civilised man, 3. African, 4. man—the Anglo-Americans say, "*pussun*"—of colour, 5. negro, 6. darkey, 7. nigger—which last, I have said, is actionable. Many a 5*l.* has been paid for the indulgence of *lese majesté* against the "man and a brother;" and not a few 50*l.* where the case has been brought into the civil courts.* Our Africans, two in number, were no favourites. One was a Jamaican shop-keeper, gifted with the usual modicum of intelligence, and a superior development of "sass," justifying the eccentric Captain Phil. Beaver in declaring that he would "rather carry a rattlesnake than a negro who has been in London." An Englishman in his position of life would perhaps have felt that he was of a social station a shade below his neighbours, and would have been slightly uneasy accordingly. Not so Mr. Hazel-

* Captain Hewett's "Western Coast of Africa," chap. 9, will confirm this.

face, into whose soul or countenance "*soggezzione,*" or shame, never yet entered,—for was he not of the A'mighty negroes? And shall not the most dishonest of negroes in these days stand before kings? The second, our Gorilla, or Missing Link, was the son of an emancipated slave, who afterwards distinguished himself as a missionary and a minister. His—the sire's—name has appeared in many books, and he wrote one himself, pitying his own "poor lost father," because, forsooth, he died in the religion of his ancestors, an honest Fetishist. Our excellent warm-hearted ignorant souls at home were so delighted with the report of this Lion of the Pulpit, that it was much debated whether the boy *Ajáí* had not been providentially preserved for the Episcopate of Western Africa. The amiable Miss T——, one of the "prettyfiers" of Africa, prefixed to her little volume a telling scene,—a personal interview "at the Church Missionary House, Salisbury Square," between the "boy" and his deliverer, a gentleman who, in the Indian navy, bore the sobriquet of "old onions." The Episcopal scheme was perfectly *en règle,*—did not Lord Camelford threaten the House of Commons with his negro footman for a fellow member?—it fell through only when all the white shepherds loudly professed intentions of throwing up their crooks. "'Hanged if I would take orders from him!" said one of their calling to me. The son has been two years at King's College, and is of course well posted upon every *res scibilis:* his peculiar vanity at present is to be one-third quack, one-third general trader, and the rest ground-bait for gudgeons. Upon the strength of

the latest humbug—the Cotton "Plant" in West Africa,* —he has extracted some hundreds of Manchester pounds sterling; less lucky only than another individual about here, whose 50*l.* cheques upon the London and Westminster Bank were then flying about the coast.

These individuals are out of their *assiettes.* At home they will devour, perforce, kankey and bad fish, washing them down with Mimbo and Pitto—native palm wine, and hop-less beer—here they abuse the best of beef, long openly for "palaver sauce" and "palm-oil chop," and find fault with their champagne. *Chez eux,* they will wear breech-clouts and Nature's stockings—*ecco tutto.* Here their coats are superfine Saxony, with broadest of silk velvet collars. The elongated cocoa-nut head bears jauntily a black pork-pie felt, with bright azure ribbons, and a rainbow necktie vies in splendour with the loudest of waistcoats from the land of Moses and Son; the pants are tightly strapped down to show the grand formation of the knee, the delicate slimness of the calf, the manly purchase of the heel, and the waving line of beauty that distinguishes the shin-bone. There are portentous studs upon a glorious breadth of shirt, a small investment of cheap, gaudy, tawdry rings sets off the chimpanzee-like fingers, and when in the open air, lemon-coloured gloves invest the hands, whose horny reticulated skin reminds me of the scaly feet of those cranes which pace at ease over the burning sand, for which strong slippers are not strong

* I do not at all deny that Africa can bear cotton; quite the contrary, it might produce enough for the world. But I doubt that it will, and as things are now I am certain it will not.

enough; whilst feet of the same order, but slightly superior in point of proportional size, are tightly packed into patent leather boots, the latter looking as if they had been stuffed with some inanimate substance,—say the halves of a calf's head.

It is hardly fair to deride a man's hideousness, but it is where personal deformity is accompanied by conceit. Once upon a time we all pitied an individual who by acclamation was proclaimed the ugliest man in the B—— army, which is not saying a little. "Poor E——!" his friends would exclaim; "it's no matter if a chap's plain, but he is revolting," and they commiserated him accordingly. Once, however, he was detected by his chums looking into a shaving-glass, and thus soliloquising: "Well, E——, I declare you'd be a deuced handsome fellow if you had but a little more nose." The discreet chum of course spread the story, and from that moment our compassion departed.

Both our Africans are married to wives,—one is pretty, and *tant soit peu* coquette, consequently the husband is terribly "mad,"—and the wives are the better and far the more agreeable halves. The men displease me because they kick down, as the phrase is, the ladder by which they rose. *Par parenthèse,* no man maltreats his wild brother so much as the so-called civilised negro—he hardly ever addresses his kruman except by "you jackass!" and tells him ten times a day that he considers such fellows as the dirt beneath his feet. Consequently, he is hated and despised withal, as being of the same colour as, whilst assuming such excessive

superiority over, his former equals. No one, also, is more hopeless about the civilisation of Africa than the semi-civilised African returning to the "home of his fathers." One feels how hard has been his own struggle to emerge from barbarism. He acknowledges in his own case a selection of species, and he sees no end to the centuries before there can be a nation equal even to himself. Yet in England, and in books, he will cry up the majesty of African kings;* he will give the people whom he thoroughly despises a thousand grand gifts of morals and industry, and extenuate, or rather ignore, all their faults and shortcomings. I have heard a negro assert, with the unblushing effrontery which animates the negro speechifying in Exeter Hall, or before some learned society, that, for instance, at Lagos—a den of thieves—theft is unknown, and that men leave their money with impunity in the storehouse, or on the highway. After which, he goes home, "tongue in cheek," despising the facility with which an Englishman and his money are parted.

Our Africans left the ship without, on our part, or probably on theirs, a single regret. Not so with the Mandengas. The honest and manly bearing of these Moslems—so wonderful a contrast with those caricatures in pork-pie and peg-topped broad-cloth—had prepossessed me strongly in their favour. We shook hands, and in broken Arabic bade each other a kindly Allah-speed. Then they disappeared in a canoe, laden

* Mr. Crowther's Niger Diary will explain this.

with their pots, pans, and parcels, besides about a dozen muskets, whose stocks, like the Eastern matchlock, were fancifully inlaid with metal plates. The poor fellows are accused at Freetown of sometimes kidnapping a child, and of making too free with the women of the Kafirs; but they never summons white men.

To end this long digression upon the subject of our black fellow-passengers. It is a political as well as a social mistake to permit these men to dine in the main cabin, which they will end by monopolizing: a ruling race cannot be too particular about these small matters. The white man's position is rendered far more precarious on the coast than it might be, if the black man were always kept in his proper place. A European without stockings or waistcoat, and with ragged slops hanging about his limbs, would not be admitted into the cuddy; an African will. Many of the fellows come on board to make money by picking a quarrel. And what does one think of a dusky belle, after dropping her napkin at Government House, saying to her neighbour, "Please, Mr. Officer-man, pick up my towel," or of such a dialogue as this? The steward has neglected to supply soup to some negro, who at every meal has edged himself higher up towards the top of the table, and whose conversation consists of whispering into the ears of an adjacent negro, and of hyæna-like guffaws.

"I say, daddee, I want *my* soop; all de passenger, he drink 'im soop; *me* no drink *my* soop: what he mean, dis palaver?"

The words are uttered in a kind of scream; the steward cannot help smiling, and the nigger resumes:

"Ah, you laff! And for why you laff? I no laff; no drinkee soop!".

Here the dialogue ends, and the ladies look their acknowledgments that travelling does throw us into strange society.

Succeeded to the health-boat a swarm of visitors—soldiers, marines, merchants, missionaries, one coloured and two uncoloured, but with terrible faces, and a variety of darkies. The latter seem to be of three classes at S'a Leone. First, the merchant, an honourable name, assumed by all who can buy half a dozen cloths and sit behind them on 'change, chatting and doing little else all the day. Second, the tailor, whose wife is certainly a washerwoman. The work suited to the ninth part of a man in England, is here a great favourite; it gives the hands something to do whilst the body is unworked, and the unruly member is free to run its course. Third, the missionary, of whom the least said the better. One youth, whose complexion wore unmistakeably the "shadowed (to deep mourning) livery of the burnished sun," had crowned himself with a scarlet smoking cap, around which—the light of day was not over-intense, but his skin was doubtless of most delicate texture—he had wound a white gauze veil. Our European visitors were sallow as East Indians after the hot season; in not a few the livid lips, vacant looks, and thinned hair, told of severe fever; and

wherever a healthy face appeared, it proved to be that of a new arrival.

There is "dignity" in S'a Leone; it wants the rough-and-ready welcome of Gambia. Finding some touch of *noli me tangere* in the whites, I turned to the blacks *pour passer le temps*. Not the least amusing of our visitors were the washerwomen; here an influential class, because this is the only place upon the coast where linen can be purified in three days. On the West Atlantic coast it would be done in three hours. They drive a roaring trade. Threepence a day enables a person to live; sixpence, to live comfortably. At Freetown, the charge for washing is 3*s.* 6*d.* per dozen—it is 1*s.* 6*d.* in London where necessaries are somewhat dearer; but by hard bargaining and enduring a little "sass," you may compound for English prices. The nymphs of the washtub were exceedingly familiar—not pleasant when woman is plain. Their dress was a bright *foulard* of striped cotton, bound like the anatomy of a turban round the head, and garnished, as our grandmothers' nightcaps were, with huge bows; gaudy shawls, over white cotton jackets; and skirts—I believe they call the things—of bright, showy, calico stuff, making them more gaudy than any parrot or cockatoo; the ornaments are large gold earrings and not small necklaces of beads or coral. Mammy Paradise was recommended to me as capable of all the duties of a washerwoman; I did not, however, trouble Mammy Paradise. We also received a visit from "our Marianne," who has a monopoly of greens,—

literally, I despise puns. She has the reputation of being, or rather of having been, a beauty, and, like her race generally, she can say impertinences, which, issuing from a barbarous mouth, in a peculiar *patois*, pass for wit amongst those who are not particular about the quality of the article. Freetown, it may here be observed, is the great source of blackman's English, which runs down the whole coast, except about Accra, where the people have learned somewhat better, and amongst the Krumen, whose attempts are even less intelligible to the Englishman. "Enty" means indeed; "one time," at once; "puss," or "tittie," girl, perhaps pretty girl; "babboh," boy—whence do they derive these improvements?—"hear," is to understand or obey; "catch," to have; "sabby," to know; "lib," to live, to be, or to be found; "done lib," is to die; "tote," to carry; "chop," to eat; "yam," food; "cut the cry," to end a wake; "jam head," or "go for jam head," is to take counsel together; "cut yamgah," to withhold a payment; "make nyángá," to junket; the metaphorical heart is, "tummack;" all writing or printing is "a book;" any gift, or baksheesh, "dash;" a row or palaver, "bob." They always answer "yes" to a negative question, thus conveying an affirmative,* and, like the American Southerners, they put the sign of the vocative at the end of the word—*e.g.* Daddy, oh! Mammy, oh! All bulls are "cows;" when you would specify sex, you say "man cow," or "woman cow;" so the fastidious American,

* *E.g.*—"Didn't you find water there?" Ans. "Yes, Subaudi, I did not find it"—meaning "no."

when driven by sheer necessity to make invidious distinctions, must euphuise bullock into "gentleman cow." These peculiarities are not stolen forms of speech; their grammar and etymology were originally literal translations from African dialects which remain, whilst the mother tongues are clean forgotten. The vocabulary might be prolonged *ad infinitum*, but it would be as interesting to the reader as the New Testament translated into blackman's English—and in very shame altogether withdrawn by its patron society from circulation—would be to any save a bibliophile.*

From the moment of our arrival, "negro palaver" began. A *cause célèbre*, which will be referred home, had just been brought to a close. Mr. M——, a civilian official in the colony, after thrice warning out of his compound a troublesome negro and a suspected thief, had applied a certain *vis à tergo*, and had ejected the trespasser, not however with unnecessary violence. In England the case would have been settled by a police magistrate, and the fine, if any, would have been half-a-crown. At Freetown, the negro, assisted by his friends or "company," betakes himself to a lawyer. The latter may be a mulatto, possibly a pettifogger, certainly a moneyless man who lives in a wretched climate for the pure purposes of lucre; his interest is of course to promote litigation, and he fills his pockets by what is

* For amusing specimens of amatory epistles the reader may consult Mr. Consul Hutchinson's Ten Years' Wanderings among the Ethiopians, p. 19, &c.; and Residence in Sierra Leone, by a Lady. London: Murray, 1849.

called sharp practice. After receiving the preliminary fee of 5*l.*, he demands exemplary damages. The consequence was that Mr. M—— was lightened of 50*l.*

These vindictive cases are endless; half-an-hour's chat will bring out a dozen, and, as at Aden, the Sons of the White Cliffs have nothing to do but to quarrel and to recount their grievances. A purser of the African S. S. Company, finding a West Indian negro substituting dead for live turkeys, called him a "tief." The "tief" laid an action for 1000*l.*, and the officer was only too happy to escape with the retainer, three guineas. The same, when a black came on board for a package, sent him off to the quarter-deck; the fellow became insolent, when a military man present exclaimed, "If you gave me that cheek, I'd heave you overboard!" The negro put off, took two of his friends as witnesses, procured an affidavit that the white man had threatened him, and laid an action for defamation of character, &c., damages, 50*l.*—a favourite sum. Despite a counter oath, signed by two or three English officers, one of them a colonel, to the effect that no bad language had been used, except by the plaintiff, whose insolence had been unbearable, the defendant was compelled to make an apology and to pay 15*l.* costs. Another told me that for raising a stick to an insolent servant, he was "actioned" for 50*l.*, and escaped by compromise for 12*l.* When the defendant is likely to leave the station, the *modus operandi* is as follows. A writ of summons is issued. The lawyer strongly recommends an apology for the alleged offence and a promise to pay costs,

warning the offender at the same time that judgment will go against him if absent by default. Should the defendant prudently "stump up," the thing ends; if not, a *capias* is taken out, and the law runs its course. A jury is chosen. The British Constitution determines that a man must be tried by his peers. His peers at S'a Leone are perhaps a dozen full-blooded blacks, liberated slaves, half-reformed fetishmen, sometimes with a sneaking fondness for the worship of Shángo,* and if not criminals in their own country, at least paupers clad in dishclouts and palm oil. To see such peers certainly "takes pride down a peg," as the phrase is; no use to think of that ancestor who "came over" with the Conqueror, or that barony lost in the days of the Rebellion. The excuse is that a white jury cannot be collected out of the forty or fifty eligibles in Freetown. The jury—model institution—becomes here, as in the United States, a better machine for tyranny than any tyrant, except a "free people," ever invented. It is useless to "challenge," for other negroes will surely take the place of those objected to. No one raises the constitutional question, are these half-reclaimed barbarians my peers? And if he did, justice would sternly answer "Yes!" The witnesses will forswear themselves, not like our posters, for half-a-crown, but gratis, because the plaintiff is a fellow-tribesman. The judge may be "touched with the tar-brush," but be he white as milk, he must pass judg-

* An Egba deity, the god of fire, &c. Hence Mrs. M—— informs us that "many of the liberated Africans worship lightning"; and Captain Hewett asserts that the "Acoo" (Aku) is a fire-worshipper.

ment according to verdict, and when damages are under 200*l.* there is no appeal.*

S'a Leone contains many sable families,—Lumpkins, Lewis, Pratt, Ezidio, Nicols, Macarthy, are a few of their patronymics,—against whom it is useless for a stranger to contend and come off scot and lot free.

* I am unwilling to let the reader think that the above is exaggerated. The only proof in my power is the following extract from the "Sierra Leone Weekly Times" (June 18th, 1862), the sole paper of any note in the colony :—

"And what, we may ask, is its last resort when the engine of intimidation will not effect its purpose? A British Jury. This is the real instrument of its power. It would matter little to allow the Aku chiefs to decide questions in their societies, were they not able to tell those who oppose them, 'Go, then, and see what verdict you will get.' Let the jury be abolished, and the Aku chiefs and their myrmidons would soon feel that their vocation was gone. In no other way can an effectual check be put upon their increasing power.

"Is it just, is it reasonable, to permit this clan to domineer by means of a British jury? We know of numerous cases where legal men have refused to take up causes until assured of the neutrality of the Aku chiefs. And can this be otherwise when we see with what relentless and ceaseless persecution they pursue even individuals of their own tribe who venture to resist them?

"To leave the jury in their hands is a denial of justice to the rest of the people.

"Through it they are the tyrants of the law, and every man is at their mercy.

"Societies of this nature cannot be judged of by their rules. What can be more seemingly fair and candid than the rules and principles put forward by many of the European societies? And yet they have not shrunk from committing the darkest deeds. And can we in calm judgment expect better things here?

"In solemn earnestness we call upon the people of this colony to unite and rid the country of this redoubtable power, and they will deserve the gratitude of those great and good men who have been, and who still are, the benefactors of the African race."

Besides these there are 17 chief and 200 minor tribes, whilst 100 languages, according to M. Koelle,—150, says Bishop Vidal,—are spoken in the streets of Freetown. All are hostile to one another; all combine against the white man. After the fashion of the Gold Coast, they have formed themselves into independent republics called "companies." These set aside certain funds for their own advancement and for the ruin of their rivals. The most powerful and influential races are the Aku and the Ibo. The Akus, or Egbas, known by their long necklaces of tattoo, are called the Jews of Western Africa; they are perfect in their combination, and they hesitate at no crime. They will poison with a pitiless readiness. The system of Egba "clanship," as the local papers call it, is a favourite, sometimes an all-engrossing topic for invective with the press. This worst species of trades-union is characterised, on account of its propensity to intimidate, as the "Aku tyranny" and the "Akú Inquisition." The native proverb speaks the native sentiments clearly enough,—

> "Okàn kan li ase ibi, ìkoko li ase ìmolle
> bi atoju ìmolle tàn, ke atoju ibi pella, bi
> aba kû ara enni ni isin' ni."

"A man must openly practise the duties of relationship, though he may privately belong to a secret club: when he has attended to the secret club, he must attend to the duties of relationship also, because, when he dies, his relations are those who must bury him."

The Ibos are more divided, still they cleave together on especial occasions. This large tribe, whose headquarters is Abo, at the head of the Nigerian delta, muster strong at S'a Leone, where they are the

Swiss of the community. It is popularly said the Aku will do anything for money, the Ibo will do anything for revenge. Both races are intelligent enough to do harm—their talents rarely take the other direction. If the majority of the jury be Akus, they will unhesitatingly find the worst of Aku criminals innocent, and the most innocent of whites, or Timnis, guilty.*

Surely such an outrage upon reason—such a caricature of justice—was never contemplated by British laws. Our forefathers never dreamed that the liberty and the institutions for which during long centuries they fought and bled, would thus be prostituted—be lavished upon every black recaptive, be he assassin, thief, or wizard, after a residence of some fourteen days in a dark corner of the English empire. Even the Irishman and the German must pass some five years civilising themselves in the United States before they are permitted to vote. What a curious contrast! and how little it speaks for our *savoir faire!* Free the slaves if you like, and strike the slaver to the ground with his victims' fetters; but ever remember that by far the greater number of the liberated were the vilest of criminals in their own lands, and that in their case exportation becomes, in fact, the African form of transportation. If the reader believes that I have exaggerated the state of things at S'a Leone, he is mistaken; the sketch is

* "Aku constables will not, unless in extreme cases, take up their delinquent countryman, nor will an Ebo constable apprehend an Ebo thief, and so on through all the different tribes."—*Residence in Sierra Leone*, p. 269.

under, rather than over drawn. And he will presently see a confirmation of these statements in the bad name which liberated Africans bear upon the whole of the western coast.*

* The subjoined extract from the pen of the African editor to the "Sierra Leone Weekly Times" (July 30th, 1862) will at least show that I am not singular in my opinions. The reader will excuse this diffusiveness of refutation. The contrary idea to that advocated above is still ruling in England. It will die out because it is based on ignorance, but we would all of us fain be in at the death.

"England's policy has been to allow the unformed mind free scope to choose its own views and principles from among the many opposing influences surrounding it, without any effort at coercion or direction; and it is not to be wondered at that the savage and untutored mind of the African, imbued, like most other barbarous races, with great astuteness and cunning, should have very soon adopted the form of civilisation, when it became aware that it would answer its purpose as well as the reality. Herein lies the difficulty of forming a correct judgment of the effects of our policy of freedom upon the African character. And yet what greater proof can be required of the superficial nature of our teaching, and of its want of depth and reality, than the well-ascertained fact that very few instances can be adduced of aliens, thousands of whom are resident, being converted to Christianity or reclaimed from barbarism? Nothing takes root in a vigorous and rich soil without extending its influence; and something radically wrong must exist when exertions as disinterested as ever guided a nation in its efforts to benefit another, have produced such barren results. Many who have studied the African character will bear witness to the truth, that the African is a far more innocent and natural creature when he has never been brought within the range of civilised life. But the fault lies not in any natural incapacity for civilisation, but in our method of imparting it.

"We shall not be considered as decrying the African race when we say that it is not fitted, without a guiding hand, to exercise the privileges of English citizenship. We are aware that the opposite opinion will have more adherents, such is the infatuation that exists upon African questions; but we have only to point to this colony to obtain convincing proofs that we have merely stated a particular appli-

Evening gathered black and heavy upon the brows of the hills. This is the *finale* of the rains, the Elephanta,

cation of an universal law—the gradual development of the human mind. By adopting a different opinion, and by following a course dictated by opposite views, we have formed a race alike incapable of valuing the coarse but instinctive efforts of their forefathers, or the refined and purifying elements of civilised life. The next generation will give further and more convincing proofs of the correctness of these views; for, with few exceptions, the liberated Africans are far superior to the rising generation—in energy, in talents, and in honest principles. Our policy of allowing entire freedom in the choice of good or evil is answerable for a large share of the evils which exist, and it accounts for the want of success which has hitherto attended all the efforts of the Imperial Government. England had it in her power to guard this chosen band of Africans from the pollution of clanship and the corruption of idleness. Laws of labour may be out of place in England, but in Sierra Leone they would have saved an entire population from trusting to the allurements of a petty, demoralising trade,—they would have saved us the sight of decaying villages, and a population becoming daily less capable of bearing the laborious toil of agricultural industry. To handle the hoe has now become a disgrace; and the people have lost their manhood by becoming gentlemen. We exhibited a farce to the civilised world when we appointed learned judges to explain the laws of evidence, and the complicated details of civil actions, to juries of ignorant Africans just rescued from the bondship, and when we were guided by their decisions. A Court of Summary Jurisdiction, presided over by men of honour and probity, would have been far more suitable to their wants and to their understandings. The chief judge need not have held a less dignified position—for purity of justice requires our judges to be placed above the possibility of temptation. No one can pretend that English criminal jurisprudence is administered with success in Sierra Leone; and latterly less so than formerly, on account of the increasing power of Aku clanship. In saying this, we cast no slur upon the Bench. The Bench is far above the criticism of any journal, and we refer to it merely to reprove the insolence of the Aku apologist who accused us, not long since, of such pretensions. The Queen's Bench itself would be powerless before the stolid indifference to the sanctity of an oath, and the blind obedience to the mandates of chiefs as powerful as they are unscrupulous. An English judge has but one duty to per-

as it is called by the Hindu, after a certain lunar asterism; and whilst this southerly wind and cloudy sky do endure, uncomfortable and unhealthy weather will persecute us. Raffales coursed down the Lion's flanks, and the rains discharged their batteries with a fearful energy and perseverance. So the many who had "a hint to stay away" from the station, spent a lively evening on board, collecting under the bit of quarter-deck awning, as Maître Aliboron and his friends gather together for society under some more impervious tree.

On the Wednesday morning, which was tolerably clear, though mists were rolling over the highlands, I landed with the consul of Fernando Po in the captain's gig. At breakfast we had been duly primed with good

form: to follow the strict rules of law, and the terms of his commission. Only the ignorant can boast of the extensive freedom we have given to the African. Freedom, indeed, we should have given, but it ought to have been qualified to suit their capacities. Let the men who advocate the expatriation of the American remember that those whom we brought to this colony are fading from the scene, destroyed by the policy which transferred them to an enervating climate, and then left them to the corrupting influences of an emporium of trade without industry or manufactures. In their stead have arisen the liberated African, and that policy which gives them civilisation without industry, must bring upon them the like consequences. This blind adherence to precedent has allowed the chiefs of the Aku clan—the predominant tribe of liberated Africans—to introduce the most degrading system of secret tyranny known on the African continent. Aku clanship destroys every manly virtue, and neutralises the well-meant but ineffectual efforts to form a people which might kindle the ardour of civilisation and Christianity among their heathen brethren. Arrest that evil in its onward course, and with the commencement of a policy more suitable to the wants and to the capacity of the people, Sierra Leone may yet redeem the hopelessness of failure."

advice, viz., not to notice negro impudence and to turn our shoulders—the severest punishment—upon all who tried their hands at annoyance. We rowed to the Government landing, a ricketty, slippery flight of wooden stairs, which is positively dangerous at night or when the waves dash against the jetty. We were careful to carry no luggage; porters fight for the job, and often let the object of emulation drop into the water. One of our mail-bags received this *baptême de S'a Leone* last night. On such occasions a push or poke is a forbidden luxury; the man might fall down—you have certainly injured him internally—you must pay exemplary damages. Passing through casks in rows we ascended a short steep path leading to Water Street, the long broad line which runs along the upper bank. Here loud—

> "Sounds the oath of British commerce and the accents of Cockayne,"

mixed with fearful language on the part of the "African." A guide presented himself in the person of Jumbo, a well-known character; and when we engaged him, he triumphed over his great rival, "General Jackson," with the true negro laugh, ending in a chuckle. Our wish was first to post homeward-bound letters. *Chemin faisant* we entered the establishment of a Mr. Sibyl Boyle, so-called from a ship and its skipper; it is the regular colonial store, containing everything from a Dutch cheese to a gold ring, and the owner, an honourable exception, was civil and honest.

Passing the cathedral, we were shown on its south-west a bit of ground appropriated to the "Wilberforce monument;" a piece of folly number one, for which 3000*l.*, it is said, have been subscribed. It is to contain a lecture-room and a library, two of the last things wanted in such a colony. S'a Leone once had a fine collection of books; of course it was allowed to go to the bad. Half way up Gloucester Street, the main line leading to Government House, we found the post-office, rank with struggling negroes fighting fiercely for "Mas'er 'um book." A native policeman, seeing envelopes in my hand, motioned me towards a door, which the black clerk sensibly but sternly shut in my face. I handed the epistles to Jumbo, who, after contending manfully for half-an-hour, returned with the stern order to come back after noon. The negro postmaster, whom I afterwards met in the streets, as sternly confirmed the fact. Having thus time to spare, we walked to the top of the street, which might be 150 yards long, and found it arched with sticks and timbers. This memorial commemorates the auspicious occasion when the colony first looked upon a live Royal Highness, a real white Prince; it is to be commemorated by a marble *arc-de-triomphe*, for which 700*l.* have been subscribed; but as 1500*l.* are still wanting, there is not much chance of the present architecture undergoing a change.

Upon this highly interesting spot we stood awhile to remark the peculiarities of the place and its position. The soil is a loose clay, deep red or brown, and impregnated with iron, cold and unfertile, as the spon-

taneous aloe shows. The subsoil is a rude sandstone, also ferruginous: soft and working well under the axe when first quarried, it soon hardens into the semblance of laterite, and thus weathered, it forms the best of building materials. Imbedded in the upper loam are blocks and boulders, apparently erratic, dislodged or washed down from the upper heights, where similar masses are seen. Many are scattered on the surface, as if by an eruption; others lie like slabs, or dwarf domes, upon the shore. The shape is usually spheroidal, and the formation primitive hypersthene (close-grained bluish granite), or greenstone, blackened externally by the sun and weather. In the few cuttings of the higher levels I afterwards remarked that detached "hardheads" are thickly puddinged into the more friable sandstone, but nowhere could I see or hear of granitic masses protruded from below. The boulders are cleared away by ditching and surrounding with a hot fire for forty-eight hours; water, not vinegar, is then poured upon them, causing the heated material to contract and fracture, when it can easily be removed. Magnetic iron, it is said, is also found, but veins of the metal have not yet been discovered.

At the future arch four roads meet: that to the left leads to the old cemetery, now deserted for the new burial-ground on the hill side behind the barracks. There are books which suggest a visit to this spot, and which promise interesting monuments; *expertus*, I say, with Mr. Punch, in his world-famous advice to people about to marry, "Don't." Under Jumbo's orders we

soon found the place, but the gate was closed and the guard absent. After a decent delay, we scaled the wall —not a pleasant operation for crinoline, nor agreeable in small-clothes, on account of snakes. The tombstones are gloomy, heavy parallelopipedons of dingy sandstone, which seem better adapted for a press-yard than a church-yard; and there is no abuse of epitaphs; after the fashion of the tropics, the name is generally considered *de trop*. Intermural sepulture is now forbidden at S'a Leone, as in London; yet there were several fresh graves.

The weak sex, we were told, here musters strong; a curious discrepancy, when they are to the rougher half of humanity about one to ten. It is supposed that women, being less exposed than men, can better resist the climate of S'a Leone. I believe the fact to be the contrary; in many cases the German missionaries have lived, whilst their wives have died. Here lie three Spanish consuls who in four years fell victims to a climate which has slain five captains-general, or governors, in five years. A deserted cemetery, without flowers or whitewash, is always a melancholy spectacle. This was something more. The grass and bush grew dense and dank from the remnants of mortality, and the only tree within the low decaying walls was a poisonous oleander. Another sense than the eye was unpleasantly affected; we escaped from the City of the Slain as from a slave-ship or from a plague hospital.

Our walk had furnished us with a tolerable idea of the settlement's plan. Fronting the north-west, it is built

like all the cities of the very old,* the new, and of the antipodean worlds, after the fashion of a chess-board, in squares and blocks; the longer streets flank the sea, and the shorter run at right angles up the hills behind the town. Both are of bright red, always edged, and often more than half overgrown with ribbons of green. The grass preferred is the American or Bahama, fine, silky, and creeping along the ground, which it is said to clear of other vegetation; it forms a good substitute for turf, and is used to stuff mattresses. When first imported it was neglected, cut away, and nearly died out; but it is now encouraged on account of its keeping down the bush, and its velvety plots greatly relieve the glaring red surface. The dilapidation of the houses surprised me. Some are tumbling down, others have tumbled down; many of those standing are lumber, or board shanties—"quarter frames" and "ground floors" they are called; and the few good abodes appeared quite modern. But what can be expected from a place where Europeans expect to stay but two years, and where Africans, who never yet worked without compulsion, cannot legally be compelled to work?

From the narrow houses of the dead we turned towards the vegetable-market, the neat building with

* For instance, the oldest Athens, from the days of Theseus to those of Hadrian, was like modern Boston—a mass of narrow, tortuous alleys, on a plan laid out, according to the Americans, by a wandering cow. The newer Athens was rectangular and parallelogramic, like modern Washington, but for another reason. The temples of the gods, themselves parallelogramic, like that of Meccah, required broad, straight avenues, not the *entourage* of a St. Paul's Cathedral.

blind arches and flying roof. Externally stone and internally brick, this bazaar has half its floor paved and the other half expecting to be. The roof is of iron: grass is everywhere too dangerous, palm mats and bamboos are hardly better, tile is too heavy, slate too dear, so shingles are here mostly used when they are procurable. After a rainy season they become grey, and are with difficulty distinguished from more expensive material. In climates where extremes of heat follow heavy rains, they curl up and become chronically leaky. The market—it contained some tailors—was full of fat, middle-aged negresses, sitting at squat before their "blies" or round baskets, which contained a variety and confusion of heterogeneous articles, of which the following is a list as disorderly as the collection which it enumerates. There were pins and needles, yarn and thread—in the wilder parts, a thorn and a fibre suffice—needle-cases, with all kinds of small hardware, looking-glasses in lacquered frames, beads of sorts, cowries and achatinæ, from which an excellent soup, equal to the French snail, is prepared; poor and cheap ginger,—at times the streets are redolent of it,—dried bats and rats, which the African, as well as the Chinese, loves; reels of cotton, kolas—here worth about one halfpenny, and at Bathurst a penny each—and shea-butter nuts, country snuff-boxes of a chestnut-like nut, from which snuff is inhaled, *more majorum*, through a quill; bluestone, colcothar, and other drugs; physic nuts (tiglium or croton, a favourite but painful native remedy), shalots, dried peppers, red and black; horns of goat and antelope, smoked and dried fish, preferred when

high, to use the mildest term; ground pig—a large rodent that can climb, destroy vegetables, and bite hard if necessary—skewered for a *rôt*; ground-nuts, which the French have called *pistaches*, very poor rice,* and feathers of the plantain bird. To the walls were suspended dry goods, red woollen nightcaps and comforters, leopards' and monkey skins, and the spoils of an animal that might have been a gazelle. The fruits were sweet sop—the East Indian custard-apple,—soursop (*A. muricata*), citrons, oranges, grown in the mountain districts, sweet limes, bananas, a finer kind of musa, and plantains,—which are the horse plantain of Hindostan,—pineapples, mangos terribly terebinthine,† bitter oranges, unsweetened guavas,‡ the "monkey-plum," or "apple," and the "governor's plum." The avocado, which the English call alligator pear (*P. gratissima*), is inferior to the Mexican; those fond of it compare the fruit to the flavour of the finest filberts; I detect in it an unripe melon freshly taken out of Harrowgate water. The granadilla is not unlike a papaw,§ the flesh is neglected, whilst the seeds

* There are three kinds of grain:—1. The large Mandenga. 2. The red rice of Sherbro, which is easily husked: this is rarely grown at S'a Leone. 3. A liliputian variety, about the size of mignionette, said to grow in light rocky soils. The natives call it *fundi fundungi*, or "hungry rice." As a rule, the rice at S'a Leone is dark, but it is superior in flavour to the Indian.

† It is a common trick to hack the Mango trunk when the fruit begins to appear: the flavour is improved by the gum flowing off, but the produce is diminished.

‡ The guava is made to lose its strong medicinal flavour by opening the trunk, and by inserting with a brush a little honey or sugar and water.

§ The reader who possesses not the wrinkle, is strongly advised to

and their surroundings are eaten with sherry and sugar; here, however, they are far inferior to the South American. The consul preferred it to all those of Panama —perhaps for reasons best known to himself. The only enjoyable fruit that I tasted at S'a Leone was the strawberry guava, as it is locally called: it has a delicate, sub-acid flavour, not easily equalled. Perhaps it might be introduced into the South of France; let me recommend the Société d'Acclimatisation to elect a few honorary members, and not—as they now do—to expect that travellers will pay for the pleasure of serving them. The principal vegetables were watercress, onions, and various bulbs, calavances or beans, okras, bengans or egg-plants, yams, kokos, and sweet potatoes. The edibles are fufu, balls of finely-levigated cassava flour, sweet ágádi, boiled rice or maize wrapped up in leaves, and ginger-cake; whilst toddy was the principal drink.

Between the market and the sea is the butchers' yard, a ragged and uncleanly strip of ground. The cattle are small, humpless, and long-horned, brindled, or dun, like the Alderney cow; when small, they cost 3*l*. They are driven in from the Fúlá country and the interior, and their beef tastes not unlike what one imagines the produce of a knacker's yard to be. It is peculiar, yet true, that nearly all the meat thus supplied to an emancipated colony and to anti-slave cruisers, has been bought with slaves. Buffaloes once existed here and on the Bananas;

boil the unripe fruit of this tree: it is almost as good as vegetable marrow. Also, if cleaned out, filled with forcemeat, and baked, it much resembles the "badinján mahshi," or stuffed egg-plants of Egypt.

they are not found now. Milk is dear, and not plentiful; Englishmen raw in the tropics object to goat, but frequently put up with milch-pig—they are said to be kept for the purpose here—or with a something worse. Butter is oily and rancid. Hogs, as might be expected, are common as in Ireland; there are also long, lean, hairy, black and white sheep, which do not supply an excellent mutton. Goats are plentiful, and their flesh would be good if it had any taste. The poultry list comprises fowls and partridges, ducks and geese, the Muscovy or Manilla duck, and the spur-winged goose from Sherbro.

Behind the meat market is a double row of houses with shops upon the ground-floor, not unlike a Banyan's street in India, but infinitely smaller, meaner, dirtier. Here the stranger can buy dry goods and a few curiosities of Mandenga manufacture—grigris, spears, bows, and saddles and bridles, like those of the Somal, both perfectly useless. The leather, however, is excellent, second only to that of Morocco. A dirty hovel, inscribed "Lunch-house" on a sign-board, flanked by a Union Jack and a Yankee gridiron, represents the American hotel, a hole kept by a Liberian negro; it is the only hostelry in the place.

Having exhausted the bazaars, and the mystic hour of twelve having struck, we again repaired to the Post-office, where, by displaying that humility and respectfulness that became us in the presence of a superior race, Don Jack-in-office graciously permitted us to post our letters. We then passed under the triumphal arch of African

architecture—it felt somewhat like being sent classically *sub jugum*—and struck up the road leading to Government House. At the porter's lodge—it was shaded by a fine bamboo, here an exotic brought from the East or West Indies—a constable carried arms, and showed us into a shrubbery of great beauty. I can understand how, with the immense variety of bud, flower, and fruit suddenly presented to his eyes, the gentleman fresh from England took six months to recover the full and free use of all his senses.

At the entrance-portico stood a Zouave sentinel. The residence is large and rambling, built, like many of our English country houses, piecemeal; there is nothing to recommend it but the inmates and the fine view of the sea below. We spent a pleasant day at Government House, in the "Red Grave," as this portion of the great cemetery of the Anglo-Saxon race is called.

Anxious to obtain information touching the palm-nut and kernel trade, we called upon the principal commercial authority, and one of the Legislative or Executive Council (styled Hon.). When the nut was shown to him, the consul at once recognised a species different from that which he had found at Zanzibar and in Central Africa. There the fruit was in berries, like a highly-magnified grape-bunch; here it is as a spike; this, moreover, it is much smaller and less fleshy than on the other side of the Continent. The oil-trade of the West African coast barely dates from the beginning of this century. In 1808, 200 tons, or 8000*l.* worth (assuming the ton=40*l.*), were exported. In 1856, under

the influence of demand and steam navigation, not to mention the suppression of slave-export, which drove the natives into the hard and narrow path of legitimate trade, the export had risen to 40,000 tons, representing two millions of pounds sterling,* now reduced to one

* The value of the palm oil imported into the United Kingdom annually exceeds one and a-half million sterling; the quantity in 1861 amounted to 740,332 cwts. Compared with the imports of this article in 1860, this shows a falling-off to the extent of 63,994 cwts. With the exception of about 27,000 cwts. brought from Portugal, the United States, British India, West India Islands, and other countries not specified in the official returns, the entire supplies are obtained from the various settlements on the Western Coast of Africa.

The quantities and places of shipment for the years 1860 and 1861, together with the values and prices for the latter year, are subjoined :—

	Imported in		*Value.*	*Aver. pr.*		
	1860	1861.	1861.	1861.		
	Cwts.	Cwts.	£	£	*s.*	*d.*
Portugal . . .	6,250	4,250	9,173	2	3	2
Fernando Po . . .	4,347	6,842	14,615	2	2	9
Portuguese Possessions on Western Africa . .	—	6,077	13,227	2	3	6
Western Africa (not designated)	754,087	657,765	1,403,541	2	2	8
United States, Northern Atlantic Ports . .	—	7,616	16,150	2	2	5
Sierra Leone . . .	9,288	15,637	33,543	2	2	11
British Possessions on the Gold Coast . .	16,866	27,057	58,551	2	3	3
India, Singapore & Ceylon	—	10,724	21,716	2	0	6
British West India Islands	9,571	3,060	6,630	2	3	4
Other Countries . .	3,917	1,304	2,807	2	3	1
Totals . .	804,326	740,332	1,579,953			
	740,332					
Decrease in 1861 .	63,994					

With the exception of 52,515 cwts., the whole of the above was brought into this country in British vessels.

and a-half. It increases, however, and though the earth oils of the Far West and Russian tallow will presently cause great changes in the trade, it is capable of an almost unlimited development.

Before 1850 the kernels were thrown away, after the native fashion, despite their valuable yield of oil—30 per cent.—their cake, useful for fattening animals, and their refuse to be converted into compost. In that year 4096 bushels of husked kernels found their way to England. In 1856 the total shipped from S'a Leone and the adjacent coast was 150,000 bushels of charred kernels, which, at a minimum of 35*l.* per ton of oil and 3*l.* per ton of cake, would represent 48,000*l.** There is evidently much to be done in this way. The want of population and industry must be supplied by effectual machinery, which has not yet been invented. At present, in the oil rivers, the kernels are either thrown away or used as fuel; at Badagry shiploads are lying about, but no one takes the trouble to collect them. Moreover, the English manufacturer must learn from the Marseillais the best and most economical methods of purifying and preparing the oil. The natives toast the nuts over a wood fire, pound them in large wooden pestles, and boil the mass in country pots. The scum is then skimmed off, and is known as black or nut-oils. Other tribes burn the nut, and collect the fatty matter that drips from it. Mr. Macgregor Laird's fellow-explorer

* The figures are taken from the Hon. Mr. Heddle's letter of May 8, 1857, published in Dr. Baikie's "Report upon the Development of the Trade of Central Africa."

of the Niger, Mr. Oldfield, who died at S'a Leone in 1859, used to extract from the neglected kernels a beautiful clear oil, equal to the newly-discovered paraffin.

The mercantile world in England is too apt to imagine that, because the West Africans have opened the palm-oil trade, they will succeed in cotton-growing. The deduction is not fair. The former is easy, the latter difficult, to cultivate; this wants regular labour at epochs verging upon the excessive, that is the lightest form of work. As yet, cotton has never been grown to perfection except by slave races—those of the Southern States of America. Egypt ranks, or rather ranked, next during the days of Mohammed Ali Pasha, who confiscated all the acres not devoted to his favourite growth; and India —a free country, but a starving—brings up the rear.

We were shown some specimens of the gum copal, from Mallicorie, a district about thirty miles north of the river, and from the lowlands about Sherbro Island. It was lumpy, and of a dead, dull white colour, like the best gum Arabic; the absence of the goose skin proved it to be what is called in Zanzibar chakázi, jackass, or raw copal. We tasted some coffee, growing wild—nearly in the parallel of Mocha, between the rivers Pongo and Nuñez, which, according to accounts, the French have lately annexed. The territory comprises about fifty miles of coast, with an unknown interior depth along the latter river, possibly extending to Karagwah, where the shrub grows spontaneously, and to that Kafa, which may have suggested to the Arabs a name

for the new beverage.* The French traders prefer the small, bright, brown-yellow beans to the Mocha, and are rapidly monopolising the supply. Another native product which will become valuable is the "tallow-nut," locally called "mút." It is taken from a pod, and resembles in size and shape the Brazil nut; the tree, though rendered rare by destructive bush-burning, still lingers on the hills behind Freetown, and may be found growing wild all along the coast. These productions of West Africa are of many different kinds, and few of them are as yet known. The West African trade, which in these parts is now four centuries old, will soon develope itself in good earnest. Formerly ships were contented to anchor off the mouths of rivers, and to sail away with a little gold-dust, ivory, and pepper, and a few slaves. Now, agents and masters will push their way into the more salubrious interior, and open up new and unexploited sources of wealth. When Sanitaria shall be erected, and the white population settled at an altitude above sea level, where it can retain its energy and resolution, when greater facilities of locomotion and intercourse are afforded, and, lastly, when the Africans are compelled by circumstances to become a working people, the "Black Coast" will become a valuable possession.

* Coffee, it is well known, was introduced into Arabia by the Shaykh el Shazeli, who had visited Harar and possibly southern Abyssinia; "Káfá," the name of the place that supplied the plant, would account for the reason why the Arabs chose for it the old word "Kahwah," which means old wine. If coffee be indigenous to West Africa, it is another instance of Abyssinian vegetation extending to the opposite coast.

On the morning of the next day appeared alongside of us the gunboats, bringing a different class of objects —servants and beasts. Ships in these latitudes become small menageries, especially when homeward bound: every one is anxious to carry something back—a grey parrot, or a pair of palm-birds, a monkey, a mongoose, or a ground-pig. Darkey has heard of certain small sums having been cleared thus in England; he therefore asks from twice to ten times the value of his live goods. An otter, from the rivulets behind Freetown, was bought for three half-crowns; sundry snakes were offered for sale—the Mandenga snake, three to four feet long, black upon a yellow ground,* and a venomous-looking cobra with flat cordiate head, broad like all the more ferocious animals. Whilst the owners are "making trade," the "pull-a-boys" amuse themselves with hauling in flat fish, which, on account of its bonyness, no one but themselves will eat. Servants in shoals presented themselves begging "mas'er" to take them down coast. In vain; the S'a Leone man is handier than his Southern brother, he can mend a wheel, make a coffin or cut your hair, operations which in other places must remain wanted. Yet no one—at least if not a perfect greenhorn on the coast—will engage him in any capacity. In civility and respectfulness, he is far below the Brazilian or the Cuban emancipado. He has learned a "trick or two:" even a black who has once visited Sierra Leone is considered spoiled for life, as if he spent a year in England.

* It is described to be a small boa, but I did not see it.

Ship masters prefer the "blue nose"—the Kruman—from Cape Palmas, despite the taunt of being a "bush boy" thrown at him by his more civilised companions of S'a Leone. The S'a Leone man is an inveterate thief; he drinks, he gambles, he intrigues, he over-dresses himself, and when he has exhausted his means, he makes master pay for all. With a terrible partiality for summonsing and enjoying himself thoroughly in a court of law, he enters into the spirit of the thing like an attorney's clerk; he soon wearies of the less exciting life in the wilder settlements, where debauchery has not yet developed itself,—home sickness then seizes him, and he deserts, after probably robbing the house. He is the horror of Europeans; the merchants of the Gaboon River prefer forfeiting the benefits of the A. S. S. to seeing themselves invaded by this locust tribe, whose most beautiful view is apparently that which leads out of S'a Leone. At Lagos and Abeokuta S'a Leone has returned to his natural paganism, and has become an inveterate slave-dealer, impudently placing himself under native protection and renegading the flag that saved him from life-long servitude. Even during the Blackland's short stay, the unruly, disorderly character of the man often enough showed itself by fisticuffing, pulling hair, and cursing, with a mixture of English and African ideas, that presented a really portentous *tout ensemble*.

Landing at the slippery Government wharves—it must be a black joke on a rough night, when you know that a few feet below you there may be a shark with six

rows of teeth, and jaws that will decapitate a horse—we proceeded to spend our second day at S'a Leone. The sensation was of a hot and sickly heat, not as it is generally described, of a "furnace presenting its parched mouth." Mr. Jumbo had promised to procure me a carriage, and had failed; he therefore received what is popularly called "the sack." The swells keep vehicles, and there are a few for hire; but when the carriage is forthcoming, the horse is down, and when the horse is up, the carriage is nowhere. Horses live at S'a Leone a maximum of four years, and generally die of staggers, caused by the worm, or of loin disease—paralysis of the hind-quarters. They come from the Fula, Susu and Mandenga countries; they are mere tattoos, with mouths like old boots; and they are generally very vicious, from ill-treatment. The best fodder is the ground-nut leaf, and the precaution is to keep them out of draughts by day and protect them from cold at night. Despite which they soon lose strength and pluck, becoming misplaced as an Arab in Malabar. Even English dogs, if they are to be kept in this world, must be tended as carefully as babies at home, rigorously limited to soup and farinaceous diet once a day, with sulphur and water to drink, and be washed, combed and dressed morning and evening. Asses, as usual, in Africa live where horses die, and perhaps mules from Tenerife or Cape Verde Islands might survive their nobler dams.

Failing to secure a carriage or a hammock—there are some pretty networks, red, black and yellow—we proceeded on foot, under the guidance of a commissariat

officer, to call upon the Rev. Mr. Jones, a West Indian, one of the oldest inhabitants in the place, and the best preacher. He formerly edited the "African Herald," a "coloured," perhaps I might say a buff, organ. Since that time it has or has not passed out of his hands, and become the "African Weekly Times." The "Sierra Leone Gazette" was given up when the Wesleyan Methodist Society established in July, 1842, the "Sierra Leone Watchman." A second journal has been started, the "Free Press;" a radical paper, representing Young S'a Leone, and the editor is always quoted as the "funny man," the "serio-comic party," and in reply he has used up all his adjectives. A third is about to issue, the "Intelligencer," a white or "blue" paper, intruded to prove, if possible, the truth of what has sometimes been asserted at negro indignation meetings, namely, that a white man, if he "behaves himself," is as good as a black man. Journalism * at S'a Leone is still, as might be expected, in the lowest stage of Eatenswillism —a melancholy contrast to its brother of Liberia. Mr. Jones, who is a walking register of local events, was at the time of our visit proceeding to perform a very grand marriage ceremony at the cathedral—for the less civilised the people, the more importance they attach to the

* The following is a list of journals now published on the west coast of Africa, from Cape Spartel to the Cape of Good Hope :—

S'a Leone—1. African Weekly Times; 2. Free Press.

Liberia—1. Cavala Messenger, Cape Palmas; 2. Liberia Herald; 3. Monrovia Messenger.

Gold Coast—West African Herald.

Abeokuta—Iwe Irohin.

display which I, for one, begging pardon of all Belgravia, consider a most barbarous and indelicate exhibition. He kindly turned back, invited us into his house and gave us the required information. He spoke highly of Dr. Winterbottom's book on S'a Leone, published in 1804. The author was a surgeon in the service of the old West India Company, which has produced so many eminent men, amongst whom Dr. Copland, the celebrated compiler of the "Dictionary of Practical Medicine," may be cited. He lived long enough to see his writings well "shroffled," without acknowledgment, by all subsequent travellers, and three years ago he died at Shields. Mr. Jones also commended the "White Man's Grave," by Mr. Rankin, colonial chaplain at Gambia, and "Missions in Western Africa," published by the Tract Society. As regards "A Residence in Sierra Leone, by a Lady," the opinions of the colony ran high against this "Bird's Eye View," because of its truthfulness. The lady was the wife of a pensioned judge of the Mixed Customs Court, lived seven years secluded at Carnes' Farm, and is said to have painted life at S'a Leone in exceptionally sombre colours. Her sketch of a sojourn upon the Lion's Range is certainly not tempting. Young gentlemen about to marry in England hide the work from the fair intendeds. I cannot, however, but admire the elaborate sketches of scenery, and the fidelity of those descriptions concerning which I have a right to form an opinion.

After taking leave of Mr. Jones, who concluded some excellent advice about retaining life in the tropics, with

the valuable motto "Take it easy," I proceeded to inspect the only antiquity which S'a Leone knows. It is an outscarp of primitive rock, below King Jimmy's bridge and alongside the waterworks. According to some, Sir Francis Drake, the discoverer of California and its gold, and the brave knight of whom the Virgin Queen said, that "his actions did him more honour than his title," here left his name with the date of his first visit; others have correctly attributed it to Sir John Hawkins, the great slaver. In 1562,* this captain landed at S'a Leone, freighted three ships with 300 negroes, and carried them to St. Domingo: he returned to England, after making a goodly sum of money, in September, 1563. In the next year he sailed with the Solomon, the Swallow, the Brazen Tyger, and the Jesus of Lübeck;—what a name for such an errand! In one place he could purchase only 10 negroes; "obtained with the loss of seven of his best men, among whom was the captain of the Solomon, besides seven-and-twenty men wounded." On the 27th January, 1565, he went to the West Indies, and "brought the Spaniards to reason;" in other words, forced them to take his live cargo at Burboroata. He was assisted by the merchant princes of London, and he

* The first cargo was run by Gilianez, in 1442. Missionaries and lecturers are exceedingly fond of charging the miseries of Africa upon Europeans, especially the English. This is partly true, as far as inter-tropical West Africa goes. The north, however, must have sent many millions of slaves, in olden times, to the shores of the Mediterranean, and the "Periplus of the Red Sea" speaks of the trade on the eastern coast as if it had long been established. However, such clap-trap looses the purse-strings—as it is intended to do—and is a safe hit where not one in 1000 hearers knows anything of the subject.

obtained a patent for his crest, "a demi-moor in his proper colour." But two centuries afterwards he would probably have been hung, so rapid is our progress in morality. In 1567 he attacked Cape Verde, where many of his men were wounded with poisoned arrows, which brought on what appeared to be tetanus. He was a fellow-combatant with Drake against the Armada, and died in 1595. The memory of this old naval worthy blossoms in the dust at S'a Leone as the "first slaver."

The tramp of negro feet and the waters of the rivulet have totally effaced the inscription, which was, they say, legible 20 years ago. The rock is covered with griffonages, and some well-cut square letters extending to the ground: it is easy to read,

M. A. RVITER
VICE—AMIRALL—
VAN—HOLLANT.

Near this rock is King James's well, a spring of great purity, which supplies the shipping. On the other side of the ravine is the town gaol, at the south-west end, near what is called "Kru-town brook," a mountain drain. This prison is conducted on philanthropic principles; the daily allowance is a quart of rice, and a quarter gill of salt, and the prisoners lie on their backs and sing comic songs like sepoys.

As no carriage was forthcoming, we hired a boat, and proceeded westwards along the shore, wishing to see the "fashionable" drive to Kissy, where local honeymoons are spent, the racecourse, which, as in India, forms the favourite riding-ground, and the site of Granville Town.

The day cleared up, the sun shone warm and bright; the white sand beach and eternal verdure of the low Bullom shores were invested with a halo of beauty, which it derived from on high; and the colours were those of Heligoland in the song,—gold sand, green strand, red land, all set in lapis lazuli above, and sapphire framework below. The scenery of the lovely charnel-house thus seen is charming, *mais c'est la mort*—it is the terrible beauty of death. Mrs. M—— well describes this sensation: "I felt amidst all the glory of tropic sunlight and everlasting verdure, a sort of ineffable dread connected with the climate." Even when leaving the "pestilent shore," she was "haunted by its shadowy presence." This is womanly, but a little reflection must suggest it to man. Passing north of Battery Point, *alias* Fort Falconbridge, and other high-sounding names, we debouched upon a deep little bight or cove, Susan or Sawpit Bay, which much resembled those described during our steaming in. It is also called Destruction Bay—a gloomy name,—where ships convicted of carrying "Bales," "Dry goods," or "Blackbirds," were broken up; some traces still remain. The washerwomen were at their craft, the sawpits were idle, and the more juvenile, dressed *secundum naturam*, were bathing. The Susu and other African tribes used to punish by slavery a man who looked upon the fair sex "cleaning" itself, and a few years ago an English traveller thus committing himself was severely flogged. From behind Susan Bay the huts of the lower town stretch upwards, rounding Barrack Hill, and looking

not unlike the architecture of white ants. Another shoally projection introduced us to Fourah Bay, of which "Susan" is a section. In the high background is a fine brook, cold, clear, and pure, affording a delicious bath; it is almost dry in the hot season, and it swells to a fiumara during the rains. Its extent was then a diminutive rivulet, tumbling some 2000 feet down a shelving bed; it falls into Granville Bay, that adjoins Fourah. The neighbourhood used to be dangerous at night—many murders were committed there. On the way we passed boats manned by the Timni—Timmani, Timaneh, Timnay, Temneh, or "Timne," as M. Koelle's "Polyglotta Africana" prefers to call them. Of old the lords of S'a Leone, they still come down for trade from Porto Logo, Waterloo, and other places up the river, with rice and cocoa-nuts, and not unfrequently console themselves for their losses by a little hard fighting; witness their defence of the Modúka stockade in December 1861.* The boats are heavy row-barges,

* The following is a brief account by one of the Government officers :—

"Head-quarters, Dec. 19, 1861.

"My dear Sir,—You will like to hear the news—40 Timanehs have been killed; only five dead bodies were found in the stockade. The slaughter was by our allies, the Kossos, living in the country, who took advantage of the flight from the stockade, followed them through the night, and burnt six of their towns. The 40 killed are well-authenticated and their names known; probably many more whom we have not yet heard of. They must have carried the wounded out of the stockade when they fled. The attack commenced about 4 P.M. on the 18th. All the troops, with the exception of the gunners and officers, were ordered to lie down and wait the assault. It was while at the

with a framework of sticks for an awning over the stern; an old Mandenga with white beard sits at each helm. They row *simplex munditiis*—at S'a Leone a man is punished for not wearing breeches, and thus the place becomes a rag-fair. The Timni men are dark negroids, with the slightest infusion of semitic blood; some had their eyelids and part of their faces coated with chalk for ophthalmia. They appeared to be merry fellows enough, and were certainly the only men in the colony who pretended ever to work. From afar, melting into hazy indistinctness, appeared the bluish sails of little boats which carry a proportionally immense amount of muslin; of these fishing-boats some ply by day, others by night. Arriving at a rocky point below the missionary establishment, now partly converted into a bishop's palace, we disembarked and visited the place. It nestles comfortably near the Hippodrome of S'a Leone and Granville Bay, where "satisfactions" are given. A satirical doctor declares that during 40 years of *rencontres* there has not been a single casualty; he is more witty than wise: I heard of one gentleman who had been winged. Old Granville Town has completely

gun that Sergeant Knight was killed, being shot through the head. Finding that the gun was doing little execution, the commander of the troops, Major Hill, turned to Captain Jones to ask him about assaulting, when he received a shot between the chest and shoulder-blade. Captain Jones advanced immediately, and the place was taken in 11 minutes.

"Return of Casualties.—Major Hill, wounded dangerously: Captain Jones, wounded slightly; Captain Williams, wounded slightly; Sergeant C. Evans, wounded slightly; three privates, wounded dangerously; irregular troops, 20, some dangerously wounded, and others slightly."

disappeared, the ruins of the last house are gone from the broad grassy plain on which the first colonists pitched their tents. North-eastward stretches the mysterious river, which for 400 years has, like the Nile and the Niger, concealed its head from the white man's gaze. Nothing would be easier than the exploration. With a little Arabic literature and Mandenga vernacular, a traveller, properly attired and accoutred, would, I believe, find this an excellent point *de départ*.

We returned by the "Kissy Road," the pet promenade and show walk of the place. The vegetation was magnificent, running up to the feet of the hills that rise suddenly from the plain. The approach to S'a Leone was heralded by a row of shops, much smaller and more miserable than those near the market-place. There are whole streets of these rabbit-hutches, the contents of which, "mammy," when day is done, carries home in a bly upon her head, possibly leaving "titty" to look after the remnant till she returns. The stock in trade may represent a capital of 4*l*., the profits 1*s*. per diem. Yet "daddy" calls himself merchant, gets credit, and passes his evening in smoking cabbage-leaf cigars—as a gentleman should—with his friends.

That evening was to witness an important event. The bachelors of Tower Hill Barracks had invited various guests, of whom I had the honour to be one, *à diner*, at 7 P.M. Dr. Morphew kindly sent me a nag, and at 6 P.M. I found myself jogging up the steep ascent. The difference of temperature explained the superior salubrity of the place. The officers are not paler nor

more emaciated than those of an East Indian corps, and of the men—no economy, they fall off as rapidly as Europeans in these lands—only four had died in the eight months after their arrival. During the terrible yellow fever of 1858-59,* when the lower town was almost depopulated, and all who could manage to retreat, retreated, the only fatal cases in the barracks were those brought up from the low land, and the disease did not spread there. Tower Hill derives its name from a ruined martello, supposed to have been built by the Dutch, and now used for stores. The barracks are composed of six large bungalows, built on the hill crest, and the area or yard is girt with a low, dark, loop-holed wall, and easily accommodates the garrison,† two companies of the second West India regiment, with two captains and two subalterns—all the rest being on the staff or on detached duty. They contain cool and lofty rooms twenty feet high,—including a billiard-room with a table curiously levelled,—and are surrounded by shady and airy piazzas, where the wind, when there is any, must find its way. For many years they had jalousies and half-windows only, instead of glass, which forced the inmates

* During this year, of 120 whites, 30 left the place, 30 died, and of the remainder few escaped without sickness. The epidemics of 1839-1840, and of 1847-1848, were nearly as bad. In the former, Warburg's drops were, it is said, tried, and, succeeding with fever, they failed to cure yellow fever. Government has very properly ordered another trial. There is a popular superstition that every tenth year is a "clearer off" at S'a Leone. The elements fight against it, but unfortunately man will not trouble himself to fight against the elements.

† I could learn nothing concerning the S'a Leone militia, except that the company's officers and the adjutant are supplied by the line.

to sit in darkness during rain. I sat there to enjoy the view. Though the season of the smokes has not set in, the sun, with rays of lilac red, set over a splendid panorama of land, sea, and town, whose homeliness had now disappeared. Mingling afar with the indistinctness of the horizon, the nearer waters set off by their golden and silvery sheen the capes and far projecting tongues which stretched in long perspective below; while the Sugarloaf, father of mountains, rose in solitary dignity high above the subject hills. It was truly a beautiful prospect. On the near slope of Station Point I saw the first of the bush burnings; they are like prairie fires in these lands, and sometimes they encircle Freetown with a wall of flame.

Night comes on quickly in equinoctical regions;* it was announced by the grating of crickets, the buzzing of beetles and cockroaches, and a frog concert, where the orchestra was in superior strength. We dined in the mess-room, which was hung round with palm-leaves. The servants were orderlies in white cotton clothes, including gloves and chokers; the style of waiting seemed to consist chiefly of staring wildly at you, or indulging in a broad grin when you call for any article, and then, as if by sudden inspiration, rushing off to fetch the wrong thing. It seems impossible to persuade the negro mind that fish and beef are not eaten together, and that the same plate is not intended to hold, at one

* In this latitude the English day is 12 hrs. 29 sec. 45 min.; the shortest, 11 hrs. 30 sec. 14 min.; and the maximum of difference, 49 min. 31 sec.

time, pork and mutton. And as they prefer that your coat should suffer rather than their own, a champagne bottle is rarely opened without a mishap, perhaps a cork in the eyes of some very testy elderly official. The style of a regiment may be known by its mess. When strangers are welcomed, introduced to the "women," and placed near them in good seats; when all the officers take wine—'tis an obsolete custom, but a kindly—with them, and do not await an introduction before addressing them; when the bottle circulates freely, after the cloth, the chaplain, and the crinolines have been removed, and when introductions to pretty partners follow,—then we, the stranger-world, cannot but enjoy ourselves. After the feed, the room was cleared, and dancing was done to the sounds of fife and drum, which were excellent. How much better are these simple instruments than the terrible medley which so offends the ear of taste in military bands,—and from the brass bands may Phœbus Apollo deliver me! The African climate, however, has a mood too melting to render dancing pleasant or even pleasing to look at. And no Englishman seems to think that the inexorable day comes, the day of stoutness in the waist, of face scarlet as the coat, and—how shall I say it? of perspiratory excess (will that do?)—when he should abandon the seducing enjoyment. But no! he dances, and he dances on like an upright turtle revolving upon its own pivot, topped with perchance bald scalp or grey bristles, which, seen under such influences, are not honourable. Let us, O my middle-aged friends! leave

these graceful exercises to graceful youth—especially in the tropics.

Individually disliking to stand in a doorway, and witness a style of saltation which European fastidiousness has deprived of all its charms, I retreated to an officer's quarters, where with a pleasant companion who could speak of the "absent but not forgotten," and alternate silence sweetened by the herb which Thevet invented and Nicot named and sang,

"O Tabac ! O Tabac ! mes plus chères amours !"

—of course there was nothing more material upon the table—I spent an agreeable evening. The Freetown day usually concludes, as in Indian out-stations, with a mild game of whist; it may be a pleasant amusement, but, in my humble opinion, cards with small stakes are somewhat like writing a book gratis. We took leave, about the merrier hours, of our hospitable hosts, and descended the hill *en masse*, with a lantern to preserve our shins from boulders, and our total selves from ditches and ravines. The town of course was dead asleep, but my companion's gig was waiting at the shipping stairs, despite which and the sharks, I found myself, at 2 A.M., once more on board the African steam-ship "Blackland."

Our departure from S'a Leone was advertised for the next morning, Friday. It was regretted by none, despite the hospitalities of the place, except by our Frenchman, who, having found at the Spanish vice-consul's *une cuisine Française*, appeared willing to pitch his tent in the lion's den. The morning broke dull and

grey, heavy lowering clouds banking up from the Home of Fevers, the long, low Bullom shore, and the air was rather warm than cool, as heavy rains entitled us to expect. In the tropics it is still a tenet, doubtlessly inherited, that rising with the lark—to use a home phrase where no two-legged thing of this name exists—strengthens the white constitution for the heat and burden of the day. The contrary is the opinion of the wise of Freetown: they declare sunrise to be dangerous as sunset, that a morning mist is miasmatic as evening dew, and that those who want fever, have only to expose themselves at a time when the stomach is not strong. I believe them. Even in England no man of sense—old Indians not alluded to—rises, except in midsummer, before the world is brushed and broomed, aired and sunned. Early from bed is enjoyment in the dry and healthy regions of Arabia, it is not wholly unadvisable in sub-humid Egypt, and it becomes an abomination in the bleak and sombre North, as well as in the rank and fetid bush of Western Africa.

We rose betimes that day, because we expected a treat; our gallant captain had been subpœnaed as a witness in a police case between Messrs. Elliot and Johnson, the rival black pilots, who had joined issue upon the subject of dues. After breakfasting and preparing ourselves for the climate of the Court House, we landed, but not at the Government wharf. As the surf ran high, and we had no wish to break our legs, we chose another *débarcadour* by the side of the commissairat, where a rude little breakwater protects

from positive risk. We walked for a mile or two to St. George's Pool, another pleasant bathing-place under the hills. A tope of bamboos surrounds the little "eye" of water, and a neighbouring cottage supplies mats, and lights for the subsequent cigar. Entering the "palace of Justice" at 10 A.M., the specified hour, we found it wholly untenanted. The beak would not, we were informed by a surly clerk coloured *café au lait*, put in an appearance for another hour. We strolled about, and thus lost what *habitués* of Marylebone call a "nice case." A Mandenga, accused of insulting a girl, was placed in the dock, duly convicted, and summarily fined 40*s.*, or condemned in default to fourteen days' prison, by the police magistrate, a captain in the "2nd West," who, "standing no nonsense," gives general satisfaction to the Europeans of S'a Leone. He fines them 5*s.*, whereas not a few of his predecessors made the proportion 5*l.* to a white, 1*s.* to a black man; and he is called "Captain Ten Pounds," because in the case of negro misdemeanor he prefers that sum to the "fiver." Several of the culprit's fellow-tribesmen were standing at the court-door. It was impossible not to be struck by the superiority of their deportment and appearance. Their loose and ample robes, even when of poor stuff, gave them breadth as well as height, and the picturesque folds contrasted wonderfully well with the grimy slops of the poorer Christian, and the caricatured imitation of our dress—itself a caricature—affected, at much loss of comfort and aspect, by "Gentlemen," the richer negro classes. There is a manliness and honesty in

the Mandenga's look, wholly wanting amongst the "liberated." The dignity of El Islam everywhere displays itself; it is the majesty of the monotheist who ignores the degrading doctrines of original sin, the sublime indifference to life which Kazi wa Kadar—we must meagrely translate it fatalism—confers upon the votaries of "The Faith." As regards education, I believe the Mandengas to be, despite the want of governmental instruction, as well advanced in the three Rvs. as any other tribe in Freetown. I found them able to recite their prayers, to repeat the shorter chapters in the Kalam Ullah, and to read the religious sentences which I wrote for them. In the space below the gate stood a Fakih—our learned travellers in, and writers on, Western Africa call him "fetish man"—a venerable elder with almost Arab features, tall fez, loose white burnous, and shalwars gathered in at the ankle, like those of the Bombay "Bohra." I could not resist the temptation of an *as' salamu alaykum,* and enjoyed the widening of eye and nostril with which he made the *de rigueur* reply to so auspicious a salutation proceeding from a source apparently so unseemly.

There are who may consider these remarks prejudiced, and attribute to mere antipathy my small appreciation of the Christianised African, and my claims for the Moslem of a palpable superiority over the missionary converts and the emancipated populace of S'a Leone. They may, however, rest assured, that not only I, but every one with me,—from those who saw Africa and a Moslem for the first time, to the veteran

Meccan pilgrim, one and all,—made the same remark. The fact is "*Azhar min el Shams.*"

The police court at S'a Leone is managed much like that of Westminster. The beak sits upon a tall desk, the clerk at a lower one before him. In the right corner is a dock, the usual loose box. The large whitewashed room is bisected by a railing. The rough and ragged are in the outer half; their betters, who have boots or *bottines* and whole breeches, occupy a bench in the interior, where also the "distinguished visitor" is, or rather may be, accommodated with a chair. The other officials are constables, men of all tints, from *café noir* to *café au lait*, and habited in police uniform, a blue coat with red facings and metal buttons. The witnesses are allowed to hear and to converse with one another, a contrivance which must considerably facilitate matters to them.

The knotty question was, did or did not Mr. Elliot, the plaintiff, first put off from the shore, first make for the mail steamer, and consequently has he or has he not first claim to pilotage? I had no doubt of the legality of his pretensions, nor, if there be any truth in "Saunders' Physiognomie," had Mr. Johnson. The plaintiff, examined his witnesses like a heaven-born lawyer—if such epithet can be applied to the "devil's own"—and cross-questioned them with an expertness engendered evidently by hard practice. He puckered up his vicious forehead, rubbed for ideas his beardless chin, and appeared to revel in the usual trickery and chicanery of a negro court. The witnesses stood for examination upon the steps leading to the magistrate's desk, took the Bible in hand, and

parrot-like repeated the usual form of imprecation, shirking, if possible, the kissing process. When will civilised nations abolish this fetish-like process of swearing, and substitute for it an affirmation with an equal penalty if violated? What want of sense it shows if judge and jury are compelled to elicit truth by a mere superstition. What power it places in the hands of an unscrupulous man who knows that Jove both laughs at lovers' broken vows, and is slow to punish the perjury of witnesses,—even of one who holds, as many pious souls do, to the doctrine of mental reservation. After the swearing ensued a bout of forswearing that would make any one with the slightest respect for the sacred volume shudder. The object of each witness was so to stand that he could catch the eye of his "daddy" or boss; the cross-questioner then took him by the shoulders and forced him to front the other way. When the witness had the weakness to balk at his perjuries, the plaintiff raised his index toward the ceiling, declaring that "dis he be God-palaver." Thus adjured, the witness took his leaps like a man. The police magistrate made notes of the long tissue of shameless falsehoods with exemplary patience, a scrupulousness which reminded the consul of that pious Madras major on the Neilgherry hills, who, in years gone by, caused a certain Portuguese "buttrel" to suborn a prodigious amount of false witness. And pleasant to relate, whilst those of elder generation were thus enjoying the excitement of perjury, the junior on the other side of the building, separated by the thinness of party-walls, was refreshing itself with psalms and

spiritual songs. This nuisance cannot be abated. The police magistrate may object that the vile symphony gives him the megrims, distracts his attention from his duties. The only consequence is, that he will be politely invited by the director of the school to "make tracks." I must mention the conclusion of the case. Mr. Elliot, who was non-suited, sprung up, and blatantly declaring his resolution to appeal, ran off to some lawyer for the purpose of laying a caveat against the money being paid to Mr. Johnson. All was fearfully technical.

When weary of the monotonous course of lying, we thought it as well to hear the psalmody. Ascending the staircase in the gable opposite the court-house, we passed down the hall, and saw through the open door the young idea at its mental drill in the hands of a pedagogue, apparently one of the *αναιμοσαρκα*, who, ghastly white, with Paganini hair, sat at the head of the room, the ruling spirit of this unruly rout. Down the long length, whose whitewashed walls were garnished with inscriptions, moral, legal, and religious, all sublime as far as size went, stood parallel rows of negrillons, in the vast costumal variety of a ragged-school. They were bolt upright, square to the fore, in the position of "'tention," their naked toes turned out to an angle of 60°, little fingers close to the seams of their breeches—when they had any—heads up and eyes front. The body and features generally were motionless, as if cut in ebony; nothing moved but the saucer-like white eyes and the ivory-lined mouths, from whose ample aperture issued a prodigious volume of sound. Native assistants

in black faces and yellowish-white chokers, carrying music scores, and armed with what is commonly called a cane, sloped along the rows, standing occasionally to frown down some delinquent whose body was not perfectly motionless, and whose mind was not wholly fixed upon the development of sacred Time and Tune. I have no doubt that they sung

"The sun, the moon, and all the stars," &c.

precisely in the same spirit as if they had been singing

"Peter Hill! poor soul!
Flog him wife, oh no! oh no!"

Or that equally imposing Jamaïcan hymn

"God 'um lub 'um nigger well,
God 'um twig 'um by 'um smell;
When 'um nigger to 'um cry,
God 'um gib 'um punkin pie-ie-ie."

Which shares the honours of negro popularity with

"O open the door, Maggie Dudah (three times).
Beauty, I want to come in!"

It is a pity that time and work are thus wasted. The negro child, like the East Indian, is much "sharper" than the European—at six years of age he will become a good writer; in fact, he promises more than he can perform. At the age of puberty this precocity — for certain reasons—disappears, and the 'cute lad becomes a *dummer jünger*. Of course it is a mistake to overstrain his faculties at school, to make him learn aught that is useless, to teach him algebra, as it were, before arith-

metic. Mrs. M. thus describes her small girl-servant from one of these schools:—"She looks about nine years old, and, as far as reading goes, she knows nothing more than her alphabet, can yet repeat the Prayer-book catechism by rote, and one or two hymns, utterly ignorant all the while of the import of a single word." Even in Europe education exercises the judgment too little, the memory too much; consequently, there are more learned men than wise men. This system is on the change, and the Gymnasium is gradually taking the place of the Athenæum; the *corpus sanum* being the first requisite for the *mens sana*. Amongst missionaries the English language seems to be held a second revelation. Instead of two to three hours of reading, writing, and arithmetic, and six of the work-yard or shop, the boys are kept nine hours in school, and no inconsiderable part of the time is devoted to learning verse by heart, and to practise a vocalisation which it is hard to hear without pain.

Thus concluded my experiences at S'a Leone. Before going on board, however, I have something to say about the present state of the colony, and that my remarks may be intelligible it will be necessary to look back into the past.

Fifteen years after Lord Mansfield had established the sublime but unphysiological principle that a slave cannot live on English ground, our people turned towards Western Africa, sorrowing for their newly-found sin. The first English attempt at colonising her deserted slave preserves was in 1787, during the

days of the African Company, when certain benevolent individuals, headed by Messrs. Smeathman and Granville Sharpe, originated a scheme for restoring several hundreds of destitute runaways to their native land. The rocky peninsula of S'a Leone, from the Rokel to the Ketu river, twenty square miles, was at once purchased from the Timni chief, Naimbamma, "king" of the country, and the emigrants were forwarded in the "Nautilus" to their destination, which they reached in May. Many died of disease, some drank themselves to death, others ran away, and but few of the 400 remained when the second batch of settlers came upon the stage.

In 1790, three years after the first attempt, the colony of S'a Leone was re-established under the company of that name. The negroes who had remained loyal to England during the American Revolution, had fled to and settled in Nova Scotia. Finding that bleak land wholly unsuitable, they sent a delegate to England proposing themselves as candidates for the new West African settlement. The directors of the S'a Leone Company applied to, and obtained from Government a free passage for the Nova Scotians, and embarked them at once. A hundred Europeans and 1136 negro settlers, led by Mr. Clarkson, landed upon the Lion's Range, after losing on the passage sixty of their number, in March, 1792.

Accustomed from their youth to rice and maize, to bread and meat, the new-comers sickened on cassava and ground-nuts. They went out without frame-houses, and the rains set in early—about the middle of May—

before they found shelter. It was the history of the Bulama expedition once more. The whites were attacked with climate-fever, which did not respect the doctors, and the settlers, after many quarrels and great insubordination, saw 800 of their little band carried to the grave. Then a famine broke out; a ship from England, freighted with provisions, stores, and frame-houses was driven back by a storm, and did not arrive till nearly the end of the rains. Forty-five acres had been promised to each settler—viz., twenty to the husband, ten to the wife, and five to each child. It was found necessary to reduce the forty-five to four, and the denseness of the bush rendered those four unmanageable. Disgusted with Granville, the first negro settlement, whose site is now, as I have said, a grassy plain, they persuaded King Tom, chief of the country, by presents from the company, to allow them the use of his land and water-springs, and presently they built the fort and the present Freetown.

But war had broken out between France and England, causing the frequent detention of vessels, and a store-ship in the harbour happening to take fire, a worse misfortune awaited them. On a Sunday morning in April, 1794, as the unfortunates were looking out for the company's ship "Harpy," a French squadron sailed into the roadstead, drove the negroes into the bush, and landing in force, pillaged "the church and the apothecary's shop," and burnt the boats and town. The enemy then laid waste Granville, sailed up to Bunce's Island, and finally captured two vessels, besides the expected

"Harpy." Having thus left their mark, they disappeared after granting, at the governor's urgent request, two or three weeks' provisions for the whites. Famine followed, with sickness in its train, and the slave-dealers in the neighbourhood added all they could to the sufferings of the settlement. This is the independent history of the Nova Scotian settlers, as they are still called by their descendants now living at S'a Leone.

In 1800 and 1801 the settlers, roused by a small ground-rent imposed by the company upon their farms, rose in rebellion. The movement was put down by 550 Maroons,—*les nègres Marrons*,—principally descendants of Coromanti negroes, who were sent from Jamaica to S'a Leone. Hence arose the ill-feeling which in the earlier part of this century prevented the two rival sections even from intermarrying. Many of the disaffected settlers left the colony; some fled to the wild and the wild ones of the interior, and some few remained loyal. Rumours of invasion by the natives began to prevail. The governor was unwilling to believe that King Tom should thus sacrifice his own interests, until one morning, when forty war-canoes, carrying armed Timnis, were descried paddling towards the point. Nova Scotians and Jamaicans fled to the fort, and next morning the Timni drum sounded the attack. The governor, who attempted to parley, was wounded; but the settlers and colonists, who, well armed, were fighting for existence, beat off the assailants, and the Maroons of Granville Town completed the rout. After this warning a wall, with three gates, which were closed from 7 P.M. to

7 A.M., and strong watch-towers, were built round Freetown.

Notwithstanding all precautions, another "Timni rising" took place in 1803. The assailants paddled down from Porto Logo, landed at Kissy in large numbers, and assaulted Freetown, headed by a "Gri gri," or witch-woman, dancing, jumping, and drumming. Dividing into three storming parties, they attacked the gates with courage; but at last they were beaten back without having killed one man. The dead savages were so numerous, that the governor, fearing pestilence, ordered them to be cast into the sea.

After these troubles the colony remained at peace for some years, under the auspices of the S'a Leone Company. In 1807, the year that witnessed the abolition of the slave trade, possession was transferred to the British Government. Then commenced the system of installing at S'a Leone the Liberated Africans captured by British cruisers. In 1819, when a West Indian regiment was disbanded at Jamaica, 1222 soldiers and their families were added to the population. But this measure, making the place a black Botany Bay, soon ruined the chances and the hopes of the colony. Had it been carried out with due precautions, it would have worked abundant good by supplying hands. As it is, it has produced nothing but evil. I will attempt to explain why.

The black population of Freetown is assumed at 17,000. Of these there are still descendants of the older races: firstly, the Nova Scotians, or settlers;

secondly, Maroons, Sherbro Bulloms, the latter speaking Bullom, and mostly Methodists of the Lady Huntingdonian sub-sect, and Jamaicans, or colonists; thirdly, come the "'Cruits," emancipated, or liberated African slave-criminals. The old feud has now waxed faint, but it has by no means given place to combination between the two former races.* Thus both have fallen far behind the "'Cruits," who, naturally more energetic, have usually been petted and patronised by the Colonial Government. These barbarians, many of whom I have said are atrocious criminals, have been made Englishmen by wholesale, with eligibility to hold any manner of office, and all the other precious rights of Englishmen. Instead of being apprenticed† or bound to labour, as in similar cases a white man would certainly have been, they are allowed to loaf through a life equally harmful to themselves and others.

I need hardly quote the copybook to prove that idleness is the worst of all evils.

There is hardly a peasant in the place. With good management the colony might have become a flourishing portion of the empire, extending deep into Africa, and opening up to our commerce lands teeming with varied

* Mrs. M—— reports this very improper speech on the part of an elderly "settler woman." "Well! it is only my wonder that we settlers do not rise up in one body, and *kill* and *slay, kill* and *slay!* Dem Spanish and Portuguese sailors are quite right in making slaves; I would do de same myself, suppose I were in dere place!" "He is only a Liberated," is a favourite sneer against the new-comers.

† There have of course been governors—I will not mention names—who have attempted to enforce the regulations touching apprenticeship, but death, recal or disgust has always shortened their term of rule.

wealth. Now it is the mere ruin of an emporium, and the people, born and bred to do nothing, of course cannot prevail upon themselves to work. But agriculture is always despised by the "improved African," and he will not labour at it uncompelled. He is good only at destruction—the excellent coffee and the tallow-nuts have been cleared away for fuel. Indigo and cotton, coffee and arrowroot, squills and jalap, oil-palms and cocoas,* ginger and ground-nuts, are to be grown; but the people are satisfied with Indian corn and vegetables, especially the cassava, which to Africa is a curse as great as the potato, according to Cobbett, has been to Ireland. Petty peddling is the "civilised African's" *forte*. He willingly condemns himself to pass life between his wretched little shop and the chapel of Jehovah Shallum; to do nothing on week-days, but scrupulously to rest during the Sabbath.† His beau-ideal of life is to lie in the piazza, removing what the Rev. Mr. Wolff was requested to remove, to chat, grin, guffaw, and intone hymns, snuff, chew, and smoke, and at times drink "kerring-kerry," a rum which costs one shilling per bottle. Such is the life of ignoble idleness to which we condemn these sable tickets-of-leave by not rendering industry compulsory.

The Christian tenderness of the British Government, again, has tended to demoralise them. In the Bights

* At S'a Leone there is a "freit," that if a white man plants a cocoa-nut tree, he dies shortly afterwards.

† All missionaries praise the African for his strict observance of the Sabbath. He would have 365 Sabbaths in the year if possible, and he would as scrupulously observe them all.

of Benin and Biafra, where the chief walks about with fetishman and executioner, there is still some manliness amongst men, some honour amongst women—the outward and visible form, at least, if not the "inward spiritual grace." There the offending wife fears "saucy water" and decapitation; here she leaves the husband—the latter more rarely abandons the better half—with impunity. The women have become vicious as those of Egypt, the basest of kingdoms—worse than the men, bad as they are. What the state of morality at Sa' Leone is they who are connected with the hospitals best know. Theft is carried to such an extent that no improvement is possible at Freetown, which, as regards property, is the most communistic of communities. One instance—a medical officer lately brought from Tenerife some superior poultry for breeding purposes. The birds were carefully watched, but though put under lock and key, they were heard, and were forthwith all stolen.* The robbers are expert to a degree; they work at night, nude, and well-greased; and like the Komanche, they choose the hour when the tornado is most violent and the footfall cannot be heard. The men fight by butting with the head, biting, and squeezing. The women have a truly horrible way of putting the obnoxious out of the world. Ask an Aku if an Ibo is capable of poisoning you, he will emphatically say "Yes." Make the same demand of an Ibo touching an Aku, and he will not reply "No."

* It is the fashion to attribute in slave communities every evil, robbery included, to slavery. S'a Leone is a notable instance that want of work is a far more efficient cause than servitude.

Nor has the influence of S'a Leone upon the West African coast been in any way for good. All know that this colony, intended for a "model of policy," and founded with the main object of promoting the progress of the country generally, has been perhaps the greatest obstacle to improvement. She would retain to herself every advantage, and allow none to others. She became an incubus in 1820, when the African Company was abolished, and when all British possessions from 20° north to 20° south latitude were made her dependencies. Her ill-will was scotched in 1844, when the Gold Coast, despite all her struggles, became independent. And her evil influence will cease when Admiralty Courts shall be established in the Bights, and when Africans recaptured shall be carried wherever they are most wanted.

With respect to the relative position of Japhet and Ham—perhaps I had better say Ham and Japhet—at S'a Leone, I may remark that English ultra-philanthropy has granted at times almost all the wishes of the Ethiopian melodist—

> "I wish de legislatur would set dis darkie free,
> Oh what a happy place den de darkie world would be!
> We'd have a darkie parliament,
> An' darkie code of law,
> An *darkie judges on de bench*,
> Darkie barristers and aw'!"

I own that Darkie must be defended, and well defended, too, from the injustice and cruelty of the class whom he calls "poor white trash." But protection

should be within the limits of reason. If the white man is not to be protected against the black man, why should the Jamaica negro be protected against the coolie? Because he requires it? I think not. Though physically and mentally weaker than his rival, he can hold quite enough of his own,—as S'a Leone proves—by combination, which enables cattle to resist lions. Albus is naturally aggressive; if not, he would not now be dwelling in the tents of Shem and the huts of Ham. He feels towards Contrarius Albo as the game cock regards the dunghill cock.* Displays of this sentiment on the part of the whites must of course be repressed. Do so freely, but not unfairly. England, however, is still in the throes of her first repentance. Like a veteran devotee, she is atoning for the coquetries of her hot youth. But a few years ago she contracted to supply the Spanish colonies for thirty years with 4800 slaves per annum, and she waged wars and destroyed cities for a traffic which Cardinal Cibo, at the end of the seventeenth century, on the part of the Sacred College, to the

* Of late it has become the fashion for the missionary and the lecturer to deny, in the presence of Exeter Hall, the African's recognition of the European's superiority. "The white man," writes Mr. Robert Campbell, a mulatto, "who supposes himself respected in Africa because he is white, is grievously mistaken." I distinctly assert the reverse, and every one who has studied the natural history of man, must have the same opinion. The same egregious nonsense was once propounded before the Ethnological Society—where with some ethnology there is no anthropology—by another "African." And yet the propounder, the late Mr. Consular Agent Hansen, whose death by the bye was an honour, and the only honour, to his life, had shaved his wool, and at the time was wearing a wig of coal-black hair like a Cherokee's. Is imitation no sign of deference?

Kongoese missionaries denounced as "a pernicious and abominable abuse." For this, and for the 2,130,000 negroes imported into the West Indian estates between A.D. 1680 and A.D. 1786, Britannia yet mourns, and Rachel-like, will not be comforted, because those niggers are not. What the inevitable reaction shall be, *quien sabe?*

I do not for a moment regret our philanthropy, even with its terrible waste of life and gold. But England can do her duty to Africa and to the world without cant and without humbug.* She can contend with a world in arms, if necessary, against the injurious traffic, but she might abstain from violently denouncing all who do not share her opinions upon the subject. Anti-slavery men have hitherto acted rather from sentiment than from reason; and Mr. Buckle—alas! that we should hear from him no more—may be right in determining that morality must not rule but be ruled by intellect. Let us open our eyes to the truth, and eschewing "zeal without knowledge," secure to ourselves the highest

* Such cant I hold to be in their mouths who talk of the "sin and crime" of slavery. As the author of "Six Years in the West Indies," (a brave book, considering the date of its publication, 1825,) truly says, that the spirit of Christianity tends to abolish servitude is clear, that it *admits* of servitude is even still clearer. The authorised version of the Bible, like the Constitution of the United States, very prudently shirks the word "slave," and translates by "servants" the δοῦλοι or bondsmen, whom St. Paul enjoins to be subject to their κυρίοι or masters, and elsewhere δοῦλος, a chattel, is opposed to ἐλεύθερος, a freeman. How astonished St. Athanasius and St. Augustine would have been, had the idea of an "underground railway" been presented to them! What fulminations they would have showered upon the inventor of the idea!

merit—perseverance in a good cause when thoroughly disenchanted with it. We have one point in our favour. The *dies atra* between 1810-1820, when a man could not speak or write what he thought upon the subject of slavery, is drawing to a close. Increased tolerance now permits us to express our opinions, which, if in error, will wither like the grass in an African day; if right, will derive fresh increase from time.

There are several classes interested in pitting black man against white man, and in winning the day for him, *coram publico*. An unscrupulous missionary—it is the general policy of the English propagandist to take violent parts in foreign politics *—will for his own ends preach resistance to time-honoured customs and privileges which the negro himself has conceded. An unworthy lawyer will urge a law-suit, with a view to filling his pockets; a dishonourable judge or police-magistrate will make a name for philanthropy at the expense of equity and honour; a weak-minded man will fear the official complaints, the false-memorialisings which attend an unpopular decision, and the tomahawking that awaits him from the little army of negrophiles at home. But the worst class of all is the mulatto—under which I include quadroon and octaroon. He is everywhere, like wealth, *irritamenta malorum*. The "bar-sinister," and

* And not only the missionary, but also the sex which—I am told—has a mission. I was at Florence in 1850, when our fair countrywomen added not a little to its troubles by dividing into two factions, the Italian and the Austrian. Some wore national colours, others went so far as to refuse waltzes proposed to them by partisans of the hostile nation.

the uneasy idea that he is despised, naturally fill him with ineffable bile and bitterness. Inferior in point of *morale* to Europeans, as far as regards *physique* to Africans, he seeks strength in making the families of his progenitors fall out. Many such men visiting England are received by virtue of their woolly hair and yellow skin into a class that would reject a fellow-countryman of similar, nay, of far higher, position; and there are amongst them infamous characters, who are not found out till too late. London is fast learning to distinguish between the Asiatic Mir and the Munshi. The real African, however—so enduring are the sentimentalisms of Wilberforce* and Buxton—is still to be understood.†

It is hardly fair to pull down one system without having another ready in its stead. I therefore venture to suggest certain steps toward regenerating—diffidently, though, on account of the amount of change to be made

* In the West Indies "Willyforce nigger" is a vile term of abuse addressed to a Kongo or Guinean recaptive, by the liberated of an older date. What a use of an honoured name!

† Can I give a better proof of my assertion than the following extract from the English press:—

"There was a grand field-day in the fashionable world of Brighton on Thursday week. A coloured lady—Miss Ina Sarah Forbes Bonetta—of royal descent, and who had had the good fortune to be adopted by an English Captain of the Navy, and to be educated at the expense of her Majesty, was led to the altar by a coloured gentleman, Mr. James Davis, a Sierra Leone merchant. She was escorted by a bevy of dark beauties, and he was honoured by the attendance of coloured grooms. They were married by the Bishop of Sierra Leone, assisted by an African clergyman."

Miss I. S. Forbes Bonetta, the African princess, was a little slave girl, "dashed" by the late king Gezo of Dahomey to the late Lieut. Forbes, R.N., of H.M.S. "Bonetta," hence the names. A similar present

in—our unhappy colony, which for years has been steadily declining.

As an author of the last century says: "Ideas of perfect liberty have too soon been given to these people, considering their utter ignorance. If one of them were asked why he does not repair his house, clear his farm, mend his fence, or put on better clothes, he replies that 'King no giv him work dis time,' and that he can do no more than 'burn bush and plant little cassader for yam.'" I doubt if this ingrained idleness could now be extirpated from the "colony-born" or elder generation; but it might be obviated in the "Kingyard men," the fresh importations of recaptives, and in the creoles, as children of liberated Africans are called here. They should be apprenticed for seven years, with superintendents to see that they clear the soil, plant and build; otherwise the apprenticeship would be merely nominal. For the encouragement of agriculture, I would take a heavy tax from small shopkeepers and hucksters, who, by virtue of sitting upon a shady board, before a few yards of calico and strings of beads, call themselves merchants. Another very heavy tax—at least 100*l.* per annum—upon all grog-shop licences, very few of which should be issued in the colony. Police magistrates are perfectly capable

was made to Mr. Consul Beecroft; that "princess," however, died at Fernando Po, and the *malheureuse* never commanded a grand field-day in the fashionable world of Brighton. Lieut. Forbes took his *protégée* to England, published a portrait of the little negro girl in the first volume of his "Dahomey and the Dahomians," and nearly lost his commission for presenting her as a "princess." Of Mr. Davis I know little beyond having narrowly missed seeing him in irons at Lagos.

of settling disputes amongst these people, and of dealing out punishment to the offenders; moreover, in all cases the fines should go to the Crown, not to the complainant; in civil cases, however, there might be an appeal home, for the benefit of the litigious. This measure would wipe off at one sweep inducement to engage in actions which the presence of a judicial establishment suggests, and which causes such heart-burning between Europeans and Africans. I would not allow a black jury to "sit upon" a white man, or *vice versâ;* and, in the exception of a really deserving mulatto, I would rather see him appointed Lord-Lieutenant or Secretary of Ireland than acting Governor or Secretary at S'a Leone.*

I am convinced that something of the kind will be done, when the real state of affairs in this unfortunate colony is ventilated in England. There are men who are always ready to let bad alone, and to hold that

"What has answer'd so long may answer still;"

but the extension of steam navigation, and the increased number of travellers and visitors, will not allow progress for want of a little energy, even at S'a Leone, to be arrested.

* The following extract from the "Free-press," S'a Leone, Aug. 15, 1862, may be quoted as a proof that all Africans do not consider themselves fit for English citizenship. "Not long ago our contemporary, 'African Weekly Times,' remarked that the 'African race are not fit to exercise the privileges of citizenship,' the very fact of which assertion unfolds to us the spleen by which the editor is actuated." And it is to be observed that the contemporary alluded to is the most respectable member of the West African press.

Concerning the climate of S'a Leone there is a diversity of opinion. Let me quote Dr. Madden's report. Two witnesses are being examined; and the dialogue proceeds thus:—

"*Q.* Do you think the health of the settlement has improved of late years?

"*Dr. F.* I think it has improved.

"*Dr. A.* I do not conceive it has improved of late, particularly since 1837.

"*Q.* Are the natives subject to many or few diseases?

"*Dr. F.* Comparatively few.

"*Dr. A.* Yes, to many.

"*Q.* Are diseases of the lungs common?

"*Dr. F.* Not common.

"*Dr. A.* Very common."

Captain Chamier remarks, "It is needless to say one word about the climate of the coast of Africa. We have been taught to regard it as the worst under the sun; and certainly I, for one, am not going to gainsay it" ("Life of a Sailor").

Mr. Judge Rankin observed that the unhealthy reputation of S'a Leone was maintained by policy on the one hand and ignorance of the truth on the other; and he contrasted the improved healthiness of the colony with the West India Islands; but Mr. Judge died a few days after. So it is with Dr. Macpherson, of the African Colonial Corps. It appears ill-omened to praise the place; and after seeing it, I no longer wonder at the "Medical Gazette" (April 14, 1838) affirming that "no statistical writer has yet tried to give the minutest frac-

tion representing the chance of (even) a surgeon's return from S'a Leone." And of late years the settlement has declined, and of course the climate has deteriorated.

It is only just to own that during my three days in the Red Grave I had little to complain of negro insolence. I paid every one employed about double. All asked treble; but the annoyance went no further. Still it was impossible to mistake the character of these spoiled children, their puerile inept ways, their exceedingly bad language, their constant intoxication, and their disposition to quarrel on all occasions. A subsequent comparison between Cape Palmas and S'a Leone gave me the exact ratio of difference between the civilised American negro and the semi—or, rather, semi-demi-reclaimed English *protégé*.

At 4 P.M., on the 13th of August, we left this unfortunate mistaken colony. The last circumstance in it was the late arrival of a negro servant whom I had promised to forward for his master, an officer at Loando. He had no ticket, and no permit, consequently, under pain of losing £250, our captain could not allow him to embark. This practice, now obselete in the East Indies, the object of which is to prevent the escape of debtors and of men flying from justice, is still enforced at S'a Leone. May its shadow never be less! May it increase a thousand-fold, at least while S'a Leone remains a scourge to the coast.

Bidding adieu to the green shores of the Red Grave, and giving the redoubted "Capenter" a wide berth,

we steered to the south-west, avoiding the shoals of St. Anne, which hem in the coast. During the night we passed Sherbro Island, where, according to general opinion, Hanno, the Carthaginian, concluded his periplus, and anticipated M. Du Chaillu, by carrying away the spoils of the gorilla. Nothing can be more precise than the estimate of days in this earliest of log-books. At the same time, nothing is less applicable to this part of the coast. If Sherbro be the terminal island, where is the Fiery Mountain, which is distinctly described as a volcano? South of Fogo or Fuego, in the Cape Verde Islands, there is no such feature,* nor could there have been, even 3400 years ago, except the Camaroons. What, again, in this part of the coast, can be the "Horn of the South"? I quit the subject for the present, afterwards to return to it.

The weather was rough and squally, the southerly wind still endured, and the aspect and temperature were those of St. George's Channel in the month of June. On Sunday the wind veered round to the north. Old Boreas changed his robe from green to blue, and the empyrean was clear as if we had been in an English August. Presently we passed Cape Mount, the last residence of the Franco-Italian slaver, Captain Canot, whose memoirs have been published at a shilling, by Messrs. Milner and Sowerby. The book wants but one thing: it was written not by the adventurer himself, but by some German "cooker-up." It is right well

* Moreover, Hanno was coasting along the main land, from which Fogo cannot be seen; its distance from Cape Verde is about 300 miles.

worth reading, upon the honest old principle, *Audi alteram partem.* Those who, like the greatest part of the untravelled public, look upon a slave-ship as a scene of horrors, and the skipper as the presiding demon of the Pandemonium, will be surprised to read M. Canot's conscientious endeavours to comfort and preserve his man warehouse. The details of a slave captain's hard day are most interesting, and they bear upon their front the stamp of truth. His figures show that his efforts were successful. Out of cargoes of 188 and 220 shipped on board the "Arentatico" and the "Fortuna," a total of only six was lost, or one and a half per cent.: far less than the average of our emigrant vessels. Bosman observes,—it may astonish the reader,—that "the English slave-ships are always foul and stinking; on the contrary, ours (the Dutch) are for the most part neat and clean." The Mount lies some ninety miles from Sherbro, and 170 from the extremity of St. Anne's shoals. It is a noble landmark, rising like a huge stud from the smooth front of the water before us. By way of contrast to the old slaver's home, Liberia, formerly the Grain Coast, was behind it upon our port bow. It claims for its limits the whole country from the Sherbro River, the southern boundary of Sherbro Island (12° 35′ west longitude) and the San Pedro River (6° 40′ west longitude), a length of about 4500 miles from north to south, with an average breadth of sixty miles, and a jurisdiction extending to one league (three nautical miles) off the shore at high-water mark. This, it

will be seen from the chart,* includes the sovereignty of the Gallinhas River, which the Liberians declare to have been purchased from King Mannah, with money contributed mainly by the late Mr. Gurney. The chart shows no less than twenty-six parallelograms extending at right angles from the shore, and stated to have been acquired by "conquest and purchase," between the years 1822 and 1857. The central are the most ancient, the southern and the northern are the newest, acquisitions.

On the other hand, the natives, especially the Krumen, complain that, after permitting the foreigners to dwell amongst them, they have found themselves continually despoiled of their possessions; that once the lords of the soil they have sunk into Liberian citizens. Every African traveller knows the meaning of land purchase in these regions. There are two ideas innate in the African mind, but apparently incomprehensible by the European. The first is the non-alienation of land. The negro never parts with his ground in perpetuity. He has always the reservation, in the case of a stranger, that the land and its improvements revert by right to him after the death or departure of the original settler, who thus becomes a mere tenant. Should the settler's heirs desire to remain *in loco*, he expects a fresh qualification, which he will attempt to raise as high as possible. Public opinion, however, will compel him to be satisfied with an equivalent of the "dash" paid *ab initio*. The second idea is

* Republic of Liberia. Capt. Vidal and Lieut. Bedford, 1836—8, with additions from a MS. dated July 4, 1861.

even more repugnant to the English mind. In Africa, once a slave, always a slave. There is no such thing as absolute manumission; the *libertus*, or freeman, himself would not claim it. The Cape Coast Artillery, for instance, is composed of Fantis redeemed from servitude. After completing their service they must enjoy their pensions under the fort guns, otherwise their owners would claim them and their property. The African phrase is "'Pose man come up slave, he be slave all time."

The idea of Liberia dates from the days of President Jefferson, who proposed to deport free "contrabands" from the United States to some part of Africa. The Colonization Society, organized by Mr. Finlay, sent in 1818 a deputation to Freetown, and several negroes were settled at Sherbro Island. Disliking the place, and dying in great numbers, they purchased land of King Peter, at Mesurado, and hoisted the American flag. This original "grant of land"—again a Europeanism!—made by the king and native chiefs in April, 1822, to the American Society for Colonizing the Free People of Colour of the United States (a private association, including Messrs. Clay and Webster, which began at Washington in 1816), extended, after a deadly failure at Sherbro, from a little north of Half Cape Mount, to a little north of Piccaniny Sesters (Sestos), about 300 miles. Here 6000 liberated negroes were established amongst 80,000 natives. As by the laws of the *then* United States the Federal Government could not hold colonies beyond the sea; the new settlement was placed under an agent, governor, or superintendent, and two

magistrates, appointed by the society. Presently Bassa Cove was added. In 1827 the colony was contented with gaining a constitution. In August, 1847, dissolving connection with the Society, her home Government, she declared herself an independent Republic, and excluded whites from citizen life: the name of "Liberia" was suggested by the Rev. Mr. Gurley. In the northern third was built Monroe—so called from President Monroe—the capital, badly situated near the malarious mouth of the shallow and useless Mesurado River, probably the Montserrado.* The new Republic, Mrs. Stowe's most frouzy paradise, was placed under the united protection of England, France, and America, who assisted her with gifts of arms, schooners, and colonists' necessaries. Now she has, after forty years, grown to nearly fifteen times her original size. But in these days even Eden would be compelled to "annex."

About 4 P.M., we were off the Cape, River, and Town of Sinou, the land of the Krumen Their limits are insignificant, but their enterprise entitles them to honourable mention.

* The Gula, well known as the "Gollah niggers" of the Southern States, inhabit the lands in the interior of this country.

CHAPTER VI.

SIX HOURS AT THE CAPE OF COCOA PALMS.

"Cape de las Palmas, a fair high land; but having on the eastern side some low places by the shore which look like red cliffs, with white streaks resembling highways, reach the length of a cable."

Capt. JOHN LAKE, *the first English visitor to this coast in* 1554.

16TH SEPT., 186—.

I HAD heard of Cape Palmas, that it is a headland discovered by the Portuguese about 1450; that it is so called from the cocoa groves in its vicinity; that it became a territory of Liberia when that "young and flourishing republic," as she loves to call herself, started up, like California, in Lucian's Minerva, in 1847; and that in days now historic, times of the slaving rage, ships usually made this point for rice and water, and bent to the south-east. I had also heard the dictum of an American skipper as regards Uncle Tom's Refuge for the Destitute, namely, that in years to come the baboons would be putting off to trade with Liberians' skins. Such was the modicum of my knowledge before landing at Cape Palmas; and perhaps the reader may be in the same position which I then occupied.

Early on the morning of the 26th August, after a run of 500 miles, we were expecting to see the Cape of Palms; but, steaming easily along, we had been

carried by the current past the sunken Athole Rock,* where, about eight months before, the "Roderick Dhu" had come to grief. It is a dangerous place, about one mile and a half from the shore, and surrounded by twelve fathoms of water; the rock however can be distinctly seen. The merchant ship was surrounded in a few minutes by a score of canoes, which quadrupled their number in a short time: when in force they look like Cornish wreckers, and have been known to murder the unresisting crews. Presently we found ourselves with head turned northwards, engaged in *retrousser chemin.* The Great Gulf Stream, which bifurcates about the Azores or Western Islands, here trends to the south, with a considerable amount of easting. The land is low, and it is by no means easy to make Cape Palmas without feeling for it. The principal marks, as in the Nigerian Delta, are conspicuous clumps: umbrella trees, lone trees, two trees, stump trees—in fact, every variety of trees, including the old naval surveyor's "Remarkable Tree with Three Crows upon it." These signposts often suffer from lightning and other causes, and a ship finds herself ashore in consequence. The nomenclature of the settlements is as peculiar as the landmarks. We now enter the regions of Great and Little, Grand and Piccaniny, Whole and Half, *e.g.*, Great Bassa, Little Bassa, Grand Sestos, Piccaniny Lahou, Whole Cavally and Half Cavally. Some of the names are palpable corruptions from the French; for

* So called from H.M.S. "Athole," which struck there on the 16th Dec., 1830.

instance, the great and little Bootou of our pilot-books. M. de Bouet-Willaumez distinctly traces them back to the old remembrances of France, in spite of the half-English half-Spanish dialect which has been found on the West Coast of Africa. He explains the word as "*butteau*," from "*butte*," the well-known old Norman, and still used in the great Western Prairies; and this would render it significant and descriptive of the place. We have seen that, at the end of the twelfth century, when other European nations were asleep, the Normans invaded and conquered a portion of the Canary Islands. In a future page I shall touch upon their claims to have discovered the Gold Coast.

At 7 A.M. we saw the bars and breakers that garnish the mouth of the Cavalla River, fourteen miles east of Cape Palmas. It is pronounced Cavally, and by very John Bull skippers, Cawally; it is properly Cavalla, so called by the Portuguese, because within one horse distance of Palmas. The river, whose course is nearly direct north and south, extends unobstructed seventy-five miles into the interior,* but the bar is always troublesome and often dangerous. It has been proposed to lay down rails of hard wood from the Cape to the River, and thus to reduce the five hours' march to two. Some few miles from the mouth lies the Grand Devil, the Delphi, Mecca, or Jerusalem of Kruland. The people describe it as a large rock, too extensive to walk easily round, with an aperture opening into an interior cavern,

* In the Hydrographic Chart, the river Cavalla is made about 14 miles long, decidedly an error.

The votary makes his offering of white beads, animals, leaf tobacco, and rum, which are placed in the cavern, and are miraculously removed. The mysterious "suffing" —something, as my informant Tom Bes'man, Kru headman of the African steam ship "Blackland," called it— answers any questions in any language, even in English. It is no doubt some sturdy fellow, who laughs in his sleeve, like the priest sitting in the breast of the Sphinx—Africa's most appropriate emblem—or in the lap of Memnon. The Kru, however, are made to believe in the preternatural disappearance of the gifts. You might as well argue with an alchemist against transmutation, with a Hindu against metempsychosis, with a Frère Ignorantin against transubstantiation. A tree standing near the river is pointed out as the local Lot's Pillar; some philosophic and Voltairian black was thus suddenly punished for his impious curiosity. There is no difficulty in visiting the place unprofessionally; several masters of ships have, it is said, gone through the various ceremonies. The fetishman—"demon doctor" the missionaries call him—would probably do his best to prevent any inquiry; but, like all his tribe, he doubtless would not resist a douceur. At the same time prudence would be advisable.

A more interesting place upon the Cavalla River, is Cavalla Town, a few yards from the stream whose bar breaks and foams before us. We can distinguish an islet of black rock whose name is derived from the river, a church embosomed in tall trees, and along the coast a beehive-like scatter of small villages. At Cavalla the

Right Rev. John Payne, "Missionary Bishop, Protestant Episcopal Church, United States of America, at Palmas and parts adjacent," resides. He edits a newspaper, the "Cavalla Messenger, or Good News from a Far Country," with that well-worn motto, "Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands unto God," * which has, I believe, been and ever shall be quoted by every man who ever has written or who ever shall write a missionary book into which the name of Africa enters. Published by the Protestant Episcopal Mission, it had reached, in September, 1861, No. 3 of vol. ix.; and, considering its difficulties, it is very creditable to American energy.

Passing Half Cavalla, a missionary station so called because lying half way to the river, we saw at a distance the Cape of Palms: first a dotted line of tall cocoa trees, scattered and conspicuous; afterwards a long spit of dark ground, apparently cut off by sand or water from the river. Presently black points in the water grew to Kru canoes. They are pointed at both ends, crescent-shaped, and so curved that both cusps are high out of water, which form acts in fact as weather-boards. Except those of Batanga, they are the crankest things on the coast; a caique on the Bosphorus is like a ship's barge in comparison. At a little distance they are invisible; the paddler, who sits on his shins, is apparently treading water; and when near, every undulation of the

* Psalm lxviii. 31. As this was written about 1050 years B.C., and comparatively nothing has been done during 2912 years, the "soon" in question probably means that she may have to wait till A.D. 4700, or so.

"marmor" seems to bury them in its bosom. Dr. Vogel, the botanist, who on 17th December, 1841, died at Fernando Po, the day before he was to ascend the Peak, compares them to the Berlin "seelen verkanfer." I never sent an Englishman off in them but once, and he was nearly drowned. Without practising balance it is impossible to sit them. They are composed of a single branch of cotton wood, poplar, or African teak, charred internally with fire, and then easily hollowed out with an adze; there are half a dozen cross bars to prevent a collapse, and the woodwork is so massive that when waterlogged they do not sink. The single paddler, an amphibious animal quite at home on the sea, sits in the centre or the stern,—it is curious that he has never dreamed of a canvas or mat cover,—baling occasionally, as is always necessary with a scoop, or by kicking the water out of the boat, screaming "Bateo! Bateo! Gi'way, Gi'way!" and making his little craft skim the waves round and round our ship in a style that surprised us. This visitation of canoes, unusual at this distance, was caused by their mistaking us for the leeward mail; and they were flocking to plunder *à l'aimable*, as is their fashion, friends home returning from "down coast," where beads and cloth, arms and ammunition, grow. A little lower there are robbers, who delude the Kruboy into their canoes and strip him of all he has. There is something touching in the way in which they confide themselves to an English ship. When a sail draws in sight, they put out with songs, choruses—*levant et carmina curas*—and loud screams of "Bagri! bagri!" and they

race each other,—they never can work except with some excitement—till they reach her. Then they lie upon their paddles, and long and anxiously scrutinize her, to distinguish if she be a Frenchman or a Spaniard; when they ascertain her to be an Englishman, they are over her sides in a moment. Steaming past Russwurm,* or Deadman's Island, so called because it was the common burial-ground, we remarked its tilted-up strata in the amorphous trap formation, and the many dangerous washes and diabolitos that outlie it. After passing the only ship in port, a Monrovian schooner, full of black and yellow jacktars, we went on easy, and anchored about half a mile off the town. The "Blackland" was at once boarded by Krumen, who swung themselves up by the chains, grinned at us with teeth like those of a garden rake, shook hands—who has taught this horrible practice to the universal West African Coast?—and proposed to take service. The toilette was in African style, *sans gêne*, sometimes only a pocket handkerchief about the lumbar region. Their appearance struck me as grotesque. Conceive the head of a Socrates or a Silenus upon the body of the Antinous or Apollo Belvidere. A more magnificent development of muscle, such perfect symmetry in the balance of grace and strength, my eyes had never yet looked upon. But the faces! except when lighted up by smiles and good humour—expression to an African face is all in all—nothing could be more unprepossessing. The flat nose, the high cheek-bones,

* Mr. Russwurm, coloured, was founder of the "Liberian Herald" in 1837, and afterwards Governor of Maryland, Liberia.

the yellow eyes, the chalky-white teeth pointed like the shark's, the muzzle projecting as that of a dog-monkey, combine to form an unusual amount of ugliness. To this somewhat adds the tribe mark, a blue line of cuts half-an-inch broad, from the forehead-scalp to the nose-tip; in some cases it extends over both lips to the chin; —whence they are called Blue-noses, like our North American friends, not however because inactivity precludes circulation,—whilst a broad arrow or wedge pointed to the fore, and also blue, occupies each temple, just above the zygomata. The marks are made with a knife, little cuts into which the oily smoke of a gum is rubbed. Their bodies are similarly ornamented with stars, European emblems, as anchors, &c., especially with broad double lines down the breast and other parts. But of this remarkable tribe more at the end of the chapter.

The aspect of the little settlement at Palmas is not unpicturesque, and it suggests a pure and healthy climate, which is not far from being the case. It is a bold headland of red argillaceous earth, based upon a black micaceous granite, tufted with cocoas and tapestried with verdure everywhere beyond the breaking of the waves. A flagstaff, with cleats nailed on instead of ladder and rungs, bore above the steamer signal the arms of Liberia, stripes and a Lone Star, stolen from Texas and not paid for. It stands in front of the Mission-house, a large building with ample piazzas and shady verandahs. Behind this is the square tower forming the lighthouse—a poor affair, a stable lantern stuck

upon a pole. The ridge crest is thinly lined with tall houses of timber or stone, and they extend in scatters to near the water. The headland or promontory, 100 feet high and half a mile long by a quarter broad, is apparently cut off by a low sand spit; the country behind is grandly wooded, and from an eminence the blue heads of little hills rise above the alluvial plain. The Cape is a kind of out-post, and the turning point from the Windward to the Leeward or eastern coast. The body of the settlement, yclept Harper, after a "remarkable negro,"—it contains about 1500 souls,—lies further east. On the other end of the cliff, where in charts Fort Hall occupies the ground, there is a single gun placed upon an elevated bulge. The little river of Cape Palmas discharges itself north of the headland.

Availing ourselves of the captain's gig, the Consul and I went on shore, after crossing the mimic bar formed by the confluence of the river and the stream. The rollers were so small that they had hardly power to wet us; they succeeded, however, in occasionally capsizing a Kru canoe. The paddler, nothing afflicted by the accident, puts her on her back again, bales her out, and reseats himself with a dexterity the result of a life's practice. At the landing-place we found sundry large stone buildings, Mr. Macgill's and Mr. Potter's stores, and, wonderful to relate, black carpenters at their benches and black coopers—I saw nothing of the kind at S'a Leone—hard at work, refitting old casks for new palm oil. Two native huts standing by, were of the most approved Central African style, circles of twenty to thirty

feet in diameter, with peaky conical roofs, whose eaves extended almost to the ground, a single low door, in entering which chin must touch knee, leading to the one room inside, where raised floors of tamped clay supported in the centre the chimneyless fireplace—all this might have been on the Tanganika Lake.*

The women were mostly in the "small countries," as plantations are called in "blackman's English," or gathering palm-nuts, which are exported in considerable quantities from this part of the coast. Amidst a crowd of men and boys, each carrying his little paddle and baling-scoop for fear of "'tief man," we ascended a few rough steps cut in the steep red-clay bank, and found ourselves in a lumber tenement, at once post-office and custom-house, which looks much like a large hen-coop perched upon a ladder. The letters were now distributed with the usual hurry and excitement. The African Steamship Company found it necessary to give up Goree, Monrovia, and Badagry, because they caused a mere waste of coal; so the correspondence of the capital—about 240 miles to the north-west or up the coast—is carried from Cape Palmas in the "Seth Grosvenor." The "Liberia" mail ship was described to me as a Yankee steamer, a house

* I propose at some future time, if the subject falls not into worthier hands, to show by the similarity of houses and utensils, manners and customs, arts and arms, religious rites, &c., that at some early epoch, there must have been an intimate intercourse between Eastern and Western Africa, in fact, throughout all Africa south of the equator. We observe essential differences between Great Britain and Little Russia; between the two shores of the Dark continent there is absolutely none.

of sundry stories built upon a broad shallow flat. In October, 1860, the British Consulate was removed from Liberia in consequence of the bad treatment of a British subject, a sailor on board the "Quail," a ship of war that had been presented by England to the young Republic. Mr. Roberts, ex-President, and acting as Her Majesty's Consul, gave medical attendance to the sick seaman, and sent in his account to the authorities, who thought proper to ignore it. Consequently this pauper settlement lost the expenditure of 500*l.* a year, and the Consulate will, *on dit*, be transferred to Cape Palmas, where an English agent is really required to settle disputes between Krumen and their employers. The weak point of a knowing African, even in the Land of Freedom, is that he is perpetually outwitting himself.

After leaving the mails, we ascended the rest of the steps, and on the way met two American gentlemen—whites; to them we related, not without an irrepressible chuckle, the story of Bull's Run,—perhaps the most remarkable style of "taking ground to the rear" that history has ever had to chronicle. The account was received with a curious mixture of incredulity and consternation. What! the North whipped! What would follow next? *Après ça, le Déluge!* The war in the once United States, however, is causing great injury to the missionary establishments, which are supported by voluntary contributions. These alms now go to arms and ammunition, so that the missionaries must suspend the building of churches and reduce the number of their beneficiaries, to say nothing of personal inconvenience

and privations, with which, in these climates, they can ill afford to put up.

We presently found ourselves at Marshall's Hotel, a lumber building on the cliff, commanding a pretty view. The inner rooms are furnished with tables, sofas, and easy chairs; the mats and rugs are neat and clean, and cocoas, white-washed after the fashion of Philadelphia and Baltimore, shade the front. There is an ordinary as in the United States—the *table d'hôte* is preferred to the "domestic circle," or solitary feeding. In fact all is America blackened. At Monrovia the Army and Navy Hotel, kept by a Jamaica woman, is said to be the best on the West African coast. The honourable owner of Marshall's Hotel, a man of colour, who is agent of the African Steamship Company, and also one of the county senators, bade us kindly welcome, and offered his services in showing us about the settlement. Our Consul was anxious to engage a gig's crew and two Krumen as personal servants. Although the destination was Fernando Po, the verandah was soon crowded with aspirants from ten to thirty years old; they behaved, however, decently; they did not crowd upon us, and when told to go away, they went. At S'a Leone there would have been an action—at least a summons. There was something natural and consistent in the appearance of these semi-savages, who, clothed in dirty coats and ragged pantaloons, would appear like the half civilized negro, simply disgusting.* Their

* "I can't tell you," said a lady missionary at Abeokuta to me, "what a pleasure it is for us to see our converts decently dressed like

black skins, their pink loin-clothes, and their bead necklaces, are their proper attire. And however scanty the dress, it rarely appears immodest amongst the uncivilized. Whatever little is worn is manifestly intended for concealment. *Au contraire,* amongst the civilized, however much is worn, is too often intended to make half revelations. They lay in this quarter-naked state under the trees and squatted in circles, and at times a wild gusty song, in which all joined antiphonally, with an accompaniment of nature's castanettes—palms clapped upon thigh and calf—arose long and loud, transporting one mentally from the Cape of Palms to the Lake Regions of Central Africa. Whenever an old negress, attached to the mission and dressed in broad-brimmed straw and calico gown, brushed by them rather rudely, they would exclaim, "Eh! you no care? you all same white man?" suggesting that only the white man has a prescriptive right to kick them. The sole ridiculous figure in the party is one Tom Pepper, "headman for shore," who wears in these dogdays an English black tile, and a pea-jacket over his breech-cloth. Tom, however, is an invincible sloven, and cares less for dress than any noble member of the House of Lords.

From the Hotel we walked to the Mission House—the large building near the lighthouse—and were pleased with the contrast between this little place and S'a

Europeans, and not like the heathen." It is easy to understand the feeling, but I find it impossible to share it. Why should pagandom have all the handsome dressing, as the devil is said to have all the good music, and not a little of all the good poetry?

Leone. The houses are mostly two-storied, of stone or lumber, the latter, however, generally raised upon a strong foundation: servants' rooms and offices are in the lower part; in the upper are the bed-rooms and parlour, surrounded by a shady piazza—an excellent sanatory arrangement. They are roomy and comfortable, the exteriors are unstained, and the gudewife keeps the inside neat and clean: a great difference from the tumble-down, soiled, and sullied aspect of a homestead further North, where women do nothing but sit before their "blies" in the market. Around the tenements are little gardens of okras and cabbages, rose-apples, guavas, oranges, limes, and prickly pears, plantains, breadfruits, the Patanga cherry, with fruit and flavour resembling both the peach, and the chirimoya, a vine from Cape Coast Castle, and an Indian bamboo from the Gaboon River. The hoe is large, and has a long handle—an invariable sign of industry. There are pigeon-houses and poultry yards, the latter well stocked with fowls, ducks, and turkeys; the infidel pigs are round and fat; the small humpless black cattle are well filled out, and even the prick-eared curs—some one has said that they and the women are in these lands the test of prosperity—wear a look of comparative comfort. In the east I saw a long strip of bright sand masking a long lagoon from the sea. At Palmas begins that system of natural canalization which runs parallel with the coast in places many hundred miles, and with a considerable depth into the interior. These lakes are of two kinds: those caused by infiltration of salt water through the porous sand are briny, half-bitter, like

the Dead Sea, and even the heavy rains fail to sweeten them. The others receive one or more rivers; they are, therefore, brackish, rather than briny, and during the wet season they often burst their way through the sandy embankment. Both are equally fetid and miasmatic, and almost impossible to drain on account of the lowness of the bed; both also have hitherto been used for the worst of purposes. Slave barracoons were built within spy-glass sight of the cruizers, who directed all their energies, naturally enough, to those points: the lagoons enabled the exporter to boat his cargo up or down the coast, and to ship it out of the enemy's sight. Let us hope that as these days go by, the network of lagoons, acting as a counterpoise to the bars and breakers that impede navigation, will do its work in the Herculean task of reclaiming Africa.

After 100 yards or so, we arrived at the Mission House, where, as the Rev. C. E. Hoffman was still busy with the Post, we introduced ourselves to Madame. The place had that neatness and order which at once told me it was no Bachelors' Hall; there were knicknacks, portraits, and similar *gentilezze*, which follow in the wake of women only. There is no place where a wife is so much wanted as in the Tropics; but then comes the rub—how to keep the wife alive. A gruff Scotch merchant-captain on this coast once told me, that rather than bring out his "missus," he would "heave her into the river." Cape Palmas is hardly an exception to the general rule of African insalubrity, and the time of our visit was at the end of the latter rains,—one of the worst seasons. Yet

we were shown a little Africo-Anglo-American, who looked far less pallid and pasty than European children in the lowlands of India. The year, hereabouts, has four divisions, the others being the dries, the early rains, and the middle dries. The climate thus resembles that of the Gaboon and its adjacent coast; in the Bights of Benin and Biafra there are no middle dries—the wet time sets in heavily at the end of May, and in places lasts till early November.

We had a long chat with Mr. Hoffman, of New York. With that energy which characterises "our Transatlantic cousins," he had set his shoulder to the wheel; scrupulously avoiding, and invariably rebuking in his subordinates political interference, the rock upon which English missionaries split.* He had turned his endeavours towards improving the settlement, directly and indirectly —the latter, of course, by means of the Press. He had lately returned from Nti Lu, *alias* Bolan's, a small and new station near the Cavalla River, where Mr. and Mrs. Messenger—also whites—had made their home. He had, on July 9, also travelled and boated 85 miles inland to the head of the Cavalla River, over a land hitherto unexplored, and had found it exceedingly pleasant and fertile. Though stopped by the inhabitants of the high Webo or Diebo country, which were then fighting with their neigh-

* Except the Wesleyan, who have the strictest orders not to meddle with politics. Dr. Livingstone has given his own version—and everybody has read it—of the squabbles between the English missionaries and the Dutch yeomanry at the Cape of Good Hope. The public would be rather surprised to hear the counter-statement.

bours, his kindness to a native chief on a previous occasion, now enabled him to pass through safely. There were hills which, however, could not aspire to be called mountains: in the low lands rice was growing five feet high, and in the uplands there was a cotton with shortish staple, but a large and heavy boll. He learned the names of twelve tribes before him, all under charge of one man, and he returned, not compulsorily, but because required at home.* Mr. Hoffman had heard from many of the people that the upper tribes bring down cloth, arms, and ammunition, from a river, at whose mouth European ships anchor. He says they called it Niga; he concluded, naturally enough, that this must be the upper stream of Kwara, Joliba, or Great River, whose head waters, in our latest maps, are called the "Ahmar," and still lie a line of dots.† The country, of

* Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society, London, Vol. VI., No. II., pp. 66-67. It is to be noted, that after a couple of days journey, the traveller found the country hilly, the weather cool and pleasant, and a good fire necessary to make himself comfortable. Moreover, he distinctly asserts "he met with no hindrances from the natives." I extract his last passages which are geographically interesting. "Near the source of the Cavalha River, another river flows from the hills, by which the natives receive English goods, cloths, salt, guns, &c., from vessels at its mouth. This river they call 'Nigá.' I have very little doubt but that one of the sources of the Niger will be found a few weeks' travel east of Cape Palmas, and that this is the river to which the natives referred."

† "Africa," by Keith Johnston, F.R.S.E.: Messrs. Blackwood, Edinburgh and London. I wish that maps would follow the vulgar practice of other printed things, and use dates; now they are mysterious as "ladies of a certain age." In "Palm Land, or West Africa, Cincinnati, 1856," a book written quite in the. "Ercles vein," by a Mr. Thompson, unmistakeably one of the "Zouaves of Christianity,"

course, will be trying and difficult to traverse; perhaps, however, asses might be used to advantage. The animals could be brought from Liverpool by steamer, at a cost of 8*l.*; I should prefer them from Tenerife.

Mr. Hoffman is of that spare figure and nervous diathesis which best enable a man to endure tropical hardships and fatigues. He had been encouraged by his explorations to take daily walking exercise, and he intends to carry on his discoveries still further. I

and to whom especially the remarks which follow in the text apply, we read that the sources of the Niger, coy as those of her sister Nile, have been discovered by "Brother Brooks" of the Mendi mission. Unfortunately the direction assigned to them is entirely wrong. The following is a condensation of the story:—

It appears that the brother once travelled about 200 miles north-east of Sherbro Island, over a country where all the streams ran to the west and south-west, the direction of the rivers Big Boom and the Gallinhas, or St. Paul's. Having reached the "Kong Mountains," and ascended them for two or three days, in which he made some fifty miles, he came to an extensive table-land, so full of bog, swamp, and mud, that he was compelled to trot over sticks. Out of this morass flowed two streams, one to the south, the other to the north or the north-east—the first that he had seen taking this direction. It was a dashing little brook: the natives called it "Quarra" (Kwara), and a village near it was named "Quarroo." Mr. Thompson assumes this to be the Niger. But, setting aside the difficulty of the morass sending forth two streams in different directions, it is evident that, unless all our charts are erroneous, 250 miles north-east of Sherbro Island would place the traveller on the western crescent of the Kong Mountains.

The latter are almost as mysterious as the sources of the Niger. The name is derived from Park. In Mr. Macbriar's Mandingo Vocabulary we find that Konko means a hill: hence, doubtless, our garbled name. Mr. Thompson remarks, that the highlands explored by "Brother Brooks" were called by the natives "Kahm," and one of the villages "Kahm-boa-mat," or mountain road. He opines that Kahm might have been corrupted to Kong, which is not likely.

exhorted him to communicate with the Royal Geographical Society of Great Britain, and wish him every success. For African exploration the Anglo-American is probably the best of men, physically and morally: his energy and sobriety are far superior to that of the older family, and he has had from his youth sufficient experience of Africans to—despite overwrought English sensibilities regarding the black men—appreciate their merits and demerits, and to treat them as they should be treated. He is a favourite wherever he goes, by reason of a certain freedom of manner which is liked everywhere save in England. The only pity is that he should ever appear in print. Then he is compelled by Public Opinion—that tyrant which renders the Free Republic the worst of despotisms—to introduce some fustian "bunkum," and *ad captandum* sneers touching kings and queens, lords and landlords, the decadence of England, and the oppressively brilliant prospects of the United States, the blessings of a democracy, and the curses of limited monarchy, till every New World reader thinks himself, very vainly, a shining light to those who dwell in the outer darkness of European civilization.

After seeing the Mission House, we walked with Mr. Hoffman to the adjacent building, St. Mark's Hospital, Cape Palmas. Three lots of ground were secured for a society, of which Bishop Payne became *ex officio* president; officers and managers were elected, and the laying of the corner-stone on the 24th April, 1859, was commemorated with prayers, addresses, and speeches, which *more Americano* did not fail to see themselves in print. The

worthy missionaries found some difficulty in collecting even a portion of the 500*l.*, at which the cost was estimated. The site chosen was excellent—healthy, if there be any place so on this coast—facing to the S.S.W. on the Cape summit, with a clear slope to the channel, which, three fathoms deep, separates the land from Russwurn's Island; and with a beautiful prospect of the blue beyond. The institution, supported by voluntary contributions, is intended for the benefit of colonists, natives, and European seamen, and it is proposed to place it under the charge of some "Christian Lady." The building, when I visited Cape Palmas, was approaching completion, and would be partially opened next year. It is a solid, substantial edifice, with thick walls of cut stone, forty feet by twenty-two. An upper ward will accommodate in-door patients, and the officers' quarters, and the dispensary are on the ground floor. The beams, rafters, and scantlings are mostly cedar or African mahogany, both fine close-grained woods, which the Admiralty may find useful. The planking is of brimstone-wood, so called from its colour; the close-grained texture tries tools severely, but it takes a polish equal to satin-wood, and will be a favourite with European cabinet-makers; its hardness gives it immunity from the attacks of those small destructionists, the termites, here called bug-a-bug.* I have no hesitation in strongly recommending this hos-

* The fine African timbers, for ship building purposes, fetch in England from 2*s.* 6*d.* to 3*s.* 6*d.* per foot, or 6*l.* 5*s.* to 8*l.* 15*s.* per load of fifty feet. Others realise much more, especially when suitable for masts. At Fernando Po a cedar was measured, and found to be a total of

pital to the merchants of Liverpool and Bristol; in fact, to all who are connected with the West African coast.* Cape Palmas is at present the only establishment of the kind between Tenerife and Ascension. We shall at some time have one of our own upon the Camaroons Mountains.

240 English feet high—of which ninety were clear of branches—seven feet in diameter, and, calculating from the specific gravity of European cedar, thirty-nine tons of timber. The minimum value of the 120 scantlings, into which it could be cut, would be in Spain 120 doubloons.

* The following appeal tells its own story :—

St. Mark's Hospital, Cape Palmas.—The work has commenced, and now we respectfully appeal to all :

To Christians.—That we may glorify God in this work, by healing the sick, and administering to the wants of the suffering.

To the Friends of Colonization.—Many of the emigrants sent here suffer from sickness, after the period of six months has passed, during which they receive aid from the Colonization Society. They have no houses provided for them ; cases occur where death follows from the want of care for a little longer season. In some cases of older residents, death has followed from ulcers and other diseases, which, had they been judiciously treated, valuable lives would have been saved.

To Captains and Seamen.—We seek to build a house where you may find sympathy and care, and receive such medical treatment as you may need on that sickly coast.

To Merchants and Shippers.—Give us of your abundance, that we may take care of those who command your vessels and gather your wealth.

To the Friends of the Heathen.—Make us the almoners of your gifts, that we may minister temporal relief to those whom we also would seek to win to the religion of Christ.

To all whose eyes meet these lines.—We ask your aid, for although we have but briefly written, the object will commend itself to you more and more on reflection ; the Institution is greatly needed, and the end in view is noble and blessed.

Donations and communications may be sent to the care of Rev. S. D. Denison, Secretary Foreign Committee, No. 19, Bible House, New York ; Dr. James Hall, Secretary Maryland Col. Society, Baltimore ; Rev. A. Crummel, Cor. Secretary, St. Mark's Hospital, Cape Palmas,

But—Britannia is middle-aged and averse to hurry—a few years will probably elapse before it can be made available.

W.A. ; and C. C. Hoffman, Rector St. Mark's Hospital, Cape Palmas, W.A.

Boxes and packages to be addressed, St. Mark's Hospital, care of Hon. J. T. Gibson, Cape Palmas, W. A.

Donations of furniture, wearing apparel, bedding, provisions, medicines, &c., are solicited.

Signed in behalf of the Officers and Managers,—Rev. C. C. Hoffman, Rector; Rev. A. Crummel, Cor. Secretary; Joseph T. Gibson, Superintendent of Co. of Cape Palmas.

It gives me great pleasure to state that the object set forth in the above appeal has my most cordial approbation.

Jno. Payne, Bishop Prot. Epis. Ch. U.S.A. at C. Palmas, and parts adjacent.

Extract from the Report of the Rt. Rev. J. Payne, Bishop Prot. Epis. Ch. U.S.A. at C. Palmas, and parts adjacent, to the Board of Foreign Missions, New York, U.S.A. :—

"The earnest Rector of St. Mark's and of the Orphan Asylum, whom God continually gives grace to devise good and liberal things, has commenced, during the year, a Hospital for the accommodation of invalid colonists, natives, and foreigners of all nations visiting the Port of Cape Palmas.

"This Institution is no further connected with the Mission than by its constitution to secure the pastoral care of one of its Missionaries. It is, however, so important—being the only one of the kind on the coast—that it will receive a generous support from the benevolent of this and all other countries interested in the commerce of Africa, and the welfare of its inhabitants."

END OF VOL. I.

LONDON: BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

00083736

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 18 July, 2018